

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER

A TRANSLATION

(with Greek Text)

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL.



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THE
ILIAD OF HOMER

VOL. I.

PREFACE.

THE republication of this translation in a new form, after the lapse of fifteen years, may seem to require a few words of explanation. I would earnestly desire to be remembered that, in speaking of my own work, I am thinking only of what I have set before me as my aim and endeavour, and not of any personal merit in its adequate achievement. But it is obvious that I should not be justified in bringing it again before the world at all, if, after many years' continuous study of the best poets both of ancient and of modern times, I did not still believe that it represents some features and characteristics of the original which have been, more or less, lost sight of in many other translations that have been in vogue.

It is a remark as old as Aristotle that Homer is the most dramatic of poets. By this expression, however, the ancient critic did not mean exactly what we should now associate with the term. The sense in which he understood the word was that Homer was the greatest depicter of *action* who had till then appeared in the world. As one scene succeeds another, each is portrayed with a precision and clearness of outline which makes it stand out as a complete picture in itself. This is especially true of the battle-pieces, which constitute so large a portion of the whole poem. Each single combat is a definite piece of work, elaborated as a bas-relief would be in the sister art of sculpture. I am far from saying that this interferes with the sweep and rush of the fight as a whole, and in some rare parts of the poem, especially where Homer is

generalising and to some measure exaggerating (as in his account of Hector's achievements or of Patroclus' charge upon Troy), what I have noted as a principal characteristic may almost disappear. But, notwithstanding these exceptions, this quality of vividness in the presentation of separate scenes and actions remains, perhaps, the most essential characteristic both of himself personally and of most early poetry; and it is one which I have sought to emphasise and reproduce, even at the expense of sacrificing in some degree the unbroken continuity of the narrative. The frequent pauses, which I have thus introduced, may sometimes seem to be unnecessarily numerous and arbitrary; but on many occasions the poet himself would seem to have desired to round off and, as it were, to frame such descriptions, which are completed, by the employment of the common formula:

Thus in the deadly fray these labours end;

or

This was the commune of the Gods in heaven;

or

Thus toward the fleet his coursers bare the God.

And it demands no great exercise of fancy to suppose that these were the points at which one rhapsodist would in recitation take up another, and the deeds of one hero would be followed by those of the representative of some different tribe.

Secondly, although this is probably the correct interpretation of Aristotle's use of the word 'dramatic,' yet it is well known that Homer possesses, in the most eminent degree, that qualification also which it would now ordinarily imply—viz. the gift of delineating and sustaining human character. There is no call for me in this place to repeat the eloquent and illuminating analysis of this power which has been given by Colonel Mure, by Mr. Gladstone, and by many other eminent critics. I would only say, from my own point of view, that, in any *literal* translation of Homer, it ought to be as impossible to

PREFACE.

Suppose that anything said by Ulysses, for instance, proceeded from Achilles' mouth, it would be for an Englishman who had read his Shakspeare to imagine that a speech of Hamlet came from Hotspur or Othello. This applies not only to what is said, but to the manner, to the rhythm, and to the choice of words in which it is uttered. Except in the first book (where he is strongly relieved) a ring of hollowness and unreality, hardly veiled by artificial dignity, pervades all Agamemnon's speeches, which, as it is prevented by exquisite art from ever sinking into bombast, is most difficult to convey. The gentleness of Menelaus' disposition and the kindliness of Patroclus are as admirably preserved. The bristleness of Nestor may be contrasted with the more social gaiety of Phoenix or the pathos of Priam. I am not writing now of the maintenance of such characteristics by the matter and substance of what is placed in the mouths of different personages, but of their indication by the shape of sentence and form of phrase into which their speeches are cast and moulded. I would repeat that I have not the presumption to suppose myself possessed of such a mastery over the vehicle of verse which I have chosen as to believe that I have given more than feeble indications of the presence of this great dramatic quality in the original poet; but if any traces of my attempts in this direction are discoverable by other eyes than those of the author, I may fairly ask indulgence on account of their inadequacy from all who know the great difficulty of combining any true passion with close fidelity in translation. And the reader is only to turn to the opposite page to find in their fulness those qualities and distinctions to which the best of renderings will have performed its function in serving as an index-finger.

The besetting sin of all poetical translation is monotony; and perhaps the most certain test of my having attained any measure of success in the objects before my mind would be a relief from this imputation. I will not refer to authority on a point concerning which every reader

of the work can judge for himself, beyond saying that I have received good and wide encouragement to believe that whoever commences any part of it becomes inclined to continue. The critics who read my first edition were unanimous in their approval of my version of English, and I have now removed, or corrected, all errors and serious blemishes. The coincidences that may be pointed out between my version and the prose version recently published by Messrs. Long, Angers, and Leaf may fairly be regarded as so many signs of a happy selection, for wherever we have hit upon the same expressions they had their first appearance in my edition of 1870.

With regard to the composition of so long a work during the intervals of business in India, it may be admitted to have been attended with some difficulties and disadvantages; but the success of an Indian civilian employed in administrative work depends very largely on his faculty of so translating, into both action and word, the ideas and civilisation of the West to the Oriental mind as to remain in sympathetic contact with both. And such duty may perhaps be considered as offering the converse task of what I have now ventured to attempt. My difficulties have been further lightened by the assistance rendered to me in passing the work through the press by Mr. J. Surtees Phillpotts; and to him and to the Revs. Arthur Butler and E. A. Scott I have also to tender my acknowledgments for valuable suggestions during its progress. I am under similar obligations to the late Regius Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. J. Campbell Shairp, to whom I have preserved my dedication published in the first edition.

Erratum.

Page 53, line 16, for *One* read *Slant*.

[DEDICATION OF THE ...]

TO

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREW

I inscribe this attempt

AS SOME TOKEN OF THE GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION WITH

WHICH THE WARMTH OF HIS FRIENDSHIP

AND THE INSPIRING NATURE OF HIS TEACHING

HAVE EVER BEEN REGARDED

BY ONE OF HIS OLD PUPILS

1870

Οἶχεο, καὶ πολλοὶ περιεῖσι σοφώτεροι, ἀλλ' ἦν

οὐδεὶς οὔτε φίλοις φίλτερος οὔτε Θεῷ

1886

HOMER'S ILIAD.

Λ ο ι ν ῖ σ. Μ η ν υ ι σ.

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
οὐλομένην, ἣ θυρὶ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν ἄγε' ἔθηκεν,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἑλώρια τεύχε' κταίνεσσι
οἶωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι—Διὸς δ' ἐταίρῃσιν βουλή—
ἔξ οὔ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἀτρεΐδης τε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

Τίς τ' ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι ;
 Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός. ὁ γὰρ βασιλῆϊ χολωθεὶς
 νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὥρσε κακὴν, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί.
 ἔπειτα τὸν Χρῦσῃν ἤτιμῃσ' ἀρητῆρα
 Ἄτρεϊδης. ὁ γὰρ ῥῆθε θεῶς ἔτ' ἦτας Ἀχαιῶν,
 λυσόμενός τε θιγα φέρων τ' ὑπερέεισι ἅποινα,
 στέμματα' ἔχων ἐν χειρσὶν ἐκμβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
 χρυσέφ' ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ ἐπ' αὖπτετο πάντας Ἀχαιεὺς,
 Ἄτρεϊδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω. πλεονεχτορε λαῶν.

“Ἀτρεΐδαί τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
ὕμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν ἱερὰ δῶματ' ἔχοντες
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὐδ' οἴκαδ' ἰκέσθαι·
παῖδα δ' ἐμοὶ λῦσαι, ἵνα τὴν τὰ τ' ἀποινα δέχεσθαι,
ἄζόμενοι Διὸς υἱὸν ἐκχέοντα Ἀπόλλωνα.”

Ἐνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφύμησαν ἰχθυοῦν
αἰδεῖσθαι θ' ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄπουν.

ILIAD I.

SING, Goddess, of Achilles, Pelcus' son,
The Wrath that rose disastrous, and the cause
Of woes unnumber'd to Achaia's host
Casting full many a hero's mightiest
Too soon to Hades—but the rest themselves—
Prey to the dogs and all the fowls of heaven!
Yet was the will of Zeus fulfill'd thereby;
Then first, what time asurges stood in strife
Godlike Achilles from the King of men.

What heavenly Power inspired them to this strife?
The Child of Zeus and Leto. He in wrath
With Agamemnon sent an evil plague
Amongst them, and Achaia's nations fell
For the dishonour dealt by Atreus' Son
To Chryses, his high priest. For Chryses came
To his swift galleys, bearing priceless
The ransom of his daughter, in his hand
Showing the garland of Apollo twined
About a golden sceptre, and brought
All the Achaians, yet address'd his prayer
Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus' sons.

"Hear me, O Atreus' Sons, and ye their hosts!
May the Gods on Olympus grant to you
The sack of Ilion and return to home,
But render back to me mine own dear child,
Accepting ransom, honouring so the name
Of Him who smites from far the Chieft of Zeus."

He spoke; to whom the Achaians gave applause,
Bidding revert the priest, and take the gifts
Of her redemption—but ill-pleased the soul

ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦνδανε θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν

“Μή σε, γέρον, κοίλησιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηὶ κίχιδ' ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ' ἢ ὕστερον αὖτις ἰόντι
μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμῃ σκῆπτρον καὶ ἕμμα βροτοῖο.
τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω· πρὶν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἐλπίσιν
ἡμετέρῳ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ, ἐν Ἀργεῖ, τηλόθι πάτρης,
ἰστὸν ἐποιχόμενῃ καὶ ἕμδον λέχος ἀντιόωσαν.
ἀλλ' ἴθι, μή μ' ἐρέθιζε, σαώτερος ὥς κε νέημι.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρον καὶ ἐπεΐθετο μύθῳ.
βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θύρᾳ πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
πολλὰ δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ νηὸς ὑθεκίων ἡρᾶθ' ὁ γεραιὸς
Ἀπόλλωνι ἀνέειπε, οὐδ' ἠὔκομος τέκε Λητώ.

“Κλυθί μευ, ἀργυρότοξ', ὃς Χρῦσῃν ἀμφιβέβηκας
Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην Τενέδοιό τε ἴφι ἀνάσσεις,
Σμινθεύ, εἴποτέ τοι χαρίεντ' ἐπὶ νηὸν ἔρεψα,
ἢ εἰ δὴ ποτέ τοι κατὰ πλοῖνα μηρί' ἔκηα
ταύρων ἢ δ' αἰγῶν, τόδε μοι κρήνηον ἐέλδωρ·
τίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δακρυα σοῖσι βέλεσσιν.”

40

Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ.
τόξ' ὥμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην.
ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' οἷστοι ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο,
αὐτοῦ κινήθέντος· ὁ δ' ἦϊε νυκτὶ ἑοικώς.
ἔζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὼν ἔηκεν·
δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.
οὐρήας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο καὶ κύνας ἀργούς,
αὐτάρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖόι βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἐφίεις
βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυρρῶν νεκύνων καίοντο θαμειαί.

50

Ἐννῆμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὥχετο κῆλα θεοῖο,
τῇ·δεκάτῃ δ' ἀγορήνδε καλέσσατο λαὸν Ἀχιλλεύς·

Of Agamemnon, with a spiteful word
Empty, with violent words, the priest set away :

“Beware, old man, lest near these hollow barks
I find thee lingering now or ever again
Returning ; else but little shall avail
Thy sceptre, or the garland of thy God.
I will not loose my hold from off thy child
Ere far in Argos from her fatherland
She hath worn old in service of our ho
Task'd at the loom, or partner of my
Depart, nor move me unto anger ; so
Shall thy return be safer—get thee hence !”

He spoke ; the elder, all in awe, obey'd.
On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore
He passed in silence to a place apart
And there to great Apollo made his prayer,
Apollo, whom fair Leto bore to Zeus :

“Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales
Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned,
Sminthian Apollo ! If that e'er I wreath'd
About thy fragrant altar crowns of flowers,
Or e'er have made to thee sweet sacrifice
Of kine and goats, fulfil me my desire :
With thee with thy darts these tears upon their host.”

He spoke ; whose prayer Apollo heard, and straight
Strode wrathful o'er the Olympian peaks sublime,
Bearing his close-capp'd quiver and his bow
Swung round his shoulder : and the arrows rang,
Hurtling in motion of the anger'd God.
Like unto Night, he came, and sate him down
Short space from off the fleet, and 'gan discharge
His arrows thence. Dire sung the silver bow,
Whilst first against their sumpters and their horns
He aim'd, but after shot a bitter shaft
Upon themselves ; then upward darkness rose
The flames of funeral piles through out the host
Nine days the shafts of war beset the camp,
The tenth, Achilles, in their market-place
Call'd all the people. Here gave the thought,

τῷ γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
κῆδετο γὰρ Δαναῶν, ὅτι ῥα θνήσκοντας ὀράτο.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἤγερθεν ὀμηγερέες ἑγέροντο,
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πούς· ὦκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, νῦν ἄμμε παλιμπλαγχίης αὖτις οἶω
ἀνψ ἀπονοστήσειν, εἴ κεν θάνατόν γε φύροιμεν,
εἰ δὴ ὁμοῦ πόλεμός τε δαμῶ καὶ λοιμὸς Ἀχαιοῖς.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τινα μάντιν ἐρείομεν, ἣ ἱερῆα,
ἣ καὶ ὄνειροπόλων—καὶ γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἐστίν---
ὅς κ' εἴποι ὃ τι τόσσον ἐχώσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
εἴτ' ἄρ' ὅγ' εὐχολῆς ἐπιμέμφεται εἴθ' ἐκατόμβης,
αἶ κέν πως ἀρνῶν κνίσσης αἰγῶν τε τελείων
βούλεται ἀντιάσας ἡμῖν ἀπὸ λουγὸν ἀμῦναι.”

Ἦτοι ὅγ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔζετο. τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
Κάλχας Θεστοριδῆς, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ' ἄριστος,
ὅς ἤδη τά τ' εἴοντα τά τ' ἐσσόμενα πρό τ' εἴοντα,
καὶ νήεσσ' ἠγήσατ' Ἀχαιῶν Ἴλιον εἴσω,
ἦν διὰ μαντοσύνην, τὴν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
ὁ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μητέειπεν·

70

“ ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, κέλεαί με, διίφιλε μυθήσασθαι
ἡνὶν Ἀπόλλωνος, ἐκατηβελέταο ἄνακτος.
τοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω, ὃ δὲ σύνθεο καὶ μοι ὁμοσσον
ἣ μὲν μοι πρόφρων ἔπεισιν καὶ χερσὶν ἀρήξειν.
ἣ γὰρ ὀλομαι ἄνδρα χολωσέμεν, ὃς μέγα πάντων
Ἀργείων κρατέει καὶ οἱ πείθονται Ἀχαιοί.
κρείσσων γὰρ βασιλεὺς, ὅτε χώσεται ἀνδρὶ χολῶντι,
εἵπερ γάρ τε πόλεός γε καὶ αὐτῆμαρ καταπέψῃ,
ἀλλὰ τε καὶ ὁμοσθέν ἔχει κότον, ὅφρα τελέσῃ,
ἐν στήθεσιν ἐοῖσι. σὺ δὲ φράσαι εἰ με σαώσεις.”

80

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὦκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
“ θαρσῆσας μάλα εἰπέ θεοπρύπιον ὃ τι οἴσθα.
οὐ μὰ γὰρ Ἀπόλλωνά διίφιλον, ὅτε σὺ, Κάλχαν,
εὐχόμενος Δαναοῖσι θεοπροπίας ἀναφαίνεις,
οὔτις ἐμεῦ ζῶντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δεῖρκομένον
σοὶ κοιλῆς παρὰ νηυσὶ βαρείας χεῖρας ἐποικίλει.”

Herè, the Goddess of milk and cream,
 Moved for the Danaans perishing in her sight.
 In that full gathering of Achaia's sons
 Fleeting Achilles rose, and thus began :
 "Lead us together pestilence and war
 Be banded to subdue Achaia's might,
 Atrides, though perchance we 'scape this doom,
 'Twill be to wander weather-beaten home.
 Inquire we therefore of some priest or seer,
 Or one who reads the presage in a dream
 (For dream proceeds from Zeus) to know the cause
 Phœbus Apollo hath of wrath against us ;
 Whether for vow incensed, or for tomb :
 If haply by the steam of victims' flesh,
 By lambs or goats appeased, he stay this plague."

He ceased, and sat down. Then Calchas rose,
 The son of Thestor, chief of seers, who knew
 What was, and what had been, and what should be,
 And of the prescience, great Apollo's gift,
 Was pilot of their fleet to Ilion's shore ;
 He thus address'd them words discreet, and spake :

"Achilles, loved of Zeus ! who bidd'st me tell
 What wrath now moveth the Far-striking King,
 I tell thee true, but ponder this, and swear
 Strongly to bear me out by word and deed.
 I fear lest I should anger one who rules
 Sovran of all Argeians and whose will
 The Achaians follow. For a king, when wroth,
 Deals mightily with a subject : though the while
 He smothereth up his anger, yet he keeps
 His malice rankling till he hath his will
 Bethink thee, then, how thou wilt bear me through."

To whom Achilles spake in answer thus :
 "Be cheer'd ; speak what thou knowest and what the God
 Revealeth ; for by Him I swear, who grants
 Unto thy prayers that thou canst show his will,
 Yea, by Apollo, child to Zeus on high,
 Never, so long as I survive upon this earth,
 Shall any tongue or base go'teys wreak thee hurt."

συμπάντων Δαναῶν, οὐδ' ἦν Ἀγαμέμνονα εἵπης,
ὃς νῦν πολλὸν ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν εὐχεται εἶναι.”

90

Καὶ τότε δὴ θάρσθησε καὶ ἡὔδεν· τις δ' αὖ μῦθον
“οὔτ' ἄρ' ὄγ' εὐχολῆς ἐπιμέμφεται οὐδ' ἐκατόμβης,
ἀλλ' ἔνεκ' ἀρητήρος, ὃν ἡτίμησ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὐδ' ἀπέλυσε θυγάτρα καὶ οὐκ ἀπεδέξατ' ἀποινα·
τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν ἔκηβόλος ἡδ' ἔτι δώσσει,
οὐδ' ὅγε πρὶν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λουγὸν ἀπώσει,
πρὶν γ' ἀπὸ πατρὶ φίλῳ δόμεναι ἑλικώπιδα κούρην
ἀπριάτην, ἀνάποιον, ἄγειν θ' ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην
εἰς Χρῦσιν· τότε κέν μιν ἱλασσάμενοι πεπύθοιμεν.”

100

Ἦτοί ὄγ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἀχρύνεμος· μένεος δὲ μέγα φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι
πίμπλαντ', ὅσσε δέ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετόνυι ἐϊκτῆν.
Κάλχαντα πρῶτιστα κάκ' ὀσσόμενος προσέειπεν·

“Μάντι κακῶν, οὐ πρόποτέ μοι τὸ κρήγυοι· εἵπας.
αἰεὶ τοι τὰ κάκ' ἐστὶ φίλα φρεσὶ μαντεύεσθαι,
ἐσθλὸν δ' οὔτε τί πω εἵπας ἔπος οὔτ' ἐτέλεσσας·
καὶ νῦν ἐν Δαναοῖσι θεοπροπέων ἀγορεύεις
ὥς δὴ τοῦδ' ἔνεκά σφιν ἔκηβόλος ἄλγεα τεύχει,
οὔνεκ' ἐγὼ κούρης Χρυσσηίδος ἀγλά' ἀποινα
οὐκ ἔθελον δέξασθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺ βούλομαι αὐτὴν
οἴκοι ἔχειν. καὶ γάρ ῥα Κλυταιμνήστρης προβέβουλα,
κουριδίης ἀλόχου, ἐπεὶ οὐ ἔθεν ἐστὶ χερσίων,
οὐ δέμας οὐδὲ φυὴν, οὔτ' ἄρ' φρένας οὔτε τι ἔργα.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἐθέλω δόμεναι πάλιν, εἰ τόγ' ἄμεινον·
βούλομ' ἐγὼ λαὸν σὺν ἔμμεναι ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γέρας ἐπέταγ' ἐτοιμάσασθ', ὄφρα μὴ οἶος
Ἀργείοις ἀγέραςσθαι· ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἔοικεν.
λεύσσετε γὰρ τόγ' ἀπ' αἵματός, ὃ μοι γέρας ἔρχεται ἄλλη.”

110

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
“Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, φιλοκτεανώτατε πάντων,

Not though thou namest Agamemnon's name
Who boasts himself so far the noblest now."

Whereat the blameless seer took heart, and spake :
"Nay, not for vow incensed, or hecatomb,
But for the priest, to whom Atrides dealt
Dishonour, when his ransom he refused
Nor loosed his daughter—for his sake the Gods
Inflicts this sorrow, and shall still inflict,
Nor stay the heavy hand of pestilence.
Ere we have render'd to her father's house
The bright-eyed maid, unpriced, unransom'd, home,
And offer'd up a sacred hecatomb
In Chryse ; so assuaged, his wrath will cease."

He spoke and sate him down. But straightway rose
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, sore
Much troubled ; and his very heart wax'd black,
Surcharged with wrath ; his eyes shone bright as fire ;
And, scowling, first to Nestor he began :

"Prophet of evil ! Ne'er to me of good
Thou spak'st, but 'twas ever thy dear part
To bode all ill, and as thy words thy deeds ;
Nought of good service hast thou said nor done.
So now, interpreting the God, thou say'st
Amongst the Danaans, that for this one cause
The arrowy God hath brought these sorrows on us,
For that I would not take the glorious gifts
Offered for Chryses' daughter ; well thou know'st
My longing to preserve her to my home ;
O'er Clytemnestra even my wedded wife,
I hold her ; for to her in form and face
And mind and needle-craft she yields no whit :
Whom yet will I surrender, if need be
I would the nation saved, not dying here.
But bring me therefore forth some second prize,
Lest I alone of all my people show
Without a guerdon ; this were no meet thing ;
Yet, ye behold, my prize must pass elsewhere."

To whom Achilles rose, and thus return'd
"Atrides, be thy state, nor less, it seems,
By greed, above thy fellows ! whence this prize

πῶς γάρ τοι δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί ;
οὐδέ τί που ἴδμεν ξυνήϊα κείμενα πολλά·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πολίων ἐξ ἐπράθομεν, τὰ δέδασται,
λαοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐπέοικε παλλίλλογα ταῦτ' ἐπαίρειν·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν τήνδε θεῶ πρόες· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
τριπλῇ τετραπλῇ τ' ἀποτίσομεν, αἱ κέ π' ἴμεν·
δῶσι πόλιν Τροίην εὐτείχεον ἑξαλαπάξουσιν.

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
“ μὴ δ' οὕτως, ἀγαθὸς περ ἐὼν, θεοείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
κλέπτει νόψ, ἐπεὶ οὐ παρελεύσεται οὐδέ με πείσεις.
ἢ ἐθέλεις, ὅφρ' αὐτὸς ἔχῃς γέρας, αὐτὰρ ἔμ' αὐτῶς
ῥῆσθαι δευόμενον, κέλεαι δέ με τήνδ' ἀποδοῦναι ;
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί,
ἄρσαντες κατὰ θυμὸν, ὅπως ἀντάξιον ἔσται·
εἰ δέ κε μὴ δώωσιν, ἐγὼ δέ κεν αὐτὸς ἔλωμαι
ἢ τεὸν ἢ Αἴαντος ἰὼν γέρας, ἢ Ὀδυσῆος
ἄξω ἑλὼν· ὃ δέ κεν κεχολώσεται ὃν κεν ἴκωμαι.
ἀλλ' ἦτοι μὲν ταῦτα μεταφρασόμεσθα καὶ αὐτίς,
νῦν δ' ἄγε νῆα μέλαιναν ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἄλλα δῖαν,
ἐς δ' ἐρέτας ἐπιτηδὲς ἀγείρομεν, ἐς δ' ἐκατόμβην
θείομεν, ἃν δ' αὐτὴν Χρυσήϊδα καλλιπάρηον
βήσομεν· εἰς δέ τις ἀρχὸς ἀνὴρ βουληφόρος ἔσται,
ἢ Αἴας, ἢ Ἰδομενεὺς, ἢ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ἢ σὺ, Πηλεΐδῃ, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν,
ὅφρ' ἡμῖν ἐκάεργον ἰλάσσεαι ἱερὰ ῥέξας.”

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Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
“ ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλέοφρον,
πῶς τίς τοι πρόφρων ἔπεσιν πείθεται Ἀχαιῶν
ἢ ὁδὸν ἐλθέμεναι, ἢ ἀνδράσιν ἱφι μάχεσθαι ;
σὺ γὰρ ἐγὼ Τρώων ἔνθε' ἤλυθον αἰχμητῶν
δεῦρο μαχησόμενος, ἐπεὶ οὔτι μοι αἵτιοι εἰσιν.
σὺ γὰρ πῶποτ' ἐμὰς βοὺς ἤλασαν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππους,
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐν Φθίῃ ἐριβώλακι βωτιαυεῖρῃ
καρπὸν ἐδηλήσαντ', ἐπειὴ μίελα πολλὰ μεταξὺ

On thee to be brought by Achilles' sons?
 Of no such common garners we 'ware;
 But whatsoever we have won in spoil
 Hath long been parted, nor behoves the host
 Now to regather and divide anew.
 But render back this maiden to the God;
 And if Zeus grant us spoil of fenced Troy
 Thrice and four-fold her value shall be thine.

But sovran Agamemnon made reply.

"Achilles, image of the Gods on earth!
 Valiant thou art, and strong; but use no guile;
 Thou wilt not pass me nor persuade me thus.
 Wouldst thou, the while thou midst thine own secure,
 See me without my guard by pine,
 Yielding you up this daughter? If, indeed,
 The Achaians will surrender me a prize
 Equal in worth, as pleasing, in her stead:—
 But if they will not, with mine own strong hand
 Thine will I seize, or from Odysseus his,
 Or Ajax, his: he rues it, whom I seek.
 Hereafter will be time enow for this:
 Now haste, and launch upon the sacred deep
 A well-pitch'd galley, and embark thereon
 A hecatomb, and oarsmen, and withal
 The beauteous maiden; let one choose to go
 Likewise, or Ajax, or Idomeneus,
 Or sage Odysseus, or, as thou wilt,
 Go thou, Pelides, miracle of men,
 Go thou, and with our offerings soothe the God."

To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow:

"O cloak'd in shamelessness! Thine miser-heart!
 From this day forward who can follow thee
 With a good trust as leader of this host
 To seek an ambush or to face the foe?
 Not ours this cause; I came not for revenge
 Of quarrel of mine own with armèd Troy;
 Who never harried stock nor ox of mine,
 Nor ravaged the river-beds of Phthia's plains
 Rather between us roll an echoing sea,
 And many a mountain lifts his shadowy head.

οὔρεά τε σκιάοντα θάλασσά τε ἡχήμεσα·
 ἀλλὰ σοὶ, ὦ μέγ' ἀναιδὲς, ἄμ' ἐσπόμεθ', ὄφρα σὺ χαίρης,
 τιμὴν ἀρνύμενοι Μενελάῳ σοὶ τε, κυνώπα,
 πρὸς Τρώων· τῶν οὔτι μετατρέπη οὐδ' ἀλεγίζε· 160
 καὶ δὴ μοι γέρας αὐτὸς ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἀπειλείς,
 ᾧ ἔπι πόλλ' ἐμόγησα, δόσαν δέ μοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
 οὐ μὲν σοὶ ποτε ἴσον ἔχω γέρας, ὅππότε Ἀχαιοὶ
 Τρώων ἐκπέρσωσ' εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον·
 ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν πλείον πολυαῖκος πολέμοιο
 χεῖρες ἐμαὶ διέπουσ'· ἀτὰρ ἦν ποτε δασμὸς ἴκηται,
 σοὶ τὸ γέρας πολὺ μείζον, ἐγὼ δ' ὀλίγον τε φίλον τε
 ἔρχομ' ἔχων ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐπέσκε κάμω πολεμίζων.
 νῦν δ' εἰμι Φθίηνδ', ἐπὶ μὲν πολλὸν φέρτερόν ἐστιν
 οἴκαδ' ἵμεν σὺν νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, οὐδέ σ' ὀίω 170
 ἐνθάδ' ἄτιμος ἐὼν ἀνέρος καὶ πλούτον ἀφύξειν."

Τὸν δ' ἡμέμβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
 "φεύγε μάλ', εἴ τοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται, οὐδέ γ' ἔγωγε
 λίσσομαι εἶνεκ' ἐμεῖο μένειν· πάρ' ἔμοιγε καὶ ἄλλοι
 οἳ κέ με τιμήσουσι, μάλιστα δὲ μητίετα Ζεὺς.
 ἔχθιστος δέ μοι ἐσσι διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων·
 αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις τε φίλη πόλεμοί τε μάχαι τε.
 εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, θεὸς που σοὶ τόγ' ἔδωκεν.
 οἴκαδ' ἰὼν σὺν νηυσὶ τε σῆς καὶ σοῖς ἐτάροισι
 Μυρμιδόνεσσιν ἄνασσε, σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω, 180
 οὐδ' ὄθομαι κοτέοντος· ἀπειλήσω δέ τοι ὧδε·
 ὥς ἔμ' ἀφαιρεῖται Χρυσσηίδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
 τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σὺν νηὶ τ' ἐμῇ καὶ ἐμοῖς ἐτάροισιν
 πέμψω, ἐγὼ δέ κ' ἄγω Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρηον
 αὐτὸς ἰὼν κλισίηνδε, τὸ σὸν γέρας, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῆς
 ὅσσον φέρτερός εἰμι σέθεν, στυγὴν δὲ καὶ ἄλλος
 ἴσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι καὶ ὁμοιωθήμεναι ἄντην."

Ὡς φάτο· Πηλεΐδην δ' ἄχος γέενετ', ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
 στήθεσσιν λασίοισι διενδιχα μερμήριξεν,
 ἢ ὅγε φάσγαυον ὀξύ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
 τοὺς μὲν ἀναστήσειεν, ὁ δ' Ἀτρεΐδην ἐναρτίζοι,
 ἢ ἐχόλον παύσειεν ἐρητύσειε τε θυμόν.

Thee only, thee we trust, and thou alone rate,
 To bring to pass thy wrath, and vengeance on Troy,
 Only for Menelaus and for thee,
 A vengeance which thou barely deign'st to aid !
 And now thou threatenest robbery of my meed,
 The gift of all Achaia, sorely earn'd !
 Yet never, though we take proud Troy at last
 Shall I receive as thou : albeit none arm
 Doth more in perilous onset stand and fro,
 Yet, in the parting of the spoil, thy lot
 Is still the larger ; wearied I surcease,
 And gain but little, yet that little prize.
 But now enough ! 'tis better thus to go,
 And I will home to Phthia, thus by thee
 Dishonour'd, I will earn no wealth no more ! ”

But sovran Agamemnon made reply :

“ Flee, if thy heart so prompt thee ! Not for me
 Delay thy going ; I ask not thy stay.
 Others are with me, who will render still
 Due honour, and of them is Zeus supreme.
 But thou—of heav'n-born kings I loathe thee most ;
 Death and destruction dog thee at the heels :
 Thy strength, thine only virtue—'tis from heav'n !
 Home then with all thy galleys and thy men,
 And lord it o'er the Myrmidonian crew.
 I rack not of thine anger ! Hear me more :
 Phoebus Apollo takes from me this realm ;
 So be it ; and I send her hence in state
 High on her own fair galleys with my men ;
 But thou from thee I thine will seize, and tear
 Erixeis in like manner from thine arms.
 So shalt thou know how far I stand, and great,
 Above thee ; so may others lay 't to heart,
 And shrink from standing rival to their king.”

He ceased ; the other's wrath grew agony,
 And in his rough broad breast in two the mind
 Was sunder'd, or to draw his sharp bright brand,
 Scatter the guards, and hew Atrides down,
 Or to constrain his passion in his heart.
 But, while such thoughts he pass'd coursing through his brain

εἶος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
 ἔλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος, ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
 οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ γὰρ ἦκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη.
 ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.
 στή δ' ὀπιθεν, ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἔλε Πελίπεια.
 οἷω φαινομένη· τῶν δ' ἄλλων οὔτις ὄψετο.
 θάμβησεν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς, μετὰ δ' ἐτράπετ, αὐτὴν δὲ
 Παλλὰδ' Ἀθηναίην· δεινῷ δέ οἱ ὅσσε φάανθε.
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.

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“Τίπτ' αὐτ', αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, εἰλήλουθας;
 ἦ ἵνα ὕβριν ἴδῃ Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρείδαι;
 ἀλλ' ἐκ τοι ἑρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τελέεσθαι οἶω.
 ἧς ὑπεροπλήσι τάχ' ἂν ποτε θυμὸν ὀλέσση.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ Πυκλώπις Ἀθήνη
 “ἦλθον ἐγὼ παύσουσα τὸ σὸν ἔργον, αἶ κε πίθῃαι,
 οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ δέ μ' ἦκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
 ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, λήγ' ἔριδος, μηδὲ ξίφος ἔλκεο χειρί·
 ἀλλ' ἥτοι ἔπεσιν μὲν ὀνειδίσουν ὥς ἔσεται περ.
 ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
 καὶ ποτέ τοι τρὶς τόσσα παρέσσεται ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
 ὕβριος εἵνεκα τῆσδε· σὺ δ' ἴσχειο, πείθεο δ' ἡμίχλη.”

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Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς
 “χρὴ μὲν σφωίτερόν γε, θεὰ, ἔπος εἰρύσασθαι,
 καὶ μάλα περ θυμῷ κεχολωμένον· ὥς γὰρ ἄμεινον.
 ὅς κε θεοῖς ἐπιπείθεται, μάλα τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοῦ.”

Ἡ καὶ ἐπ' ἀργυρῇ κώπῃ σχέθε χεῖρα βαρεῖαν,
 ἀψ' δ' ἐς κουλεὸν ὥσε μέγα ξίφος, οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν
 μύθῳ Ἀθηναίης· ἥ δ' Οὐλυμπόνδε βεβήκει
 δώματ' ἐς αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς μετὰ δαίμονας ἄλλους.

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Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐξαὐτίς ἀταρτηροῖς ἐπέεσσιν
 Ἀτρείδην προσέειπε, καὶ οὔπω λῆγε χόλοιο·

“Οἶνοβαρὲς, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο,
 οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον ἅμα λαῶν θάρηχθῆναι

And he had half unscabbarded the
 Athenè came from heav'n, by He^{aven},
 The Goddess of the milkwhite arm, who loved
 The two alike and with an equal care.
 She stood behind him by his yellow locks
 Held back the rage, manifest to him
 Only; none else might see her; all on a sudden,
 Achilles saw his face, and saw he knew
 Pallas, terrible seem'd her features
 Shining upon him; yet he spake and said.

“Why comest thou hither, child of Zeus supreme?
 Is't to behold Atides in his pride?
 But hearken what I deem shall come to pass—
 For this vainglory he shall surely die.”

But azure-eyed Athenè thus, sternly
 “From heav'n I come, Peltides, and to stay
 Thine anger, if thou wilt be ruled of me—
 Sent by the Goddess of the milkwhite arm,
 Who loves you each alike, with equal care.
 Hold therefore; cease this strife, nor draw thy sword;
 But smite him with what words are on thy tongue;
 For what I now foretell shall surely be;
 Ere long, gifts thrice her value shall be laid
 Before thy feet in quittance of this wrong:
 Hold thyself therefore, and be ruled of us.”

To whom Achilles then in answer spake:
 “Goddess, whate'er mine anger, yet to keep
 Such double hest were aye the better part;
 The gods will hear who hearken to their word.”

He then, and press'd upon the silver hilt
 A heavy hand that drove the giant sword
 Back in its sheath, and hearken'd to her hest.
 She thence departing to the Olympian courts
 Hasted to mingle with her fellow gods;
 But he with bitterest words again assail'd
 Atides (nor his passion yet had waned):
 “O Eye of dog, but Heart of very lion!
 And wine-besotted! Who hast ne'er dared join
 Thy peers in ambush nor thy host in fight:
 Death lies that way and looks thee in the face;

οὔτε λόχονδ' ἵεναι σὺν ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν
 τέτληκας θυμῷ· τὸ δέ τοι κῆρ εἶδεται εἶναι.
 ἦ πολὺ λωΐόν ἐστι κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρύν Ἀχαιῶν
 δῶρ' ἀποαιρεῖσθαι, ὅστις σέθεν ἀντίον εἴπῃ. 230
 δημοβόρος βασιλεὺς, ἐπεὶ οὐτιδανοῖσιν ἀνάσσεις·
 ἦ γὰρ ἂν, Ἀτρεΐδῃ, νῦν ὕστατα λωβήσαιο.
 ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐπὶ μέγαν ὅρκον ὁμοῦμαι·
 ναὶ μὰ τὸδε σκῆπτρον, πρὸ μὲν οὔποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄζους
 φύσει, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα τομὴν ἐν ὄρεσσι λέλοιπεν,
 οὐδ' ἀναθηγήσῃ· περὶ γὰρ ῥά ἐ χαλκὸς ἔλεψεν
 φύλλα τε καὶ φλοιόν· νῦν αὐτέ μιν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 ἐν παλάμῃς φορέουσι δικασπόλοι, οἵτε θέμιστας
 πρὸς Διὸς εἰρύαται· ὁ δέ τοι μέγας ἔσσεται ὅρκος·
 ἦ ποτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ποθὴ ἵξεται νῆας Ἀχαιῶν 240
 σύμπαντας· τότε δ' οὔτι δυνήσῃ ἀχνύμενός περ
 χραισμεῖν, εὐτ' ἂν πολλοὶ ὑφ' Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
 θνήσκοντες πίπτωσι· σὺ δ' ἔνδοθι θυμὸν ἀμύξεις
 χωόμενος, ὅτ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισας.”

“Ὡς φάτο Πηλεΐδης, ποτὶ δὲ σκῆπτρον βάλε γαίῃ
 χρυσεῖοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον, ἔξετο δ' αὐτός·
 Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐμήνιε. τοῖσι δὲ Νέστωρ
 ἠδυεπὴς ἀνόρουσε, λιγυρὸς Πυλίων ἀγορηγῆς,
 τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδῇ
 τῷ δ' ἤδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων 250
 ἐφθίαθ', οἳ οἱ πρόσθεν ἅμα τράφεν ἠδ' ἐγένοντο
 ἐν Πύλῳ ἠγαθῇ, μετὰ δὲ τριτάτοισιν ἀνασσεν—
 ὁ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιῖδα γαίαν ἰκάνει.
 ἦ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος Πρίαμοιό τε παῖδες,
 ἄλλοι τε Τρῶες μέγα κεν κεχαροῖατο θυμῷ,
 εἰ σφῶϊν τάδε πάντα πυθόιατο μαρναμένοιν,
 οἳ περὶ μὲν βουλὴν Δαναῶν, περὶ δ' ἐστὲ μάχεσθαι.
 ἀλλὰ πίθῃσθ'· ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμείο.
 ἤδη γάρ ποτ' ἐγὼ καὶ ἀρείοσιν ἤεπερ ὑμῖν 260
 ἀνδράσιν ὠμώλῃσα, καὶ οὔποτε μ' οὔγ' ἀθέριζον.
 οὐ γάρ πω τοίοις ἴδον ἀνέρας οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι,
 οἷδ' οὐ Πειρίθοόν τε Ἀρϋαντά τε, ποιμένα λαῶν,

Safer by far to range Achaia's host,
 And plunder of his country's gifts whe'er
 Dares raise a voice against thee through the camp !
 King, say'st thou ? Tyrant rather, and of slaves !
 Else truly this oppression were thy last.
 Yet hear me, what with mighty oath I swear :
 This sceptre, that shall never bud again,
 Lopt from its parent trunk upon the hills,
 Nor yield a leaf or branch, but lieth bare
 And bark'd by woodman's axe, and now is borne
 Within their hands who under Zeus supreme
 Deal justice and guard law inviolate ;—
 By this I swear,—an oath to cost thee dear ;
 The day shall come when on Achaia's host
 Shall fall a longing for Achilles' arm ;
 Then shalt thou curse thee that thou canst not save,
 Whilst they fall slaughter'd under Hector's sword ;
 Then shall it rend thee to thy heart of hearts
 Thou daredst upon their noblest this affront ! ”

He spoke and dash'd the sceptre boss'd with gold
 Before them on the earth, and sate him down,
 As sate Atrides, adverse, nursing wrath.
 To whom sprang up the clear-toned Pylian sage,
 Nestor, of soft address, and from his tongue
 Sweeter than honey flow'd the stream of speech.
 Two generations of his kind had pass'd
 Already, during his one lifetime born
 In sacred Pylos, and he ruled the third ;
 Who now address'd them words discreet, and spake :

“ Alas, that this should hap, to our dear land
 Great trouble, but to Priam and his sons,
 And all their people, source of endless joy,
 If so be that they learn how now the twain
 Sit wrangling, who in council and in war
 Were foremost ever ! wherefore hear ye me ;
 Who both are younger far ; and long years since
 With men I mingled mightier even than you,
 Who yet reck'd never lightly of my words.
 For never have I seen, nor e'er shall see,
 Men such as Dryas, shepherd of his realm,

Καινέα τ' Ἐξάδιόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολύφημον
 [Θησέα τ' Αἰγείδην, ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν].
 κάρτιστοι δὴ κείνοι ἐπιχθονίων τράφεν ἀνδρῶν·
 κάρτιστοι μὲν ἔσαν καὶ καρτίστοις ἐμάχοντο,
 φηρσὶν ὀρεσκόοισι, καὶ ἐκπάγλως ἀπόλεσσαί.
 καὶ μὲν τοῖσιν ἐγὼ μεθομίλεον ἐκ Πύλου ἐλθὼν,
 τηλόθεν ἔξ ἀπῆς γαίης· καλέσαντο γὰρ αὐτοί·
 καὶ μαχόμεν κατ' ἔμ' αὐτὸν ἐγὼ· κείνοισι δ' οὐκ οὔτις
 τῶν οἱ νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι μαχέοιτο.
 καὶ μὲν μευ βουλέων ξύνιεν πείθοντό τε μύθῳ.
 ἀλλὰ πίθεσθε καὶ ὕμμες, ἐπεὶ πείθεσθαι ἄμεινον.
 μήτε σὺ τόνδ', ἀγαθὸς περ ἔων, ἀποαίρεο κούρην,
 ἀλλ' ἔα, ὥς οἱ πρῶτα δόσαν γέρας νῆες Ἀχαιῶν·
 μήτε σὺ, Πηλεΐδῃ, θέλ' ἐριζέμεναι βασιλῆϊ
 ἀντιβίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ οἱ ὁμοῖος ἔμμορε τιμῆς
 σκηπτοῦχος βασιλεὺς, ὅτε Ζεὺς κύδος ἔδωκεν.
 εἰ δὲ σὺ κάρτερός ἐσσι, θεὰ δέ σε γέλυατο μήτηρ,
 ἀλλ' ὄγε φέρτερός ἐστιν, ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσιν ἀνάσσει.
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὺ δὲ παῦε τεὸν μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
 λίσσομ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ μεθέμεν χόλον, ὃς μέγα πᾶσιν
 ἔρκος Ἀχαιοῖσιν πέλεται πολέμοιο κακοῖο."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
 ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
 πάντων μὲν κρατέειν ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνάσσειν,
 πᾶσι δὲ σημαίνειν, ἃ τιν' οὐκ πείσεσθαι οἶω.
 εἰ δέ μιν αἰχμητὴν ἔθεσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες,
 τοῦνεκά οἱ προθέουσιν ὀνειδέα μυθήσασθαι;"

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑποβλήδην ἡμείβετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
 "ἦ γάρ κεν δειλὸς τε καὶ οὐτιδανὸς καλεοίμην,
 εἰ δὴ σοὶ πᾶν ἔργον ὑπείξομαι, ὅττι κεν εἴπῃς·
 ἄλλοισιν δὴ ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλεο, μὴ γὰρ ἔμοιγε
 [σήμαιν'· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἔτι σοι πείσεσθαι οἶω].
 ἄλλο δέ σοι ἔρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν·
 ἤσσι μὲν οὗτοι ἔγωγε μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα κοῦρης

Cæneus, Pirithoüs, Exadius,
 Or godlike Polyphemus, or the might*
 Of Theseus, son of Ægeus, peer to gods :—
 The strongest generation e'er on earth ;
 Strongest themselves ; yet scarce less strong their foes,
 The Centaurs of the mountains, whom they fought
 And with a terrible slaughter overcame.
 To them I came from Pylos, on their call,
 Though from a distant land, and mix'd, and fought
 According to my strength amongst their band.
 No man (of men that now are on the earth)*
 Could stand against them ; yet they oft would seek
 Counsel of me, and hearken to my word.
 So likewise hearken ye : 'twill be your good.
 Neither do thou, despite thy sovran power,
 Take the maid from him ; but, as first the host
 Awarded her his meed, so leave her to him :
 Nor thou, Pelides, take thy stand opposed
 Against thy king ; for ne'er hath sceptred king
 Had larger due of honour ; Zeus bestow'd
 This glory on him ; and, though thou art great,
 And a great goddess bare thee, yet is he
 Above thee by the numbers of his rule.
 But stay, Atrides, we entreat, thine ire
 'Gainst him who stands throughout this evil war
 A tower of strength to all Achaia's sons."

But sovran Agamemnon made reply :
 " My father, all these things thou wisely say'st.
 But this man covets sole pre-eminence,
 To lord it o'er us all, to hold us all
 Slaves to his beck ;—I trow he rules not me !
 The Gods have made him a good man-at-arms ;
 Comes thence this charter to a railing tongue ? "

To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow :
 " And I were well content to bear the name
 Of coward, or to lose all name, if e'er
 I yield my every deed to thy behest.
 Go lord it over others ; I obey
 Thy word no more ; nor thou, I trow, rul'st me !
 Yet hear, and lay this warning to thy heart :

οὔτε σοὶ οὔτε τῷ ἄλλῳ, ἐπεὶ μὴ ἀφέλεσθέ γε δόντες·
 τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἅ μοι ἔστι θοῇ παρὰ νηὶ μελαίνῃ 300
 τῶν οὐκ ἄν τι φέροις ἀνελὼν ἀέκοντος ἐμεῖο.
 εἰ δ' ἄγε μῆν, πείρησαι, ἵνα γνῶωσι καὶ οἶδε·
 αἰψά τοι αἶμα κελαινὸν ἐρωήσῃ περὶ δουρί.”

Ὡς τῷ γ' ἀντιβίοισι μαχησαμένῳ ἐπέεσσιν
 ἀυστήτην, λῦσαν δ' ἀγορὴν παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
 Πηλεΐδης μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας καὶ νῆας εἶσας
 ἦϊε σὺν τε Μενoitιάδῃ καὶ οἷς ἐτάροισιν·
 Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρα νῆα θοὴν ἄλαδε προέρυσσεν,
 ἔσ δ' ἐρέτας ἔκρινεν εἰκόσιν, ἔσ δ' ἑκατόμβην
 βῆσε θεῶ, ἣν δὲ Χρυσήϊδα καλλιπάρηον 310
 εἶσεν ἄγων· ἐν δ' ἀρχὸς ἔβη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς.

Οἱ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀναβάντες ἐπέπλεον ὑγρὰ κέλευθα,
 λαοὺς δ' Ἀτρεΐδης ἀπολυμαίνεσθαι ἄνωγεν.
 οἱ δ' ἀπελυμαίνοντο καὶ εἰς ἅλα λύματ' ἔβαλλον,
 ἔρδον δ' Ἀπόλλωνι τεληέσσας ἑκατόμβας
 ταύρων ἡδ' αἰγῶν παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο·
 κνίσῃ δ' οὐρανὸν ἵκεν ἐλισσομένη περὶ καπνῶ.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τὰ πένοντο κατὰ στρατόν· οὐδ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 λῆγ' ἔριδος, τὴν πρῶτον ἐπηπειλῆσ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ,
 ἀλλ' ὅγε Ταλθύβιον τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτην προσέειπεν, 320
 τῷ οἱ ἔσαν κήρυκε καὶ ὀτρηνῶ θεράποντε·

“Ἐρχεσθον κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος·
 χειρὸς ἔλδοντ' ἀγέμεν Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρηον·
 εἰ δέ κε μὴ δώσῃν, ἐγὼ δέ κεν αὐτὸς ἔλωμαι
 ἔλθων σὺν πλεόνεσσι· τό οἱ καὶ ῥίγιον ἔσται.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν προΐει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.
 τὼ δ' ἀέκοντε βάτην παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο,
 Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην.
 τὸν δ' εὖρον παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
 ἦμενον· οὐδ' ἄρα τώγε ἰδὼν γήθησεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
 τῷ μὲν ταρβήσαντε καὶ αἰδομένῳ βασιλῆῃ 330

Who gave may take away ; and for the maid
Ye gave me, I will raise no finger up
Neither at thee, nor any other man ;
But of all else aboard my swift black bark,
I dare thee to take aught at all away,
Save at mine own good pleasure ! If thou durst
Attempt it, venture thither ; and this host
Shall know thee, when thy blood streams down my spear ! ”

So ended they their wrangling, face to face,
And rose and loosed the assembly through the fleet.
Pelides to his tents and well-bench'd barks
Pass'd with his following and Menœtius' Son ;
But Agamemnon launch'd upon the deep
A galley, and of oarsmen a full score
Gather'd thereon, embarking for the God
A hecatomb of oxen, and aboard
Led and bade fair Chryseis to a seat ;
With whom, their chieftain, sage Odysseus went,
And forth they sail'd upon their watery way.

Then Agamemnon bade his host be cleansed ;
Who cleansed them of pollution in the waves,
And all along the barren ocean's strand
Offer'd whole hecatombs of goats and bulls
To King Apollo, whence the grateful steam
Ascended, roll'd in incense, up to heaven.

This was their ministration in the camp ;
Yet not for this their king forgot the strife
Wherewith he first had threaten'd Peleus' Son,
But call'd the two quick heralds of the host,
Talthybius and Eurybates, and said :

“ Depart ye to Achilles ; from his tent
Bring forth the maid Briseis ; an he dare
Forbid you, he shall rue it when I come
With thousands more, to seize her and to hold.”

He spoke, and sent them forth with violent charge ;
And loth they moved along the barren sea,
And gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet.
There sitting by his tent and galley's side
They found him ; but he sorrow'd when he saw ;

στήτην, οὐδέ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὐδ' ἐρέοντο·
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φώνησέν τε·

“Χαίρετε, κήρυκες, Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
ἄσπον ἔτ'· οὐτι μοι ὕμνες ἐπαίτιοι, ἀλλ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὃ σφῶϊ προΐει Βρισηΐδος εἵνεκα κούρης.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, Διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις, ἔξαγε κούρην
καὶ σφῶν δὸς ἄγειν. τῷ δ' αὐτῷ μάρτυροι ἔστων
πρὸς τε θεῶν μακάρων πρὸς τε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων
καὶ πρὸς τοῦ βασιλῆος ἀπηνέος, εἵποτε δ' αὖτε
χρειῶ ἐμεῖο γένηται ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύναι
τοῖς ἄλλοις. ἦ γὰρ ὄγ' ὀλοῖησι φρεσὶ θύει,
οὐδέ τι οἶδε νοῆσαι ἅμα πρόσω καὶ ὀπίσσω,
ὅπως οἱ πᾶρὰ νηυσὶ σοοὶ μαχέονται Ἀχαιοί.”

340

“Ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθειθ' ἐταίρῳ,
ἐκ δ' ἄγαγε κλισίης Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρηρον,
δῶκε δ' ἄγειν. τῷ δ' αὖτις ἔτην παρὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·
ἦ δ' ἀέκουσ' ἅμα τοῖσι γυνὴ κίεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
δακρύσας ἐτάρων ἄφαρ ἔξετο νόσφι λιασθεῖς,
θῖν' ἔφ' ἀλὸς πολίης, ὁρόων ἐπ' ἀπείρουνα πόντον
πολλὰ δὲ μητρὶ φίλῃ ἠρήσατο χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς·

350

“Μῆτερ, ἐπεὶ μ' ἔτεκές γε μινυνθαδίον περ ἔόντα,
τιμὴν πέρ μοι ὄφελλεν Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίξαι,
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης· νῦν δ' οὐδέ με τυτθὸν ἔτισεν.
ἦ γάρ μ' Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρέων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἠτίμησεν· ἔλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.”

“Ὡς φάτο δακρυχέων, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε πότνια μῆτηρ
ἡμένη ἐν βένθεσσιν ἀλὸς παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἀνέδου πολίης ἀλὸς ἡΐτ' ὁμίχλη,
καὶ ῥα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο δακρυχέοντος,
χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξε, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

360

“Τέκνον, τί κλάεις ; τί δέ σε φρένας ἵκετο πένθος ;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῖθε νόφ, ἵνα εἰδομεν ἅμφω.”

Τὴν δὲ βαρυστενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς·
“οἷσθα· τίη τοι ταῦτα ἰδυίη πάντ' ἀγορεύω ;

Whilst they, for awe and reverence of the chief,
Stood silent, nor could question him nor speak ;
Till he, well-knowing in his heart, began :

“ Hail, heralds, messengers of Zeus and men !
Draw nearer ; for I blame not you, but him
Who sent you, Agamemnon, and commands
To take the maid Briseis ; therefore haste,
Noble Patroclus, bring the maiden forth
And yield her to their hands. And of my wrong
Be they the witness, in the face of Gods
And men alike, and of this haughty king,
If need of me to stem destruction off
Arise hereafter—for this other raves
In deadly counsels wild, nor hath the eye
To look before and after, or devise
How best in safety may the ships remain ! ”.

He spoke ; Patroclus heard his dear lord's word,
And brought Briseis from the tent before them,
And gave her to their hands. Then pass'd the twain
Back to th' Achaian fleet, and with them went
Most loth the maiden. But, aloof withdrawn,
Alone upon the seashore, all in tears,
Achilles sate him down, and, gazing far
Across the unbounded sea, with lifted hands,
On his own mother cried aloud, and spake :

“ Since, Mother, short the life thou barest me to,
At least 'twere just Olympian Zeus the while
Should grant me honour : yet is all withheld :
For, lo, Atrides Agamemnon deals
Foul insult, and hath robb'd me of my meed.”

He ceased in tears ; whose gentle mother heard
There where she sate beside her Father old
Sunk in the depths of ocean ; and in haste
Rose like an exhalation from the waves,
And took her seat beside her weeping son,
And stroked him with her hand, and spake, and said :
“ My child, what sorrow this that falls on thee ?
Speak, hide it not, that I may also know.”

Achilles with deep-sigh made answer thus :
“ Thou know'st ; what need to tell thee what thou know'st ?

ὥχόμεθ' ἐς Θήβην, ἱερὴν πόλιν Ἡετίωνος,
 τὴν δὲ διεπράθομέν τε καὶ ἤγομεν ἐνθάδε πάντα.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ δάσσαντο μετὰ σφίσιν υἱες Ἀχαιῶν,
 ἐκ δ' ἔλον Ἀτρεΐδῃ Χρυσήϊδα καλλιπάρῃον.
 Χρύσης δ' αὖθ', ἱερεὺς ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος, 370
 ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
 λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄπρινα,
 στέμματ' ἔχων ἐν χερσὶν ἑκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
 χρυσέφ' ἀνὰ σκῆπτρῳ, καὶ ἐλίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 Ἀτρεΐδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν.
 ἔνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
 αἰδεῖσθαι θ' ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἠνδανε θυμῷ,
 ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.
 χωόμενος δ' ὁ γέρων πάλιν ὥχετο· τοῖο δ' Ἀπόλλων 380
 εὖξαμένου ἤκουσεν, ἐπεὶ μάλα οἱ φίλος ἦεν,
 ἦκε δ' ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι κακὸν βέλος· οἱ δέ νυ λαοὶ
 θνησκον ἔπασσύτεροι, τὰ δ' ἐπ' ὥχετο κῆλα θεοῖο
 πάντῃ ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν. ἄμμι δὲ μάντις
 εὖ εἰδὼς ἀγόρευε θεοπροπίας ἐκάτοιο.
 αὐτίκ' ἐγὼ πρῶτος κελόμην θεὸν ἱλάσκεσθαι·
 Ἀτρεΐωνα δ' ἔπειτα χόλος λάβεν, αἰψα δ' ἀναστὰς
 ἠπειλῆσεν μῦθον, ὃ δὴ τετελεσμένος ἐστίν.
 τὴν μὲν γὰρ σὺν νηὶ θοῇ ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἐς Χρύσην πέμπουσιν, ἄγοῦσι δὲ δῶρα ἀνάκτι· 390
 τὴν δὲ νέον κλισίῃθην ἔβαν κήρυκες ἄγοντες
 κούρην Βρισηΐος, τὴν μοι δόσαν υἱες Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ, εἰ δύνασαι γε, περισχέο παιδὸς ἔηος·
 ἐλθοῦς Οὐλυμπόνδε Δία λίσαι, εἴποτε δὴ τι
 ἦ ἔπει ὦνησας κραδίην Διὸς ἠὲ καὶ ἔργῳ.
 πολλάκι γάρ σεο πατὴρ ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἄκουσα
 εὐχομένης, ὅτ' ἔφησθα κελαινεφεί Κρονίωνι
 οἷῃ ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι,
 ὅππότε μιν ξυνδῆσαι Ὀλύμπιοι ἤθελον ἄλλοι,

Eëtion's sacred city we destroy'd,
Thebè, and sack'd it, and bore thence the spoil ;
The which the Achaians parted, and the maid
Chryseis fell the lot to Atreus' Son.
But Chryses came, her father and the priest
Of arrowy Phœbus, 'mongst the mailèd host,
To loose his daughter, bearing priceless gifts,
Holding the garland of the arrowy God
Twined round a golden sceptre ; who besought
All the Achaians, but address'd his prayer
Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus' sons.
Whereto all others gave acclaim, and bade
Revere the priest, and take the splendid gifts
Of her redemption : but ill-pleased the soul
Of Agamemnon, who spiteful sent
Empty, with violent words, the priest away.
In wrath the Elder went and pray'd his God ;
Whose prayer Apollo (for he loved him much)
Heard, and straight sent a baleful dart against us,
Whereby the folk 'gan perish, man by man.
And long throughout Achaia's spacious camp
Flew to and fro the burning shafts ; at last
His oracle was shown us of a seer :
I first gave counsel to appease the God ;
But Atreus' Son wax'd wroth, and quick uprose
To threaten what hath now grown very deed.
Achaia's bright-eyed warriors send the maid
Across the seas to Chryse, to her sire,
With offerings to the God ; but from my tent
Ev'n now the heralds move who bear away
My prize Briseïs—whom Achaia's host
Gave me, my dearest guerdon, she is gone !
Help, therefore, if thou canst, help thine own child ;
Or if thou ever gav'st, by word or deed,
Delight to Zeus, go now, implore his aid.
For oftimes in my father's halls I heard
Thy boast that, single of Immortals, thou
Guardedst an utter ruin from the head
Of cloudcapt Zeus, what time the other Gods,
Herè, and vast Poseidon, and the might

Ἦρῃ τ' ἡδὲ Ποσειδάων καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνῃ. 400
 ἀλλὰ σὺν τόνγ' ἔλθοῦθ' αἰ, θεὰ, ὑπελύσας δεσμῶν,
 ὧχ' ἑκατόγχειρον καλέσας' ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,
 δὺν Βριάρειον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δέ τε πάντες
 Αἰγαίων—ὁ γὰρ αὖτε βίῃ οὐ πατρος ἀμείνων—
 ὅς ῥα παρὰ Κρονίῳ καθέζετο κύδει γαίων.
 τὸν καὶ ὑπέδδειςαν μάκωρες θεοὶ οὐδέ τ' ἔδησαν.
 τῶν νῦν μιν μνήσασα παρέξεο καὶ λαβὲ γούνων,
 αἳ κέν πως ἐθέλῃσιν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήξαι,
 τοὺς δὲ κατὰ πρύμνας τε καὶ ἄμφ' ἄλα ἔλσαι Ἀχαιοὺς
 κτεινομένους, ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται βασιλῆος, 410
 γυνῶ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἦν ἄτην, ὅτ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν."

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
 "ὦ μοι, τέκνον ἐμὸν, τί νύ σ' ἔτρεφον αἰνὰ τεκούσα;
 αἰθ' ὄφελος παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀδάκρυτος καὶ ἀπῆμων
 ἦσθαι, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι αἶσα μίνυνθά περ, οὔτι μάλα δὴν·
 νῦν δ' ἅμα τ' ὠκύμορος καὶ οἰζυρὸς περὶ πάντων
 ἔπλεο· τῷ σε κακῇ αἴσῃ τέκον ἐν μεγάροισιν.
 τοῦτο δέ τοι ἐρέουσα ἔπος Διὶ τερπικεραυνῷ
 εἴμ' αὐτὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀγάννιφον, αἳ κε πίθηται. 420
 ἀλλὰ σὺν μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ παρήγμενος ὠκυπόροισιν,
 μήνι' Ἀχαιοῖσιν, πολέμου δ' ἀποπαύεο πάμπαν·
 Ζεὺς γὰρ ἐς Ὀκεανὸν μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας
 χθιζὸς ἔβη κατὰ δαίτα, θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἔποντο·
 δωδεκάτῃ δέ τοι αὖτις ἐλεύσεται Οὔλυμπόνδε,
 καὶ τότ' ἔπειτά τοι εἴμι Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ,
 καὶ μιν γονάσομαι, καὶ μιν πείσεσθαι ὀΐω."

1 Throughout this translation I have occasionally allowed myself the same variations in the names of the several Gods as are used by Homer himself; but not, I hope, to an extent likely to cause any confusion. Thus Kroneion (or

Of Pallas, all conspired to bind him down :
 How thou then cam'st his saviour from their bonds,
 Calling the hundred-handed giant up
 Whom Gods name Briareus, but mortal men
 Ægæon; who exceeds his father far,
 And rose as one refresh'd, and took his seat
 In glory at Kroneion's¹ hand well-pleased :
 The blissful Gods were awed, nor bound their king.
 Go therefore, seat thee near him, call thy deeds
 Back to his mind, and suppliant clasp his knee ;
 So haply may he grant his aid to Troy,
 Conquering th' Achaians, shut against the sea,
 Back to their galleys' sterns repell'd, and slain ;
 Till all may reap their harvest in their king ;
 And he, our sovereign ruler, Atreus' Son,
 May rue that hour of madness when he dared
 This outrage on Achaia's noblest son ! ”

Whom Thetis answer'd (and she wept the while) :
 “ Ah me, to have borne and bred thee to this woe !
 The span is narrow of thy length of life ;
 And 'twere but due that thou amongst thy ships
 Should'st sit without a trouble or a tear ;
 But, lo, as is thine early death, ev'n such
 Thy sorrow, and exceeds the lot of man ;
 Truly I bore thee to an evil doom.
 Hence will I therefore to Olympus' snows
 And bear thy word, if He will so be won,
 To Him to whom the thunder is delight.
 Meantime amongst thy galley's seated still
 Maintain thy wrath, from battle all withdrawn.
 For Zeus, the yester-eve, to Ocean's halls
 For wassail with the blameless Æthiops went
 A guest, and with him went the other Gods.
 The twelfth morn hence to Olympus he returns ;
 Then will I speed me to his brass-paved hall,
 Embrace his knees, and win, perchance, assent.”

the son of Kronos) will sometimes occur as the equivalent of Zeus ; Phœbus of Apollo ; Poseidaion of Poseidon ; Pallas of Athene ; Cypris of Aphrodite ; and Enyalios of Ares.

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπεβήσσετο, τὸν δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ
 χωόμενον κατὰ θυμὸν ἐϋζώνοιο γυναικὸς,
 τὴν ῥα βίη ἀέκοντος ἀπηύρων. αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
 εἰς Χρύσην ἵκανεν ἄγων ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην. 430
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,
 ἰστία μὲν στείλαντο, θεσαν δ' ἐν νηὶ μελαίνῃ,
 ἰστὸν δ' ἰστοδόκη πέλασαν, προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες
 καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὄρμον προέρεσαν ἑρπμοῖς.
 ἐκ δ' εὐνὰς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι' ἔδησαν.
 ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης,
 ἐκ δ' ἑκατόμβην βῆσαν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι.
 ἐκ δὲ Χρυσῆϊς νηὸς βῆ πρῶτοπόροιο.
 τὴν μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ βωμὸν ἄγων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς 440
 πατρὶ θίλῳ ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, καὶ μιν προσέειπεν·

“ὦ Χρύση, πρό μ' ἔπεμψεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
 παῖδά τε σοὶ ἀγέμεν, Φοῖβω θ' ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην
 ῥέξαι ὑπὲρ Δαναῶν, ὅφρ' ἱλασόμεσθα ἄνακτα,
 ὃς νῦν Ἀργείοισι πολύστονα κήδε' ἐφήκεν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, ὃ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων
 παῖδα φίλην· τοὶ δ' ὦκα θεῷ κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην
 ἐξείης ἔστησαν ἐϋδμητον περὶ βωμὸν,
 χερνύψαντο δ' ἔπειτα καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο.
 τοῖσιν δὲ Χρύσης·μεγάλ' εὔχετο χεῖρας ἀνασχών· 450

“Κλυθί μευ, ἀργυρότοξ' ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
 Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην Τενέδοιό τε ἱφι ἀνάσσεις·
 ἡμὲν δὴ ποτ' ἐμεῦ πάρος ἔκλυες εὖξαμένοιο,
 τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα δ' ἔψαο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
 ἦδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήνον ἐέλδωρ·
 ἦδη νῦν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λουγὸν ἄμυνον.”

Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' εὗξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο,
 ἀνέρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν,
 μηγρὺς τ' ἐξέταμον κατὰ τε κνίσῃ ἐκάλυψαν, 460

She spoke and pass'd away, and left him there
Wroth to the soul for that fair damsel's sake
Rent from him in despite by violent hand.

Meantime with sacred hecatomb aboard
Odysseus thrust to shore on Chryse's strand.
They enter'd the deep harbour-bay, and furl'd
Their sails, and stow'd them furl'd within the hold;
Then quickly lower'd by the stays afore
The mastpole to its crutch, and oar'd the ship
Into its haven, where they heaved to land
The mooring-stones, and bound the ropes astern;
Then disembark'd the sacred hecatomb,
And went themselves upon the shingly shore;
With whom Chryseis likewise left the bark.
Her to the altar sage Odysseus led,
And render'd to her father's hand, and spake:

"Chryses, the King hath sent me to restore
Thy child to thee, and offer for the host
A sacred hecatomb to Phœbus here;
So to assuage the arrowy Godhead's wrath,
Whose darts are grievous on Achaia's sons."

He spoke, and gave her to his hands; with joy
He took his daughter. But the others ranged
Quickly their splendid offering, ox by ox,
Around the well-built altar; then made clean
Their hands, and held the salted cake upraised,
While Chryses cried with outspread arms, and said:

"Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales
Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned;
Ev'n as of late thou hearken'dst to my prayer,
And honour'dst me, and smot'st Achaia low,
So now once more fulfil me my desire;
Take from Achaia this thine evil plague!"

Praying he spoke, whose prayer Apollo heard.
But when their prayer was ended, and the cakes
Of barley on the victims' forehead thrown,
They drew the oxen back with throats stretch'd tight,
And kill'd and flay'd them, and cut off their thighs;

δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν.
καίε δ' ἐπὶ σχίζῃς ὁ φέρων, ἐπὶ δ' αἶθοπα οἶνον
λείβε· νέοι δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἔχον πεμπώβολα χερσίν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρ' ἐκάνη καὶ σπλάγχχυν' ἐπάσαντο,
μίστυλλον τ' ἄρα τᾶλλα καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν,
ᾧπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαίτα,
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐξεδέτο δαιτὸς εἴσης. °
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
κοῦροι μὲν κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο, 470
νώμησαν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν,
οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
καλὸν αἰδούντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
μέλποντες ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.

Ἦμος δ' ἥελιος κατέδυν καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθεν,
δὴ τότε κοιμήσαντο παρὰ πρυμνήσια νηός.
ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,
καὶ τότε ἔπειτ' ἀνάγοντο μετὰ στρατὸν εὐρύν Ἀχαιῶν.
τοῖσιν δ' ἔκμενον οὖρον ἔει ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων.
οἱ δ' ἰστὸν στήσαντ' ἀνά θ' ἰστία λευκὰ πέτασσαν. 480
ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρήσεν μέσον ἰστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
στεῖρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε νηὸς ἰούσης·
ἢ δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ κῦμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἔκοντο κατα στρατὸν εὐρυν Ἀχαιῶν,
νῆα μὲν οὔγε μέλαιναν ἐπ' ἠπείροιο ἔρυσσαν
ὑψοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ὑπὸ δ' ἔρματα μακρὰ τάνυσσαν·
αὐτοὶ δ' ἐσκίδναντο κατὰ κλισίας τε νέας τε.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μήνι νηυσὶ παρήμενος ὠκυπόροισιν,
διογενὴς Πηλέος υἱὸς, πόδας ὥκυν Ἀχιλλεύς·
οὔτε ποτ' εἰς ἀγορὴν πωλέσκετο κυδιάνειραν
οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον, ἀλλὰ φθινύθεςκε φίλον κῆρ
αὐθι μένων, ποθέεσκε δ' αὐτὴν τε πτόλεμόν τε. 490

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐκ τοῖο δυωδεκάτῃ γένητ' ἥως,

The which they wrapt in double folds of fat,
And over these again laid slices raw ;
The while the priest maintain'd the logs aflame,
And pour'd libation of bright wine thereon,
And youths with ready prongs stood near the fire.
The entrails tastèd and the thighs consumed,
The other parts they sliced, and pierced with spits,
Then roastèd deftly and drew each his share.
So, having closed their toil and dress'd their feast,
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess.

Then, when desire had pass'd of drink and meat,
Boys crown'd the bowls with wine, and thence in cups
Gave forth to each, by order of their rank ;
The while the choicest of Achaia's youth,
Singing the glories of the silver bow,
Chanting his heavenly Pæan, soothed the God ;
All day they sang, whose song rejoiced his heart ;
Till, when the sun went down, and darkness came,
They slept beside the hawsers of their ship.

Anon, when rosy-finger'd morn arose,
They set them to return toward the camp :
To whom Apollo gave a favouring breeze.
They righted up the mast, and spread white sail
Thereon ; the wind swell'd full the bellying sail,
And freshly from the prow the purple wave
Broke sparkling, as the galley made her way ;
Till when the broad Achaian camp was gain'd,
On the mainland they haul'd the galley clear,
High up the sands, and stretch'd long props beneath ;
Then scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark.

But all this while, amongst his swift black barks,
Fleetfoot Achilles, Peleus' heav'n-sprung son,
Sate yielding to his wrath, nor made resort
To council, whence is glory to a man,
Neither to war ; whose heart was withering in him
For thirst of battle and the cry to arms.

The twelfth day dawn'd, and all the immortal Powers.

καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἴσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἔοντες
 πάντες ἅμα, Ζεὺς δ' ἥρχε. Θέτις δ' οὐ λήθετ' ἐφετμέων
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ, ἀλλ' ἤγ' ἀνεδύσετο κύμα θαλάσσης,
 ἠερίῃ δ' ἀνέβη μέγαν οὐρανὸν Οὐλύμπόν τε.
 εὔρεν δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην ἄτερ ἤμενον ἄλλων
 ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.
 καὶ ῥα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο καὶ λάβε γούνων
 σκαίῃ, δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνος ἐλουσά
 λισσομένη προσέειπε Δία Κρονίωνα ἄνακτα·

500

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἴποτε δὴ σε μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ὄνησα
 ἢ ἔπει ἢ ἔργῳ, τόδε μοι κρήνην ἐέλωρ·
 τίμησόν μοι υἱόν, ὃς ὠκυμορώτατος ἄλλων
 ἔπλετ'· ἀτὰρ μιν νῦν γε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἠτίμησεν· ἐλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.
 ἀλλὰ σύ πέρ μιν τίσων, Ὀλύμπιε μητίετα Ζεῦ·
 τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι τίθει κράτος, ὅφρ' ἂν Ἀχαιοὶ
 υἱὸν ἐμὸν τίσωσιν, ὀφέλλωσιν τέ ἐ τιμῇ.”

510

ὣς φάτο· τὴν δ' οὔτι προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς,
 ἀλλ' ἀκέων δὴν ἦστο. Θέτις δ' ὥς ἤψατο γούνων,
 ὥς ἔχετ' ἐμπεφυυία, καὶ εἶρετο δεύτερον αὐτὺς

“Νημερτὲς μὲν δὴ μοι ὑπόσχεο καὶ κατάνευσον,
 ἢ ἀπόειπ', ἐπεὶ οὐ τοι ἔπι δέος, ὅφρ' ἐν εἰδῶ
 ὅσσον ἐγὼ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀτιμοτάτῃ θεὸς εἰμι.”

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
 “ἦ δὴ λοίγια ἔργ', ὅτε μ' ἐχθοδοπήσαι ἐφήσεις
 Ἥρῃ, ὅτ' ἂν μ' ἐρέθῃσιν ὄνειδείοις ἐπέεσιν.
 ἢ δὲ καὶ αὐτὼς μ' αἰὲν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
 νεικεῖ, καὶ τέ μέ φησι μάχῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγειν.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν αὐτὺς ἀπόστιχε, μή σε νοήσῃ
 Ἥρῃ· ἐμοὶ δέ κε ταῦτα μελήσεται, ὅφρα τελέσω.
 εἰ δ' ἄγε τοι κεφαλῇ κατανεύσομαι, ὅφρα πεποιθήσ·
 τοῦτο γὰρ ἐξ ἐμέθεν γε μετ' ἀθανάτοισι μέγιστον
 τέκμωρ· οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν παλινάγρετον οὐδ' ἀπατηλὸν
 οὐδ' ἀτελεύτητον, ὃ τι κεν κεφαλῇ κατανεύσω.”

520

Ἡ καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων
 ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος

Together to the Olympian height return'd,
Zeus leading back. Nor Thetis then forgot
Her son's behest, but, mounting from the wave,
Rose to Olympus in the morning's mist.
There mighty Zeus she found aloof withdrawn
Seated upon the ridge's topmost peak,
And knelt before him clasping with one hand
His knee, but laid the other on his beard,
And pray'd and thus address'd the king supreme

“My father, oh if ever amongst the Gods
I gave delight to thee by deed or word,
Fulfil me my desire, and glorify
My son ; to whom, though doom'd to early death,
Yet hath Atrides Agamemnon dealt
Foul outrage, plundering of his meed beloved.
Therefore, great Zeus, put thou thy wisdom forth ;
Vouchsafe him glory ; and so long to Troy
Suffer the triumph, till the Achaians make
Atonement by full honour and by gifts.”

She ceased, to whom the Ruler of the clouds
Gave not one word, but long in silence sate ;
Till Thetis closer clasped his knee, and clung
About him, and besought once more, and spake :

“Promise me true ; confirm it by thy Nod ;
Or else deny me ; what hast thou to fear ?
Speak then, that I may learn and lay to heart
How far below all Gods I lie disgraced !”

Much moved, the Ruler of the clouds return'd :
“A troublous task thou chargest ; 'twill enrage
Herè to many an onset and reproach.
Already in full conclave of the gods
She chides me that I grant the Trojans aid.
Therefore, lest she espy thee, haste thee back
And it shall be my care that these things be ;
Thy faith to strengthen, I vouchsafe my Nod,
Surest of testimony that proceeds
From Powers above ; no word hath e'er return'd
Void, or hath guilèd any, thus confirm'd.”

Kroneion spake, and o'er his azure brows

κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγα δ' ἐθέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου. 530

Τὼ γ' ὥς βουλευσάντε διέτμαγεν· ἡ μὲν ἔπειτα
εἰς ἄλλα ἄλτο βαθεῖαν ἀπ' αἰγλήεντος Ὀλύμπου,
Ζεὺς δὲ ἔδν πρὸς δῶμα. θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἀνέστησαν
ἐξ ἐδέων, σφοῦ πατρὸς ἐναντίον· οὐδὲ τις ἔτλη
μείναι ἐπερχόμενον, ἀλλ' ἀντίοι ἕσταν ἅπαντες.
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐνθα καθέζετ' ἐπὶ θρόνου· οὐδὲ μιν Ἥρη
ἠγνοίησεν ἰδοῦσ' ὅτι σὺ συμφράσσατο βουλὰς
ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ Ἀλκίονος γέροντος.
αὐτίκα κερτομίλοισι Δία Κρονίωνα προσηύδα·

“Τίς δ' αὖτοι, δολομήτα, θεῶν συμφράσσατο βουλὰς; 540
αἰεὶ τοι φίλον ἐστίν, ἐμεῦ ἀπονόσφιν ἔοντα,
κρυπτάδια φρονέοντα διακίζμεν· οὐδέ τί πώ μοι
πρόφρων τέτληκας εἰπεῖν ἔπος ὅττι νοήσης.”

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
“Ἥρη, μὴ δὴ πάντας ἔμοις ἐπιέλπεο μύθους
εἰδήσειν· χαλεποί τοι ἔσονται ἀλόχῳ περ ἐοῦση.
ἀλλ' ὃν μὲν κ' ἐπιεικὲς ἀκουέμεν, οὐτις ἔπειτα
οὔτε θεῶν πρότερος τόνγ' εἴσεται οὔτ' ἀνθρώπων·
ὃν δέ κ' ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλωμι νοήσαι,
μή τι σὺ ταῦτα ἕκαστα διεῖρεο μηδὲ μετέλλα.” - 550

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
“αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
καὶ λῆν σε πάρος γ' οὔτ' εἶρομαι οὔτε μεταλλῶ,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' εὐκηλος τὰ φράζειαι ἄσσοι ἐθέλησθα.
νῦν δ' αἰνῶς δεῖδοικα κατὰ φρένα μή σε παρείπη
ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ Ἀλκίονος γέροντος·
ἠερίη γὰρ σοίγε παρέξετο καὶ λάβε γούνων·
τῇ σ' οἶω κατανεῦσαι ἐτήτυμον ὥς Ἀχιλλῆα
τιμῆσης, ὀλέσης δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.”

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς· 560.
“δαιμονίη, αἰεὶ μὲν οὔτῃ, οὐδέ σε λήθω·
πρῆξαι δ' ἔμπης οὔτι δυνήσῃ, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ θυμοῦ
μᾶλλον ἔμοι ἔσσαι· τὸ δέ τοι καὶ ῥίγιον ἔσται.

Bow'd down his glorious head ; the ambrosial locks
Flow'd down it ; and Olympus quaked below.

This counsel closed, they parted, Thetis down
Plunging to ocean off the radiant height,
But Zeus to his own palace ; as he came
The Gods before their father from their seats
Stood ; nor durst any sit ; all rose erect.
He took his throne ; but Herè, who had seen,
Well wotting that some counsel had been shared
With Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,
Straightway began her taunt, upbraiding thus :

“ Say now, my crafty-hearted Lord, what God
Hath communed of thy counsel ? As of old.
So now thou lov'st, if I be e'er apart,
To sit in secret judgement, nor to me,
An thou hadst but thy wish, wouldst tell one word.”

To whom the Father of the world replied :
“ Herè, thou art my wife ; yet all I say
Hope not to know ; such knowledge were thy harm.
Whate'er 'tis fitting thou shouldst hear, rest sure
Nor God nor man shall know it ere thou know.
But whatsoe'er I will to keep apart,
Ask not of that, too curious of my will.”

But royal broadbrow'd Herè thus replied :
“ Most dread my Lord ! what falls from out thy lips ?
I ask not oft, too curious of thy will :
Of me untroubled, tell me what thou list.
But now have I good cause of utmost fear
Lest Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,
Hath guiled thee to say somewhat to our hurt.
For with this morning's mist she came, and sate
Beside thee, and beseeching clasp'd thy knees.
Wherefore I make conjecture thou hast sworn
By thine own Nod, in honour of her son,
To slaughter 'mongst their ships Achaia's host.”

To her the Ruler of the clouds again :
“ Thou mak'st, my wife, conjectures without end,
Nor lett'st me from thine eye ; 'twill serve thee not ;
But make me, to thy sorrow love thee less.

εἰ δ' οὕτω τοῦτ' ἐστὶν, ἐμοὶ μέλλει φίλον εἶναι.
 ἀλλ' ἀκέουσα κάθησθαι, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπιπεῖθεο μύθῳ,
 μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμωσιν ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰς' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
 ἄσπονδον ἰόνθ', ὅτε κέν τοι ἀάπτους χεῖρας ἐφείῃ."

Ἦς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνιαν Ἥρη,
 καὶ ῥ' ἀκέουσα καθήστο, ἐπιγνάμψασα φίλον κῆρ·
 ὥχθησάθ' δ' ἀνὰ δῶμα Διὸς θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες.
 τοῖσιν δ' Ἥφαιστος κλυτοτέχνης ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν,
 μητρὶ φίλῃ ἐπήρα φέρων, λευκωλένῳ Ἥρη·

570

“Ἡ δὴ λοίγια ἔργα τάδ' ἐσσεταὶ οὐδ' ἔτ' ἀνεκτα,
 εἰ δὴ σφὼ ἕνεκα θνητῶν ξριδαίνετον ὦδε,
 ἐν δὲ θεοῖσι κολῶν ἐλαύνετον· οὐδέ τι δαιτὸς
 ἐσθλῆς ἐσσεταὶ ἦδος, ἐπεὶ τὰ χερεῖονα νικᾷ.
 μητρὶ δ' ἐγὼ παράφῃμι, καὶ αὐτῇ περ νοεοῦση,
 πατρὶ φίλῳ ἐπήρα φέρειν Διὶ, ὅφρα μὴ αὐτε
 νεικεῖσιν πατῆρ, σὺν δ' ἡμῖν δαῖτα τaráξῃ.
 εἴπερ γάρ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητὴς
 ἐξ ἐδέων στρυφελίξαι· ὁ γὰρ πολὺν φέρτατός ἐστιν.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ τόνγ' ἐπέεσσιν ἀπάπτεσθαι μαλακοῖσιν·
 αὐτίκ' ἐπειθ' Ἰλαος Ὀλύμπιος ἐσσεταὶ ἡμῖν.”

580

Ἦς ἄρ' ἔφη, καὶ ἀναίξας δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον
 μητρὶ φίλῃ ἐν χειρὶ τίθει, καὶ μιν προσέειπεν·

“Τέτλαθι, μῆτερ ἐμῇ, καὶ ἀνάσχεο, κηδομένη περ,
 μή σε, φίλῃν περ εἰοῦσαν, ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδῶμαι
 θεινομένην, τότε δ' οὔτι δυνήσομαι, ἀχνύμενός περ,
 χραῖσμεῖν· ἀργαλέος γὰρ Ὀλύμπιος ἀντιφέρεσθαι.
 ἦδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλοτ' ἀλεξέμεναι μεμαῶτα
 ῥίψε, ποδὸς τεταγών, ἀπὸ βηλοῦ θεσπεσίῳ.
 πᾶν δ' ἡμάρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἡελίῳ καταδύντι
 κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ· ὀλίγος δ' ἔτι θυμὸς ἐνῆεν·
 ἐνθα με Σίντιες ἄνδρες ἄφαρ κομίσαντο πεσόντα.”

590

Ἦς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
 μειδήσασα δὲ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο χειρὶ κύπελλον.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν θεοῖς ἐνδέξια τᾷσιν

Be it as thou hast said ; I will it so.
Sit thou in silence, and obey my word :
Else, verily, not all the Gods combined
Shall save thee, when I raise my arm to scourge."

He spoke, and broadbrow'd Herè, all in awe,
Bent her high heart to silence, and sate still,
The heavenly Gods 'gan murmur through the hall ;
To whom Hephæstus, architect in heaven,
Arose to speak, out of the love he bare
His mother, Herè of the milkwhite arm :

"All will be wrack and ruin unwithstood
If thus ye twain for mortals' wretched sake
Wrangle, disturbing heav'n ; when thus prevails
The evil, e'en in feast is no delight.
Therefore I bid my mother, though herself
Wots well without the bidding, rest at peace,
And do according to the will of Zeus ;
Lest he again, our father, of his ire,
Perturb the banquet ; for, an so he list,
'Twere easy task to him, the lightning's lord,
To hurl us from our seats by might supreme.
Soothe therefore with thy softest words thy king ;
And he again will render us his grace."

He spoke, and springing forward put a cup
Into his mother's hand, and added thus :

"Endure it, O my mother, nor be wrath ;
Lest, in my love's despite, before all heav'n
I see thee ill-entreated ; howsoe'er
I sorrow'd, I could nought avail to help.
Ill is it to oppose the Olympian's arm ;
As erst I found, when for my wish to save thee
He caught me by the foot, and hurl'd me o'er
The skyey threshold ; all day long I fell,
And dropt on Lemnos with the setting sun ;
Bare life was in me then ; but, where I fell,
The Sintians raised and bare me to their homes."

He ended ; Herè of the milkwhite arm
Smiled, and took smiling from her son the cup ;
Who straight from right to left to all the Gods
'Gan pour sweet nectar, drawing from a bowl ;

οἶνοχόει, γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρήτηρος ἀφύσσων.
 ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν,
 ὥς ἴδον Ἥφαιστον διὰ δώματα ποιπνύοντα.

600

Ὡς τότε μὲν πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἐς ἥλιον καταδύντα
 δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἔσσης,
 οὐ μὲν φόρμιγγος περικαλλέος, ἣν ἔχ' Ἀπόλλων,
 Μουσάων θ', αἰὲν αἶδον ἀμειβόμεναι ὀπὶ καλῇ.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατέδυν λαμπρὸν φάος ἡελίοιο,
 οἱ μὲν κακκεῖοντες ἔβαν οἰκόνδε ἕκαστος,
 ἥχι ἐκάστω δῶμα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις
 Ἥφαιστος ποίησεν ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεςσιν.
 Ζεὺς δὲ πρὸς ὃν λέχος ἦν Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητῆς,
 ἔνθα πάρος κοιμᾶσθαι, ὅτε μὲν γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἰκάνοι·
 ἔνθα καθεῖνδ' ἀναβὰς, παρὰ δὲ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη.

610

And laughter inextinguishable rang
Amongst their blissful throng, beholding thus
Hephæstus as 'twere Hebe in their halls.

So all day through, to set of sun, they sate
Feasting, nor any lack'd his share of feast,
Nor of the lovely lute Apollo held,
Nor of the song the Muses quiring sang.

But when the sun's bright light descended, all
Scatter'd to slumber, each in splendid home
Built for him by Hephæstus of his art,
Haltfoot Hephæstus, architect in heaven.
But Zeus, the lightning-wielder, and their king,
Mounting the bed whereon he wont to rest
Whene'er sweet slumber seized him, laid him down,
And gold-throned Herè laid her by his side.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ · Β.



Ὀνειρος. Βοιωτία
· ἧ κατάλογος τῶν νεῶν.

Ἄλλοι μὲν ῥα θεοὶ τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἵπποκορυσταὶ
εὖδον παννύχιοι, Δία δ' οὐκ ἔχε νήδυμος ὕπνος,
ἀλλ' ὄγε μερμήριζε κατὰ φρένα ὡς Ἀχιλλῆα
τιμῆσει, ὀλέσαι δ' ἔπολέας ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἦδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή,
πέμψαι ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι οὐλον Ὀνειρον
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Βάσκ' ἔθι, οὐλε Ὀνειρε, θαὸς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·
ἐλθὼν ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο
πάντα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ἀγορευέμεν ὡς ἐπιτέλλω.
θωρήξαι ἔκλειυε κερηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς
πανσυδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἔλοι πόλιν εὐρύαγυιαν
Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας
Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπται.”

10

Ὡς φάτο, βῆ δ' ἄρ' Ὀνειρος, ἐπεὶ τὸν μῦθον ἄκουσεν.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκανε θαὸς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
βῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα· τὸν δ' ἐκίχανεν
εὖδοντ' ἐν κλισίῃ, περὶ δ' ἀμβρόσιος κέχυθ' ὕπνος.
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς Νηληϊῶ υἱὶ ξοικῶς,
Νέστορι, τὸν ῥα μάλιστα γερόντων τῷ Ἀγαμέμνων·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσεφώνεε θεῖος Ὀνειρος·

20

“Εὐδεις, Ἀτρεὺς υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο ;
οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὖδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα,
ὃ λαοὶ τ' ἐπιτετράφεται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλεν.
νῦν δ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,

ILIAD II.

ALL others, Gods alike and helmèd men,
Slept the night through ; Zeus only gentle sleep
Subdued not, who lay pondering how he best
For the honour of Achilles might dispense
Death unto thousands in Achaia's fleet.
This counsel show'd the wisest to his mind,
To send a Spirit of evil in a dream
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, their king :
He call'd, and with wing'd words address'd it thus :

“Quick hence, thou Spirit of evil ! In false dream
Pass through the fleet to Agamemnon's tent
And there speak clearly, as I now give hest.
Bid him throughout the camp to call to arms
The streaming-hair'd Achaians, now at length
To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more
Stand Sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;
But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus.”

He spoke, whose word the Spirit obeying flew
Hastening to gain Achaia's camp and fleet ;
There sought out Agamemnon. Him he found
Now slumbering in his tent, for sleep at last
Had fall'n ambrosial o'er him. At his head
The Spirit, in guise of Nestor, Neleus' son,
The Elder by Atrides honour'd most,
Took stand, and thus in dream divine began :

“Son of brave royal Atreus ! Sleep'st thou thus ?
The man who hath the weight of public care,
The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,
He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ;
I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,

ὅς σεῦ ἄνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδετ' αἰ ἦδ' ἐλεαίρει.
 θωρήξαι σε κέλευσε κερηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 πανσυδίη· νῦν γάρ κεν ἔλοις πόλιν εὐρυάργυριαν
 Τρώων· οὐ γάρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες 30
 ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας
 Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπται
 ἐκ Διός. ἀλλὰ σὺ σῆσις ἔχε φρεσὶ, μηδέ σε λήθῃ
 αἰρεΐτω, εὖτ' ἂν σε μελίφρων ὕπνος ἀνήγῃ.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπεβήσето, τὸν δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ
 τὰ φρονέοντ' ἀνὰ θυμόν· ἃ ῥ' οὐ τελέεσθαι ἔμελλον.
 φῆ γὰρ ὅγ' αἰρήσειν Πριάμου πόλιν ἡματι κείνῳ,
 νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὰ ἤδη ἃ ῥα Ζεὺς μῆδετο ἔργα·
 θήσειν γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμελλεν ἐπ' ἄλγεά τε στοναχὰς τε 40
 Τρωσὶ τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι διὰ κρατερὰς ὕσμινας.
 ἔγρετο δ' ἐξ ὕπνου, θεΐη δέ μιν ἀμφέχυντ' ὁμφῇ.
 ἔξετο δ' ὀρθωθείς, μαλακὸν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα,
 καλὸν νηγάτεον, περὶ δὲ μέγα βάλλετο φᾶρος·
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὥμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον.
 εἵλετο δὲ σκῆπτρον πατρῷον, ἀφθιτον αἰεὶ·
 σὺν τῷ ἔβη κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων.

Ἦώς μὲν ῥα θεὰ προσεβήσето μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,
 Ζηνὶ φόως ἐρέουσα καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγοισι κέλευσεν 50
 κηρύσσειν ἀγορήνδε κερηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς·
 οἱ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοὶ δ' ἡγείροντο μάλ' ὦκα.

Βουλὴν δὲ πρῶτον μεγαθύμων ἵζε γερόντων
 Νεστορέη παρὰ νηὶ Πυλολιγενέος βασιλῆος·
 τοὺς ὅγε συγκαλέσας πυκινὴν ἡρτύνετο βουλὴν·

“Κλῦτε, φίλοι· θεῖός μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν Ὀνειρος
 ἀμβροσίην διὰ νύκτα· μάλιστα δὲ Νέστορι δῖον
 εἰδός τε μέγεθός τε φυὴν τ' ἄγχιστα, ἐφῄκει.

Albeit remote on high, and^{*}pitieith much.
He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp
The streaming-hair'd Achaïans, now at length
To take broadstreeted Troy; for now no more
Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers;
But Herè's prayer, hath won them, and distress
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus,
Whose message hold thou fast to mind, nor be
Forgetful, when sweet sleep hath loosed his hold."

It spoke, and vanish'd, leaving there the King
Foreshadowing many issues—ne'er to be ;
Who to his heart gave promise to destroy
The citadel of Priam ere the eve ;
Blind, blind ! of Zeus' true counsel unaware ;
Who destined woe on woe and groan on groan
Ceaseless to either host in battle's broil.

He woke from sleep ; and cloudlike round him still
Hover'd the voice divine. Upright he sate,
And donn'd a tunic soft of linen fine,
Newspun, and threw broad mantle thereupon,
And bound rich sandals to his glistening feet ;
Then slung his silverhilted sword, and took
The imperishable sceptre of his race,
And sô pass'd through the galleys of the host.

And Dawn divine had clomb the Olympian steep,
Harbinger of the day to all in heaven,
When he the clearvoiced heralds bade proclaim
A common meeting in the market-place ;
Who made their proclamation, and the host
Of all Achaia thither flock'd amain.
But first beneath the Pylian Chieftain's bark
A senate of their nobler Elders sate ;
These did their King together call, and laid
His wise resolve before them in these words :

" Friends, hear me all. This night a dream divine
Amid the ambrosial darkness in my sleep
Came to me : like to noble Nestor most
The Spirit by its garb and stature show'd ;

στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί μ'ε πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
 'εὐδεις, Ἄτρεος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο ; 60
 οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὐδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα,
 ᾧ λαοὶ τ' ἐπιτετράφεται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλεν.
 νῦν δ' ἐμέθεν ζύνες ὦκα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,
 ὃς σεῦ ἀνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδεταί ἡδ' ἔλεαίρει.
 θωρήξαι σε κέλευσε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 πανσυδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἔλοις πόλιν εὐρυάγνιαν
 Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
 ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας
 "Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπται
 ἐκ Διός. ἀλλὰ σὺ σῆψιν ἔχε φρεσίν· ὥς ὁ μὲν εἰπὼν 70
 ᾤχετ' ἀποπτάμενος, ἐμὲ δὲ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἀνήκεν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγετ', αἶ κέν πως θωρήξομεν υἱας Ἀχαιῶν.
 πρῶτα δ' ἐγὼν ἔπεσιν πειρήσομαι, ἥ θέμις ἐστίν,
 καὶ φεύγειν σὺν νηυσὶ πολυκλήϊσι κελεύσω·
 ὑμεῖς δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἐρητύειν ἐπέεσσιν."

"Ἦτοι ὅγ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
 Νέστωρ, ὃς ῥα Πύλοιο ἀναξ ἦν ἡμαθόεντος·
 ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,
 εἰ μὲν τις τὸν ὄνειρον Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐνισπεν, 80
 ψευδός κεν φαῖμεν καὶ νοσφιζόμεθα μάλλον·
 νῦν δ' ἴδεν ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν εὔχεται εἶναι.
 ἀλλ' ἄγετ', αἶ κέν πως θωρήξομεν υἱας Ἀχαιῶν."

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας βουλῆς ἐξ ἥρχε νέεσθαι.
 οἱ δ' ἐπανέστησαν πείθοντο τε ποιμένι λαῶν,
 σκηπτοῦχοι βασιλῆες· ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοί.
 ἡὔτε ἔθνεα εἰσι μελίσσων ἀδινάων,
 πέτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νέον ἐρχομενάων·
 βοτρυδὸν δὲ πέτονται ἐπ' ἀνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσιν·
 αἱ μὲν τ' ἐνθά ἄλῃς πεποτήγαι, αἱ δέ τε ἐνθα·
 ὥς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἅπο καὶ κλισιάων
 ἡϊόνος προπάροιθε βαθείης ἐστιχόωντο
 ἰλαδὸν εἰς ἀγορήν· μετὰ δὲ σφίσιν Ὀσσα δεδήγει

It stood above my head, and thus It spake :
' Son of brave royal Atreus ! Sleep'st thou thus ?
' The man who hath the weight of public care,
' The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,
' He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ;
' I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,
' Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.
' He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp
' The streaming-hair'd Achæians, now at length
' To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more
' Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;
' But Herë's prayer hath won them, and distress
' Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus :
' Whose message hold thou fast to mind—' It spoke
 And vanish'd ; and sweet sleep loosed hold on me.
 Bethink ye therefore how to incite the host
 To don their armour. As beseems my state,
 I first will speak, and of their temper make
 Assay, by bidding all the fleet flee home ;
 The which prevent ye, each by strong rebuke."

He ceased, and sate him down. Then Nestor rose
 Chieftain of Pylos' sandy-coasted realm,
 Who spoke, and thus began his words discreet :

"Friends, Chieftains, Captains of Achæia's host !
 Were he some other who declared this dream,
 Perchance we might denounce it false, and put
 The matter from us : but who tells the tale
 Is our liege lord. Rise therefore ; in this wise
 Incite Achæia's sons to don their arms."

He ceased, and led the way from council-seat ;
 Whereat the sceptred kings together rose,
 Obedient to the shepherd of the host,
 And went, where all the people streaming pour'd.

Like bees, that issue ever forth anew
 From out some hollow rock, cloud upon cloud,
 Now clustering on spring flowers, now away
 Hieing in swarms, where'er each swarm may list ;
 Thus from their ships and tents pour'd tribes of men
 Troop after troop fronting the sandy shore
 Into their meeting-place ; amongst them burn'd

ὀτρύνουσ' ἰέναι, Διὸς ἄγγελος· οἳ δ' ἀγέροντο
 τετρήχει δ' ἄγορῃ, οὐπὸ δὲ στεναχίζετο γαῖα
 λαῶν ἰζόντων, ὄμαδος δ' ἦν· ἐννέα δὲ σφεας
 κήρυκες βοόωντες ἐρήτουν, εἵποτ' αὐτῆς
 σχοιάτ', ἀκούσειαν δὲ διοτρεφέων βασιλῶν.
 σπουδῇ δ' ἔξετο λαὸς, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ' ἔδρας
 παυσάμενοι κλαγγῆς· ἀνὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἔστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων, τὸ μὲν Ἥφαιστος κάμει τεύχων. 100
 Ἥφαιστος μὲν δῶκε Διὶ Κρονίῳ ἀνακτι,
 αὐτὰρ ἄρα Ζεὺς δῶκε διακτόρῳ ἀργειφόντῃ·
 Ἑρμείας δὲ ἄναξ δῶκεν Πέλοπι πληξίππῳ,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ αὖτε Πέλοψ δῶκε Ἀτρεΐ, ποιμένι λαῶν·
 Ἀτρεὺς δὲ θνήσκων ἔλιπεν πολύαρνι Θυέστῃ,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ αὖτε Θυέστ' Ἀγαμέμνονι λείπε φορήναι,
 πολλῇσιν νήσοισι καὶ Ἀργεῖ παντὶ ἀνάσσειν.
 τῷ ὅγ' ἐρείσάμενος ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετῆυδα·

“ὦ φίλοι, ἦρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἀρης,
 Ζεὺς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτῃ ἐνέδθησε βαρείῃ,
 σχέτλιος, ὃς πρὶν μὲν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
 Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
 νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καί με κελεύει
 δυσκλέα Ἀργας ἰκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὤλεσα λαόν.
 οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέϊ φίλον εἶναι,
 ὃς δὴ πολλάων πολλῶν κατέλυσε κάρηνα
 ἢδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
 αἰσχροὺν γὰρ τόδε γ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι,
 μὰψ οὕτω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
 ἀπρηκτον πόλεμον πολεμίζειν ἢδὲ μάχεσθαι
 ἀνδράσι παυρορέτοισι, τέλος δ' οὐπω τι πέφανται. 120
 εἴπερ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοισιν Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρῶές τε,
 ὄρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες, ἀριθμηθήμεναι ἄμφω,
 Τρῶας μὲν λέξασθαι ἐφέστιοι ὅσοι ἔασιν.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐς δεκάδας διακοσμηθεῖμεν Ἀχαιοὶ,
 Τρώων δ' ἄνδρα ἕκαστον ἐλοίμεθα οἶνοχοεῦν,
 πολλάί κεν δεκάδες δευοίατο οἶνοχόοιο.

Loud Rumour, sent by Zeus, and bade them go.
Soon they were gather'd, in a multitude
Confused, and, as their legions sate them down,
Earth groan'd beneath them, and a tumult rose.
With lifted voice nine heralds order'd them
To silence all loud outcry, and attend
Their heaven-sprung kings. With earnest ears they sate
Order'd along their seats, and stay'd their din.
To whom rose Agamemnon, in his hands
Holding the sceptre by Hephæstus wrought,
Wrought by Hephæstus for a gift to Zeus,
Which Zeus to Hermes gave, the guide in heaven,
Hermes to Pelops, matchless on the car,
Pelops to Atreus, shepherd of his realm,
Then Atreus dying to Thyestes gave,
Thyestes, last, to Agamemnon's hands,
And sway therewith o'er Aïgos and the Isles ;
On this he lean'd, and thus addressed the host :

“ Friends, heroes, labourers in Ares' field !
Ye see in fetters of how heavy fate
Great Zeus hath will'd to bind me—False and cruel !
Why by his Nod affirm'd his word of old,
That we should take proud Ilion ere return ;
Yet in his purpose held this evil fraud,
Bidding me now to Argos take me back,
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here !
Such now I read his will, who oft hath bow'd
And oft shall bow hereafter low the heads
Of mightiest cities ; mightier He than all.
Shall it for shame be told in after-days
How legions of such mass and spirit high
As Argos sent us forth, all bootless waged
An empty war ; albeit the foes they fought
Were less in number, no good end was shown ?
Were a truce struck, and took both hosts their stand
Asunder to be number'd—all of Troy
Gather'd together from their hearths and homes,
And all the Achaians ranged by tens and tens—
Then were each ten to choose a cupbearer,
To many a ten no cupbearer were there.

τόσσον ἐγὼ φῆμι πλέας ἔμμεναι υἱας Ἀχαιῶν
 Τρώων, οὐ ναίουσι κατὰ πτόλιν· ἀλλ' ἐπίκουροι
 130 πολλέων ἐκ πολίων ἐγγχέσπαλοι ἄνδρες ἔασιν,
 οἳ με μέγα πλάζουσιν καὶ οὐκ εἰῶσ' ἐθέλοντα,
 Ἴλίου ἐκπέρσαι εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον.
 ἐννέα δὴ βεβιάσιν Διὸς μεγάλου ἐνιαυτοί,
 καὶ δὴ δοῦρα σέσηπε νεῶν καὶ σπάρτα λέλυνται·
 αἱ δέ ποῦν ἡμέτεραί τ' ἄλοχοι καὶ νήπια τέκνα
 εἴατ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις ποτιδέγμεναι· ἄμμι δὲ ἔργον
 αὐτως ἀκράαντον, οὐ εἵνεκα δεῦρ' ἰκόμεσθα.
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθόμεθα πάντες
 140 φεύγωμεν σὺν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἰρήσομεν εὐρυάγυιαν."

Ὡς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινε
 πᾶσι μετὰ πληθύν, ὅσοι οὐ βουλῆς ἐπάκουσαν.
 κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ φῆ κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης,
 πόντου Ἰκαρίοιο, τὰ μὲν τ' Εὐρὸς τε Νότος τε
 ὥρορ' ἐπαΐξας πατρὸς Διὸς ἐκ νεφελάων.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε κινήσῃ Ζέφυρος βαθὺν λήϊον ἐλθὼν,
 λάβρος ἐπαιγίζων, ἐπὶ τ' ἡμῦνι ἀσταχύεσσιν,
 ὥς τῶν πᾶσ' ἀγορὴ κινήθη. τοὶ δ' ἀλαλητῶ
 νῆας ἔπ' ἐσσεύοντο, ποδῶν δ' ὑπένερθε κούνη
 150 ἴστατ' αἰερομένη· τοὶ δ' ἀλλήλοισι κέλευον
 ἄπτεσθαι νηῶν ἢδ' ἐλκέμεν εἰς ἄλα δῖαν,
 οὐρούς τ' ἐξεκάθαιρον· αὐτὴ δ' οὐρανὸν ἵκεν
 οἴκαδε ἰεμένων· ὑπὸ δ' ἦρεον ἔρματα νηῶν.

Ἐνθα κεν Ἀργείοισιν ὑπέρμορα νόστος ἐτύχθη,
 εἰ μὴ Ἀθηναίην Ἥρη πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“ὦ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
 οὕτω δὴ οἰκόνδε, φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,
 Ἀργεῖοι φεύξονται ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
 160 καὶ δέ κεν εὐχολὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λίποιεν
 Ἀργεῖν Ἑλένην, ἧς εἵνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
 ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλοντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἵης.
 ἀλλ' ἔθι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
 σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυε φῶτα ἔκαστον,
 μῆδ' ἔα νῆας ἄλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας."

Such to our legions I account the foe
 Native to Troy and dwellers in her streets
 Were these alone ; but with them thousands league,
 Aids from afar and battling in their cause,
 Who beat me from my haven, and forefend
 Destruction from proud Ilion's lofty towers.
 And now nine years of mighty Zeus are flown ;
 The masts are rotting on our hulks ; the shrouds
 Unravell'd ; yet our children in our homes
 Sit by their mothers wistful for us still ;
 And all for which we came is utter nought.
 Hear, therefore, and obey as I advise.
 Let us away to our dear fatherland ;
 Flee, for broadstreeted Troy shall ne'er be ours.

He spoke, and reach'd the hearts of all who heard,
 All who shared not his wile ; whereat the crowd
 Was shaken, like the long waves of the sea,
 The Icarian sea, when East-wind and South-west
 Fall swooping from the clouds of Father Zeus.
 Or as when Zephyr comes in hurricane
 And sweeps a fertile field, and takes with storm
 The corn, and all the ears are bow'd one way ;
 So shook that whole assembly ; thence with shout
 Rush'd to their ships ; in clouds under their tread
 The dust arose ; and each to other cried
 To seize and haul his galley to the deep,
 And each 'gan clear his channel through the sands.
 Their homeward-longing cry went up to heaven.
 The props along the keels were quick withdrawn.
 And Fate had been transgress'd by their return
 Had not great Herè to Athenè call'd :

“ Child of great Zeus, and peerless Power of war !
 Say, shall the Argives to their fatherland
 Safe on the sea's broad shoulders take this flight,
 Leaving the boast to Priam and to Troy
 Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof
 Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n ?
 Nay, haste thee rather to their mailèd host,
 And stay them, as thou mayst, with calming words,
 Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀπίθῃσε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
βῆ δὲ κατ’ Οὐλύμπῳιο καρήνων αἰξασα,
καρπαλῖμος δ’ ἵκανε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
εὗρεν ἔπειτ’ Ὀδυσῆα, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον,
ἔσταότ’· οὐδ’ ὄγε νηὸς εὐσσέλμοιο μελαίνης·
ἄπτετ’, ἐπεὶ μιν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἵκανε.
ἀγχοῦ δ’ ἵσταμένη προσέφη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·

170

“Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν’ Ὀδυσσεῦ,
οὔτω δὴ οἰκόνδε, φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
φεύξεσθ’ ἐν νῆεσσι πολυκλήϊσι πεσόντες,
καὶ δέ κεν εὐχολὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λιποῖτε
Ἀργεῖν’ Ἑλένην, ἧς εἵνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλουντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἵης.
ἀλλ’ ἴθι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν, μηδὲ τ’ ἐρώει,
σοῖς δ’ ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυε φῶτα ἑκαστον,
μηδὲ ἔα νῆας ἅλαδ’ ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.”

180

“Ὡς φάθ’ ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεῶς ὅπα φωνησασης,
βῆ δὲ θέειν, ἀπὸ δὲ χλαῖναν βάλε· τὴν δ’ ἐκόμισσεν
κῆρυξ Εὐρυβάτης Ἰθακήσιος, ὅς οἱ ὀπῆδει.
αὐτὸς δ’ Ἀτρεΐδew Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἐλθὼν
δέξατό οἱ σκῆπτρον πατρώϊον, ἄφθιτον αἰεῖ·
σὺν τῷ ἔβη κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων.

“Οὔτινα μὲν βασιλῆα καὶ ἔξοχον ἄνδρα κιχείη,
τὸν δ’ ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρητύσασκε παραστάς·

“Δαιμόνι’, οὐ σε ἔοικε κακὸν ὥς δειδίσσεσθαι,
ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς τε κάθησο καὶ ἄλλους ἴδρυσ λαούς.
οὐ γάρ πω σάφα οἶσθ’ οἶος νόος Ἀτρεΐωνος·
νῦν μὲν πειράται, τάχα δ’ ἔψεται υἱας Ἀχαιῶν.
ἐν βουλῇ δ’ οὐ πάντες ἀκούσαμεν οἶον ἔειπεν.
μή τι χολωσάμενος ῥέξῃ κακὸν υἱας Ἀχαιῶν.
θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος·
τιμὴ δ’ ἐκ Διὸς ἐστι, φιλεῖ δὲ ἐμῇτιετα Ζεὺς.”

190

“Ὀν δ’ αὖ δῆμου τ’ ἄνδρα ἴδοι βοόωντά τ’ ἐφεύροι,
τὸν σκῆπτρῳ ἐλάσασκεν ὁμοκλήσασκέ τε μύθῳ·

“Δαιμόνι’, ἀτρέμας ἦσο καὶ ἄλλων μῦθον ἄκουε,
οἱ σέο φέρτεροί εἰσι, σὺ δ’ ἀπτόλεμος καὶ ἀναλκίς,
οὔτε τ’ οὔτ’ ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναρίθμιος οὔτ’ ἐνὶ βουλῇ.
οὐ μὲν πῶς πάντες βασιλεύσομεν ἐνθάδ’ Ἀχαιοί.

200

Nor azure-eyed Athenè disobey'd ;
Down springing from the Olympian height she went .
And gain'd Achaia's fleet : there first she sought
Odysseus, chief for wisdom like to Zeus :
Standing apart, not laying on his bark
His hand, by grief and anger piercèd through
She found him, and address'd him thus, and said :
 "Odysseus, heavensprung chief, Laertes' son ;
Is it for refuge to your fatherland
That thus ye fall upon your well-bench'd barks ?
• And leave the boast to Priam and to Troy
Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof
Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n ?
Nay, haste thee through the ships, nor take thou rest,
But stay them, as thou mayst, with calming words,
Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep."

She ceased ; and he the voice confess'd divine,
And hastening cast his cloak away to run ;
Eurybates the Ithacan, his squire,
The herald, bare this home, while he sped straight
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, from whom
The imperishable sceptre of the race
He took, and pass'd therewith amongst the ships ;
Where if he cross'd a king or man of mark,
He near approach'd, and stay'd him gently thus :

 " My friend, this cowardlike fear beseems not thee.
Take seat thyself, and bid the people sit.
Not yet hath Atreus' Son declared his will :
All were not then in senate when he spake.
He proves us, but anon will smite us hard,
And if his ire be kindled, woe to us !
For heavy is the wrath of heavensprung kings,
Honour'd of Zeus, of wisest Zeus beloved."

But whomso of the common file he saw
And found in outcry, him with sceptre-stroke
Away he drove, and sharply threaten'd thus :

 " Sit thou unmoved, and hearken to thy chiefs,
Vile craven—of what note in speech or war ?
Is every man in Argos crown'd a king ?
This is not good, that there be many lords :

οὐκ ἄγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,
εἷς βασιλεὺς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
[σκήπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βασιλεύῃ].”

Ὡς ὅγε κοιρανέων δίεπε στρατόν· οἱ δ' ἄγορήνδε
αὐτὶς ἐπεσσεύοντο νεῶν ἀπο καὶ κλισιάων
ἡχῇ, ὥς ὅτε κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
αἰγιαλῷ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε πόντος.

210

Ἄλλοι μὲν ῥ' ἕζοντο, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ' ἔδρας·
Θερσίτης δ' ἔτι μῦθος ἀμετροπῆς ἐκολῶα,
ὅς ῥ' ἔπεα φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἄκοσμά τε πολλὰ τε ἤδη,
μὰ νῆφ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεύσιν,
ἀλλ' ὅ τι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοῖον Ἀργείοισιν
ἔμμεναι. αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθεν·
φολκὸς ἦν, χωλὸς δ' ἕτερον πόδα· τῷ δέ οἱ ὦμο
κυρτῷ, ἐπὶ στήθος συνοχωκότε· αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεν
φοξὸς ἦν κεφαλὴν, ψεδνὴ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχυνη.
ἔχθιστος δ' Ἀχιλλῆι μάλιστ' ἦν ἡδ' Ὀδυσῆϊ·
τῷ γὰρ νεικέεσκε· τότε αὖτ' Ἀγαμέμνονι δίω
ὀξέα κεκληγὼς λέγ' ὀνειδέα. τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐκπάγλως κοτέοντο νεμέσσηθέν τ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ μακρὰ βοῶν Ἀγαμέμνονα νείκεε μύθῳ·

220

“ Ἀτρεΐδης, τέο δ' αὖτ' ἐπιμέμφεαι ἠδὲ χατίζεις ;
πλεῖαί τοι χαλκοῦ κλισίαι, πολλαὶ δὲ γυναῖκες
εἰσὶν ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἐξαίρετοι, ἄς τοι Ἀχαιοὶ
πρωτίστ' ἰδομεν, εὖτ' ἂν πτολίεθρον ἔλωμεν.
ἢ ἔτι καὶ χρυσοῦ ἐπιδεύεαι, ὅν κέ τις οἴσει
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων ἐξ Ἴλίου υἱὸς ἄποινα,
ὅν κεν ἐγὼ δῆσας ἀγάγω ἢ ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,
ἢ ἐ γυναῖκα νέην, ἵνα μίσγεται ἐν φιλότῳ,
ἦντ' αὐτὸς ἀπονόσφι κατίσχει ; οὐ μὲν ἔοικεν
ἀρχὸν ἐόντα κακῶν ἐπιβασκέμεν υἱὰς Ἀχαιῶν.
ὦ πέπονες, κάκ' ἐλέγχε', Ἀχαιῖδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
οἵκαδὲ περ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ' ἐώμεν
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ γέρα πεσσέμεν, ὅφρα ἴδῃται
ἢ ῥά τί οἱ χ' ἡμεῖς προσαμύνομεν, ἢ καὶ οὐκί·

230

O'er us be one Lord only, he to whom
The Son of crook-wiled Kronos hath vouchsafed
The sceptre, to deal justice and to reign."

Thus ruling, he to order drave their throng,
Who backward soon from ships and tents 'gan pour
Into their meeting-place, with sound, as when
A billow of the deepvoiced ocean booms
On a great coast, and the sea echoes near.

All others soon, as order'd, sate them down ;
Only Thersites, unabash'd, remain'd
Still railing : quick of tongue was he, but gross,
Distorted ; ribald jeerer at the chiefs ;
Reckless of what he utter'd, so he roused
A laugh amongst the host : of all, who came
To Ilion, most mis-shapen ; halt of foot,
One-eyed, with shoulder hump'd and o'er his chest
Drawn forward, whilst his head above ran back
Wedge-wise, and close and furry clung the hair :
Loathed by Odysseus most and Peleus' Son,
Oftest by him assail'd ; but now, with sharp
Shrill voice, on Agamemnon's head divine
He heap'd his foul abuse ; albeit the host
Disdain'd him, and soon wax'd passing wroth,
Not less he spoke and gibed against the King.

" What find'st thou now, Atrides, to reprove ?
What more to covet ? Full of gold thy tents,
Full of choice damsels, always first to thee
Allotted, when our arms have ta'en a town.
Or art thou greedy for some ransom brought
To me or whoso'er may be the spoil,
By some rich Trojan for his captive son ?
Or for yet one more maiden to be kept
Only for thy embraces ? Yet, in sooth,
Chieftain so honour'd should be surer guide.
O villain crew ! Ye women, men no more,
Disgraces of Achaia ! Let us home,
Home with our ships, and leave this glorious Chief
To glut his gorge of prizes here alone,
And know us—whether hindrance or his help !

ὅς καὶ νῦν Ἀχιλῆα, ἔο μέγ' ἄμείνονα φῶτα,
 ἠτίμησεν· ἑλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας. 240
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' οὐκ Ἀχιλῆϊ χόλος φρεσὶν, ἀλλὰ μεθήμων
 ἦ γὰρ ἂν, Ἀτρεΐδῃ, νῦν ὕστατα λωβήσαιο.”

Ὡς φάτο νεικείων Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 Θερσίτης· τῷ δ' ὦκα παρίστατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
 καὶ μιν ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῶ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·

“Θερσίτῃ ἀκριτόμυθε, λιγύς περ ἐὼν ἀγορητής,
 ἴσχεο, μῆδ' ἐθέλ' οἷος ἐριζέμεναι βασιλευσιν.
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο φημί χειριότερον βροτὸν ἄλλον
 ἔμμεναι, ὅσσοι ἄμ' Ἀτρεΐδῃς ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθον.
 τῷ οὐκ ἂν βασιλῆας ἀνὰ στόμ' ἔχων ἀγορεύεις, 250
 καὶ σφιν ὀνειδέα τε προφέροισ, νόστον τε φυλάσσοις.
 οὐδέ τί πω σάφα ἴδμεν ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
 ἦ εἴ ἢ κακῶς νοστήσομεν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν.
 [τῷ νῦν Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
 ἦσαι ὀνειδιζών, ὅτι οἱ μάλα πολλὰ διδοῦσιν
 ἥρωες Δαναοί· σὺ δὲ κερτομέων ἀγορεύεις.]
 ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἔρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
 εἴ κ' ἔτι σ' ἀφραίνοντα κυχήσομαι ὥς νύ περ ὦδε,
 μηκέτ' ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆϊ κάρη ὤμοισιν ἐπείη,
 μῆδ' ἔτι Τηλεμάχοιο πατὴρ κεκλημένος εἴην. 260
 εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ σε λαβὼν ἀπὸ μὲν φίλα εἵματα δύσω,
 χλαῖνάν τ' ἠδὲ χιτῶνα, τάτ' αἰδῶ ἀμφικαλύπτει,
 αὐτὸν δὲ κλαίοντα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφήσω
 πεπληγὸς ἀγορήθην ἀεικέσσι πληγῇσιν.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη, σκήπτρῳ δὲ μετάφρενον ἠδὲ καὶ ὦμον
 πλῆξεν· ὁ δ' ἰδνώθη, θαλερὸν δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε δάκρυ.
 σμῶδιξ δ' αἵματόεσσα μεταφρένου ἔξυπανέστη
 σκήπτρου ὑπο χρυσεῖον· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔξετο τάρβησέν τε,
 ἀλγήσας δ' ἀχρεῖον ἰδὼν, ἀπομόρξατο δάκρυ.
 οἱ δὲ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ, ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἠδὺν γέλασσαν, 270
 ὦδε δέ τις εἵπτεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ δὴ μυρί' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐσθλὰ ἔοργεν

Who now hath plunder'd of his honest meed
And outraged one far better than himself,
Achilles : pshaw ! Achilles too lacks gall,
Truly a meek, a most forgiving spirit ;
Else, tyrant, this oppression were thy last ! ”

Thus at Atrides, shepherd of the host,
Thersites rail'd ; but Odysseus came near,
And with a frowning brow replied, and said :

“ Lewd as thou art, Thersites, glib of tongue
And ready of this shrill clamour, yet forbear,
Nor singly thus oppose thee to the Chiefs.
Wretch ! than whom not more loathsome creature came
’Mongst all who follow’d Atreus’ sons to war ;
And least of all shouldst thou in public place
Troll the kings’ names upon a foulmouth’d tongue,
Or watch occasion of a doubtful flight
To vent this venomous spleen upon the Chiefs.
I tell thee, none knows yet how this shall be,
Whether return be to our good or ill.
Yet sitt’st thou here upbraiding Atreus’ Son,
For the great gifts which on the Achaian king
The Danaan heroes freely have bestow’d ;
Thou only speak’st in this reviling wise.
But hearken, what shall surely come to pass.
If e’er again I hear thee jabber thus,
Fall from his shoulders then Odysseus’ head,
Name me not father of Telemachus,
If I then seize thee not, and rend not off
Cloak, tunic, and the covering of thy shame,
And send thee yelping back amongst the ships,
Driven, smitten with all ignominy hence ! ”

He spoke, and with his sceptre smote the back
Betwixt his shoulders ; cowering down he crouch’d,
And a warm tear escaped him ; on his back
A weal of blood rose swollen ; in helpless guise
Shuddering he sate, and wiped away the tear.
The people, spite their trouble, pleased thereat,
Brake into laughter, and a murmur ran
As to his neighbour each would look, and say,
“ High service by Odysseus render’d oft

βουλὰς τ' ἐξάρχων ἀγαθὰς πόλεμόν τε κορύσσω·
 νῦν δὲ τόδε μέγ' ἄριστον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν,
 ὃς τὸν λωβητῆρα ἐπεσβόλον ἔσχ' ἀγοράων.
 οὐ θῆν μιν πάλιν αὖτις ἀνήσει θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
 νεικείειν βασιλῆας ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν·"

Ὡς φάσαν ἡ πληθὺς· ἀνὰ δὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεὺς
 ἔστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων· παρὰ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
 εἰδομένη κήρυκι, σιωπᾶν λαὸν ἀνώγει, 280
 ὥς ἅμα θ' οἱ πρῶτοί τε καὶ ὕστατοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 μῦθον ἀκούσειαν καὶ ἐπιφρασσάλατο βουλήν—
 ὃ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορέσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, νῦν δὴ σε, ἄναξ, ἐθέλουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ
 πᾶσιν ἐλέγχιστον θέμεναι μερόπεσσι βροτοῖσιν,
 οὐδέ τοι ἐκτελέουσιν ὑπόσχεσιν, ἥνπερ ὑπέσταν
 ἐνθάδ' ἔτι στείχοντες ἀπ' Ἀργεὸς ἵπποβότοιο,
 Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι.
 ὥστε γὰρ ἡ παῖδες νεαροὶ χῆραί τε γυναικες
 ἀλλήλοισιν ὀδύρονται οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι. 290
 ἡ μὲν καὶ πόνος ἐστὶν ἀνιηθέντα νέεσθαι.
 καὶ γὰρ τίς θ' ἔνα μῆνα μένων ἀπὸ ἧς ἀλόχοιο
 ἀσχαλάῃ σὺν νηὶ πολυζύγῳ, ὅνπερ ἄελλαι
 χειμέριαι εἰλέωσιν ὀρινομένη τε θάλασσα·
 ἡμῖν δ' εἰνατός ἐστι περιτροπέων ἐνιαυτὸς
 ἐνθάδε μιμνόντεσσι. τῷ οὐ νεμεσίζομ' Ἀχαιοὺς
 ἀσχαλάαν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης
 αἰσχρόν τοι δηρόν τε μένειν κενεόν τε νέεσθαι.
 τλήτε, φίλοι, καὶ μείνατ' ἐπὶ χρόνον, ὅφρα δαῶμεν
 ἡ ἕτερόν Κάλχας μαντεύεται, ἡὲ καὶ οὐκί. 300
 εἰ γὰρ δὴ τόδε ἴδμεν ἐνὶ φρεσιν, ἐστὲ δὲ παντες
 μάρτυροι, οὓς μὴ κῆρες ἔβαν θανάτοιο φέρουσαι·
 χθιζὰ τε καὶ πρῶϊζ', ὅτ' ἐς Αὐλίδα νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 ἡγερέθοντο κακὰ Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ φέρουσαι·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ κρήνην ἱερούς κατὰ βωμοὺς
 ἔρδομεν ἀθανάτοισι τελέεσσας ἐκατόμβας,
 καλῇ ὑπὸ πλατανίστῳ, ὅθεν ῥέειν ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ·
 ἐνθ' ἐφάνη μέγα σῆμα· δράκων ἐπὶ νῶτα δαφνοῦνς,

We knew to Argos, plan sêt well afoot,
And action stirr'd; but this the greatest far
He now hath render'd to Achaia's sons,
Staying this gross and most unmannerly churl
From things of State. Long ere his noble soul
Will raise him to revile our Chiefs again!"

So spake the people, whilst amongst them rose,
Sceptre in hand, the kingdom-conquering Chief : ~
Beside him Pallas, in a herald's guise,
Call'd loud, and bade the nations to be hush'd,
That all Achaia's sons from first to last ^
Might hear his voice, and ponder well his rede ;
Who spake, and thus his words discreet began :

" Truly, Atrides, will Achaia's sons
Disgrace thee to the lowest pitch of man,
Who break the troth they plighted, when they first
From horse-abounding Argos set their sails,
That they would take proud Ilium ere return.
But now like widow'd women or weak babes
They wail to one another for their homes :—
Yet to return defeated—after rout
Disastrous—surely this were no less pain.
The seaman whom dark storm and roughen'd wave
Have barr'd but one short month from wedded wife,
Paces the deck with cheerless step and sad ;
But this the ninth of long revolving years
That sees us lying here. I blame them not
Nor marvel at their mood. But oh, the shame
Of this long stay, if empty we return !
Endure, my friends, endure ; short while shall prove
The prophecy of Calchas false or true.
We bear it well in mind ; and all, save those
Already ravish'd by their Fates away,
Will bear me witness. Some brief days ago,
When with its freight of sorrow unto Troy
The fleet had met at Aulis, and we stood
Gather'd about our altar to the Gods
Beside the fountain, making sacrifice—
Under the blooming plane-tree, whence the fount
Upbubbled, there portentous sign was shown.

σμερδαλέος, τόν ῥ' αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος ἦκε φώωσδε,
 βωμοῦ ὑπαίξας πρὸς ῥα πλατάνιστον ὄρουσεν. 310
 ἔνθα δ' ἔσαν στρουθοῖο νεοσσοί, νήπια τέκνα,
 ὄζω ἐπ' ἀκροάτῳ, πετάλοις ὑποπεπτηῶτες,
 ὁκτῶ, ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν, ἣ τέκε τέκνα.
 ἔνθ' ὄγε τοὺς ἐλεεινὰ κατήσθιε τετριγῶτας·
 μήτηρ δ' ἀμφεποτάτο ὀδυρομένη φιλα τέκνα·
 τὴν δ' ἐλελιξάμενος πτέρυγος λάβεν ἀμφιαχθίαν.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ τέκν' ἔφαγε στρουθοῖο καὶ αὐτὴν,
 τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν θεὸς, ὅσπερ ἔφηνεν·
 λαῶν γάρ μιν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐσταότες θαυμάζομεν οἶον ἐτύχθη. 320
 ὥς οὖν δεινὰ πέλωρα θεῶν εἰσῆλθ' ἑκατόμβας,
 Κάλχας δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα θεοπροπέων ἀγόρευεν·
 'τίπτ' ἄνω ἐγένεσθε, κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί;
 ἡμῖν μὲν τόδ' ἔφηνε τέρας μέγα μητίετα Ζεὺς,
 ὄψιμον, ὄψιτέλεστον, οὐο κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται.
 ὥς οὗτος κατὰ τέκν' ἔφαγε στρουθοῖο καὶ αὐτὴν,
 ὁκτῶ, ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν, ἣ τέκε τέκνα·
 ὥς ἡμεῖς τοσσαῦτ' ἔτεα πτολεμίζομεν αἰθι,
 τῷ δεκάτῳ δὲ πόλιν αἰρήσομεν εὐρύανγιαν·
 κείνους τὼς ἀγόρευε· τὰ δὲ νῦν πάντα τελεῖται. 330
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, μίμνετε πάντες, εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
 αὐτοῦ, εἰσόκεν ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἔλωμεν."

"Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον—ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆες
 σμερδαλέον κονάβησαν αὐσάντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν—
 μῦθον ἐπαινῆσαντες Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο.
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε Γερῆνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

"ὦ πόποι, ἣ δὲ παῖσιν ἐοικότες ἀγοράασθε
 νηπιάχοις, οἷς οὔτι μέλει πολεμήϊα ἔργα.
 πῇ δὲ συνθεσῆναι τε καὶ ὄρκια βήσεται ἡμῖν;
 ἐν πυρὶ δὲ βουλαί τε γενοίετο μήδεά τ' ἀνδρῶν, 340
 σπονδαί τ' ἄκρητοι καὶ δεξιαί, ἧς ἐπέπιθμεν;
 αὐτῶς γάρ ῥ' ἐπέεσσ' ἐριδαίνομεν, οὐδέ τι μῆχος
 εὐρέμεναι δυνάμεσθα, πολὺν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες.
 Ἀτρεΐδης σὺ δ' ἔθ' ὥς πρὶν ἔχων ἀστεμφέα βουλὴν
 ἄρχεν' Ἀργείοισι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμῖνας,

A serpent, purple-back'd and dread to view,
 Sent, I well ween, by Zeus himself to light,
 Glided from 'neath the altar, and upclomb
 The tree; whereon upon the topmost branch
 Fluttering amongst the twigs a sparrow's brood,
 Late hatch'd, unfledged, were nestling; eight in all
 They number'd, and the mother-bird the ninth.
 And first the piteous-twittering brood he ate,
 Their mother hovering round in vain lament;
 Whom next, upcoiling, by her wing he caught.
 The brood and mother-bird consumed alike,
 The sign was made more manifest yet by heaven,
 For Zeus then changed the serpent to a stone.
 We gazing marvell'd that such dread portent
 From heav'n had broken on our offerings,
 Till Calchas rose oracular, and spake,
'Why thus aghast, Achæia's fair-hair'd sons?
'Mighty this sign of wisest Zeus vouchsafed,
'Late, and of late fulfilment, but whereof
'The fame shall never die. For, as this brood
'Eight number'd, and their mother-bird the ninth,
'And as he swallow'd in his maw the nine,
'So for nine years shall we wage ceaseless war,
'The tenth, shall take the spacious-streeted town.'
 He spoke; which things are ripe to come to pass:
 Wherefore endure, brave warriors, still endure,
 Till Priam's haughty citadel be thrown."

He ceased; the Argeians cheer'd, and to their cheer
 The galleys render'd echo, in acclaim
 Of sage Odysseus' word: to whom then rose
 Gerenè's aged Chief, Nestor, and spake:

"Like very children, with no thought of war
 Piping ye stand. Oh shame, where now shall end
 The oaths, the covenants betwixt us sworn?
 Shall all our strong resolves be straw to fire?
 Our offerings of pure wine, our gagèd hands?
 Idle this war of words, wherein no cure,
 How long so'er we wage it, will be found.
 Therefore, Atrides, with unswerving will,
 As thou art wont, so lead the Argives forth

τούσδε δ' ἔα φθινύθειν, ἕνα καὶ δύο, τοί κεν Ἀχαιῶν
 νόσφιν βουλεύωσ'—ἄνυσσι δ' οὐκ ἔσσεται αὐτῶν—
 πρὶν Ἀργοσὶ ἰέναι, πρὶν καὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 γνῶμεναι εἴτε ψεῦδος ὑπόσχεσις, ἥε καὶ οὐκί.
 φημί γὰρ οὖν κατανεῦσαι ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα
 ἥματι τῷ, ὅτε νηυσὶν ἐπ' ὠκυπόροισιν ἔβαινον
 Ἀργεῖοι· Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέροντες,
 ἀστράπτων ἐπιδέξι', ἐκαίσιμα σήματα φαίνων.
 τῷ μὴ τις πρὶν ἐπειγέσθω οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι,
 πρὶν τινα παρ Τρώων ἀλόχῳ κατακοιμηθῆναι,
 τίσασθαι δ' Ἑλένης ὀρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε.
 εἰ δέ τις ἐκπάγλως ἐθέλῃ οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι,
 ἀπτέσθω ἧς νηὸς εὖσσέλμοιο μελαίνης,
 ὄφρα πρόσθ' ἄλλων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ.
 ἀλλὰ, ἄναξ, αὐτός τ' εὖ μῆδεο πείθεό τ' ἄλλω·
 οὔτοι ἀπόβλητον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κεν εἴπω·
 κριν' ἄνδρας κατὰ φύλα, κατὰ φρήτρας, Ἀγάμεμνον,
 ὥς φρήτρη φρήτρηφιν ἀρήγῃ, φύλα δὲ φύλοις.
 εἰ δέ κεν ὥς ἔρξης καὶ τοι πείθωνται Ἀχαιοί,
 γνῶσῃ ἔπειθ' ὅς θ' ἡγεμόνων κακὸς ὅς τέ νυ λαῶν
 ἦδ' ὅς κ' ἐσθλὸς ἔησι· κατὰ σφέας γὰρ μαχέονται·
 γνῶσσαι δ' εἰ καὶ θεσπεσίῃ πολλὴν οὐκ ἀλαπάξεις,
 ἢ ἀνδρῶν κακότητι καὶ ἀφραδίῃ πολέμοιο."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "ἦ μὰν αὖτ' ἀγορή νικᾶς, γέρον, υἱας Ἀχαιῶν.
 αἱ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπολλῶνι,
 τοιοῦτοι δέκα μοι συμφράδμονες εἶεν Ἀχαιῶν·
 τῷ κε τάχ' ἡμύσειε πόλις Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος
 χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσιν ἀλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.
 ἀλλὰ μοι αἰγίοχος Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν,
 ὅς με μετ' ἀπρήκτους ἔριδας καὶ νείκεα βάλλει.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν Ἀχιλεὺς τε μαχισάμεθ' εἵνεκα κούρης
 ἀντιβίοις ἐπέεσσιν, ἐγὼ δ' ἦρχον χαλεπαίνων·
 εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔσ γε μίαν βουλεύσομεν, οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα
 Τρῶσιν ἀνάβλησις κακοῦ ἔσσεται, οὐδ' ἡβαιόν.
 νῦν δ' ἔρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἀργα.

To this stern battle. Leave these one or two
To perish, who conspire apart, and plot
(Whereof, rest sure, shall no fulfilment be)
A base return to Argos, ere we know
The pledge by Zeus vouchsafed, false or true :
For truly then upon our enterprise
Did great Kroneion grant his favouring Nod,
When fraught with sorrow and with doom to Troy—
The Argives on their galleys swift embark'd,
And lightnings on our better hand he flash'd
And signs he show'd propitious.—Therefore, now
Be no man urgent for return, until
With many a Trojan's widow we have venged
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.
Or, if still any feel so sick for home,
Let him have full permission, an he list,
To launch his bench'd bark, and quick begone;—
To die the earlier by a coward's death !
But hear me, King, and be advised withal ;
Not lightly should my word be cast aside.
Marshal the host by houses and by clans,
That clan to clan be neighbour, house to house.
If so thou orderest and the host obey,
So shalt thou learn the chieftains and the clans,
Who brave, who base ; for each will fight apart ;
And know our triumph, whether stay'd by heaven,
Or by man's cowardice and sloth in arms."

Whom answering, sovran Agamemnon spake :

" Ever in council thou excell'st, my Sire,
All of Achaia ; yea, by the heavenly Powers,
Pallas, Apollo, and our Father Zeus,
Were with me ten in wisdom like to thee,
Soon would great Priam's city fall despoil'd !
But now hath the Ægisbearer burden'd me
With sorrow of a strife and fruitless broil,
Since for a handmaid I with violent words
Wrangled against Achilles : yet myself
Began the strife, and, if we e'er atone,
Troy's fate shall linger not a single hour.
Now break we fast, to bear the fight anon ;

εὖ μὲν τις δόρυ θηξάσθω, εὖ δ' ἄσπίδα θέσθω,
 εὖ δέ τις ἵπποισιν δειπνον δότω ὠκυπόδεσσιν.
 εὖ δέ τις ἄρματος ἀμφὶς ἰδὼν πολέμοιο μεδέσθω,
 ὥς κε πανημέριοι στρυγερῷ κρινώμεθ' Ἀρηϊ.
 οὐ γὰρ παυσωλή γε μετέσσεται, οὐδ' ἡβαιὸν,
 εἰ μὴ νύξ ἐλθοῦσα διακρινέει μένος ἀνδρῶν.
 ἰδρώσει μὲν τευ τελαμῶν ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι
 ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης, περὶ δ' ἔγχεϊ χεῖρα καμείται.
 ἰδρώσει δέ τευ ἵππος ἐύξοον ἄρμα τιταίνων.
 ὃν δέ κ' ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε μάχης ἐθέλοντα νοήσω
 μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, οὗ οἱ ἔπειτα
 ἄρκιον ἐσσεῖται φυγέειν κύνας ἥδ' οἰωνούς."

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Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἰαχον, ὥς ὅτε κύμα
 ἀκτῇ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ, ὅτε κινήσῃ Νότος ἐλθὼν,
 προβλήτη σκοπέλῃ· τὸν δ' οὐποτε κύματα λείπει
 παντοίων ἀνέμων, ὅτ' ἂν ἔνθ' ἢ ἔνθα γένωνται.
 ἀνστάντες δ' ὀρέοντο κεδασθέντες κατὰ νῆας,
 κύπνισσάν τε κατὰ κλισίας, καὶ δειπνον ἔλοντο.
 ἄλλος δ' ἄλλῳ ἔρεξε θεῶν αἰλιγενετῶν,
 εὐχόμενος θάνατόν τε φυγεῖν καὶ μῶλον Ἀρηος.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βοῦν ἰέρευσεν ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
 πῖονα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενεί Κρονίωνι,
 κίκλησκεν δὲ γέροντας ἀριστῆας Παναχαιῶν,
 Νέστορα μὲν πρῶτιστα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἀνακτα,
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ Τυδέος υἱὸν,
 ἔκτον δ' αὖτ' Ὀδυσῆα, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον.
 αὐτόματος δέ οἱ ἦλθε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
 ἦδε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀδελφεὸν ὥς ἐπονείτο.
 βοῦν δὲ περιστήσάν τε καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο.
 τοῖσιν δ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·

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“Ζεῦ κύδιστε, μέγιστε, κελαινεφές, αἰθέρι ναίων,
 μὴ πρὶν ἐπ' ἡέλιον δύναι καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἔλθειν,
 πρὶν με κατὰ πρηγὲς βαλέειν Πριάμοιο μέλαθρον
 αἰθαλόεν, πρῆσαι δὲ πυρὸς δηΐοιο θύρετρα,

All spears be sharpen'd, all our shields well set ;
Our fleet-foot horses fed, our cars repair'd ;
To try the issue of a daylong fight.
Rest will be none, not one brief moment's pause,
Ere night hath come to part us, man from man.
The belt o' the covering shield about the chest
Shall run with sweat ; and heavy with the spear
The hand shall droop ere nightfall ; nor the horse •
Less with swift drawing of the chariot toil.
But whomso I espy a coward skulk
Slinking amongst the galleys from the fight, •
He dies—a prey to ravens and to dogs ! ”

He spoke, to whom the Achæans shouted, loud
As wave, that, lifted high by tempest, roars
Against a promontory's cliff-bound coast,
By billows ne'er forsaken, and by stress
Of every wind on every side assail'd.
Then quick they rose, and scatter'd through their ships,
Lit fires amongst their tents, and made repast.

Then every man to some Immortal God
Render'd his offering, making prayer to scape
Death and the peril of the battlefield.
And Agamemnon offer'd unto Zeus,
The King of men to Zeus supreme of Gods,
A five-year fatten'd steer ; and thither call'd
The noblest elders of Achaia's host ;
First Nestor, then the Chief Idomeneus,
Next either Ajax, and brave Tydeus' Son,
And Odysseus, of wisdom like to Zeus.
With these, unbidden, Menelaüs came,
Feeling his brother's sorrows as his own.
They stood about the steer, and o'er its horns
Held each the salted meal, the while in prayer
Broad-ruling Agamemnon utter'd this :

“ O Zeus, most glorious, dweller in high heaven,
Supreme, and cloud-enfolded, hear our prayer !
Let not the sun go down, or darkness come,
Ere low in ashes I have cast the hall
Of Priam, and consumed with fire his gates.

Ἐκτόρεον δὲ χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι daίξαι
χαλκῷ ῥωγαλέον· πολέες δ' ἄμφ' αὐτὸν ἐταῖροι
πρηνέες ἐν κονίησιν ὁδᾶξ λαζοίατο γαῖαν·"

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πῶ οἱ ἐπεκραίαινε Κρονίων,
ἀλλ' ὅγε δέκτο μὲν ἱρά, πόνον δ' ἀμέγαρτον ὄφελλεν. 420
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' εὗξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλλοντο,
αἰέρουσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν,
μηρούς τ' ἐξέταμον κατὰ τε κνίσῃ ἐκάλυσαν
δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ' σχίζησιν ἀφύλλοισιν κατέκαιον,
σπλάγχχνα δ' ἄρ' ἀμπείραντες ὑπείρεχον Ἡφαίστοιο.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρ' ἐκάη καὶ σπλάγχχ' ἐπάσαντο,
μίστυλλον τ' ἄρα τάλλα καὶ ἄμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν,
ὥπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε daίτα, 430
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐτίσης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
τοῖς ἄρα μύθων ἦρχε Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·

"Ἄτρειδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
μηκέτι νῦν δῆθ' αὖθι λεγώμεθα, μηδ' ἔτι δηρὸν
ἀμβαλλώμεθα ἔργον, ὃ δὴ θεὸς ἐγγυαλίζει.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, κήρυκες μὲν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων
λαὸν κηρύσσοντες ἀγειρόντων κατὰ νῆας,
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀθρόοι ὧδε κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν
ἵομεν, ὄφρα κε θάσσουν ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν Ἀρηα." 440

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγοισι κέλευσεν
κηρύσσειν πόλεμόνδε κερηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς.
οἱ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοὶ δ' ἠγείροντο μάλ' ὦκα.
οἱ δ' ἄμφ' Ἀτρείωνα διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες
θῦνον κρίνοντες, μετὰ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
αἰγίδ' ἔχουσ' ἐρίτιμον ἀγήρων ἀθανάτην τε·
τῆς ἐκατὸν θύσανοι παγχερῆες ἠερέθονται,
πάντες εὐπλεκέες, ἐκατόμβοιός δὲ ἕκαστος.

Oh may I crack the corslet with my spear
On Hector's chest, and may his comrades strewn
Around him prone in anguish grind the dust!"

Whose prayer not yet would great Kronceion grant,
But of the hallow'd hecatomb partook,
Yet spared not much to multiply his toil.

So, when the prayer was ended, and the meal -
Of salted barley on the victim thrown,
They kill'd and flay'd it, and cut off the thighs;
The which they wrapp'd in double folds of fat,
And laid raw slices of the flesh thereon,
And burnt them on a fire of faggots sere,
But held the entrails spitted o'er the flames.
The entrails tasted and the thighs consumed,
The other parts they sliced and pierced with spits,
Then roasted deftly, and each drew his share.
So, having closed their task and dress'd their feast,
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess.

And when desire had pass'd of drink and food,
To them Gerenè's chief, Nestor, began:

"Most glorious Agamemnon, King of men!
Sit here no longer lingering, nor delay
The task the God assigns us. But forthwith
Let heralds summoning gather through the fleet
From ships and tents Achaia's mailèd host;
Whilst we together through the army move,
Kindling fierce Ares quicker where we go."

He spöke, nor Agamemnon disobey'd,
But bade the clear-voiced heralds loud proclaim
The gathering of Achaia's sons to war;
Who made their proclamation, and the host
Assembled fast together. But their chiefs
In band round Atreus' Son sped to and fro
Parting the clans; and with them Pallas moved
Blue-eyed, the priceless Ægis in her grasp,
Immortal, undecaying; hung therefrom
Golden a hundred broideries ravell'd fine,
And each the value of a hundred herds.

σὺν τῇ παιφάσσουσα διέσσυτο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
 450
 ὀτρύνουσι· ἵεναι· ἐν δὲ σθένος ὤρσεν ἑκάστω
 καρδίῃ ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν ἥδ' ἐμάχεσθαι.
 τοῖσι δ' ἄφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ἢ ἐνέεσθαι
 ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν.

Ἦύτε πῦρ αἰδηλον ἐπιφλέγει ἄσπετον ὕλην
 οὔρεος ἐν κορυφῇς, ἑκαθεν δέ τε φαίνεται αὐγῇ,
 ὥς τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίοιο
 αἰγλή παμφανόωσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἵκεν.

Τῶν δ', ὥστ' ὀρυίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ,
 460
 χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
 Ἀσιῶ ἐν λειμῶνι, Καῦστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα,
 ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσιν,
 κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμῶν,
 ὥς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
 ἐς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον· αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ χθῶν
 σμερδαλέον κονάβιζε ποδῶν αὐτῶν τε καὶ ἵππων.
 ἔσται δ' ἐν λειμῶνι Σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμόεντι
 μυρίοι, ὅσσα τε φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα γίγνεται ὥρη.

Ἦύτε μυιάων ἀδινάων ἔθνεα πολλὰ,
 470
 αἶτε κατὰ σταθμὸν ποιμνήϊον ἡλάσκουσιν
 ὄρη ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει,
 τόσσοι ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἐν πεδίῳ ἴσταντο, διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες.

Τοὺς δ', ὥστ' αἰπόλια πλατὲ' αἰγῶν αἰπόλοι ἄνδρες
 ῥεῖα διακρίνωσιν, ἐπεὶ κε νομῶ μιν γέωσιν,
 ὥς τοὺς ἡγεμόνες διεκόσμεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 ὑσμίνηνδ' ἵεναι, μετὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
 ὄμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἵκελος Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ,
 Ἄρεϊ δὲ ζώνην, στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.
 480
 ἥύτε βοῦς ἀγέληφι μέγ' ἕξοχος ἔπλετο πάντων
 ταῦρος· ὁ γάρ τε βόεσσι μεταπρέπει ἀγρομένησιν·
 τοιοῦν ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδην θῆκε Ζεὺς ἥματι κείνῳ,
 ἐκπρεπὲς ἐν πολλοῖσι καὶ ἕξοχον ἡρώεσσιν.

This bearing, flashing through the ranks she pass'd,
Impelling all to go, in every heart •
Breathing a sateless ardour for the war;
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought
Of battle, than aboard their hollow barks
Home to their own dear fatherland return.

And as, when flame devouring kindles high
Some forest huge upon a mountain's crest,
The blaze shows far and wide; ev'n so the flash,
As they came onward, from their radiant arms
Went through the empyrean up to heaven.

And as thick flocks of wing'd birds—of cranes,
Of geese or lithe-neck'd swans—hover and play
Hard by Cäyster o'er the Asian marsh
Exultant on their plumes, till, with a cry
That shakes the earth, they settle on the mead;
So from their ships and tents thick flocks of men
Pour'd on Scamander's plain, so rock'd the earth
And echoed to the tramp of men and steeds;
Till there upon Scamander's flowery mead
Myriads they stood, like leaves or flowers in spring:
In number like as when dense swarms of flies,
In spring-time, when the milk o'erbrims the pail,
Throng through the cattle-fold; so numerous stood
The Achaians 'gainst the Trojans—with long locks
Unshorn, and burning to destroy their foes.
Whose leaders parted them to either side
In rank and rank, with ease, as goat-herds part
Their goats, late grazing in promiscuous herd.
Sovran amongst them Agamemnon shone,
By eyne and forehead like to Zeus supreme,
By chest Poseidon, Ares by his girth.

As 'mongst a herd the bull appears, of all
Conspicuous, proud amid the grazing kine,
Such Atreus' Son was shown of Zeus that day,
Pre-eminent o'er heroes, and their king.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι—
 ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαὶ ἐσθε, πάρεστέ τε, ἔστε τε πάντα,
 ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν οὐδὲ τι ἴδμεν—
 οἵτινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.
 πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
 οὐδ' εἴ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δέκα δὲ στόματ' εἶεν,
 φωνή·δ' ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δέ μοι ἦτορ ἐνείη,
 εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ' ὅσοι ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθον.
 ἀρχοὺς αὖ νηῶν ἐρέω νηῆς τε προπάσας.

490

Βοιωτῶν μὲν Πηνέλεως καὶ Λήϊτος ἦρχον
 Ἄρκεσίλαός τε Προθοήνωρ τε Κλονίος τε,
 οἳ θ' Ἑτρίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αὐλίδα πετρήεσαν
 Σχοῖνόν τε Σκῶλόν τε πολύκνημόν τ' Ἑτεωνόν,
 Θέσπειαν Γραϊάν τε καὶ εὐρύχορον Μυκαλησὸν,
 οἳ τ' ἀμφ' Ἄρμ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Εἰλέσιον καὶ Ἑρύθρας,
 οἳ τ' Ἐλεῶν εἶχον ἠδ' Ἑτλὴν καὶ Πετεῶνα,
 Ὡκαλήν Μεδεῶνά τ', ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
 Κῶπας Εὐτρησὶν τε πολυτρήρωνά τε Θίσβην,
 οἳ τε Κορώνειαν καὶ ποιήενθ' Ἀλιάρτον,
 οἳ τε Πλάταιαν ἔχον ἠδ' οὐ Γλίσαντ' ἐνέμοντο,
 οἳ θ' Ὑποθήβας εἶχον, ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
 Ὀγχηστόν θ' ἱερὸν Ποσιδήϊον ἀγλαὸν ἄλσος,
 οἳ τε πολυστάφυλον Ἄρνην ἔχον, οἳ τε Μίδειαν
 Νῆσάν τε ζαθέην Ἀνθηδόνα τ' ἐσχατόωσαν·
 τῶν μὲν πεντήκοντα νέες κίον, ἐν δὲ ἐκάστη
 κοῦροι Βοιωτῶν ἑκατὸν καὶ εἴκοσι βαῖνον.

500

510

Οἳ δ' Ἀσπληδόνα ναῖον ἰδ' Ὀρχομενὸν Μινύειον,
 τῶν ἦρχ' Ἀσκάλαφος καὶ Ἰάλμενος, υἱὲς Ἀρης,
 οὓς τέκεν Ἀστυόχη δόμῳ Ἀκτορος Ἀζειδαο,

Now ye whose homes are on the Olympian steep,
Tell, Muses, tell—(for ye are heavenly-born ;
Ye were amongst them, and all things ye know ;
We hark the rumour only, we know naught)—
Who were the Danaan leaders, who their kings !
Their multitude I could nor tell nor name,
Not though ten tongues, ten throats, were mine, nor though
My voice were adamant, and brass my lungs,
Save that the Muses, born to Zeus on high,
Bear record of who came to Ilion's walls.
So may I name the chieftains of their tribes,
And tell the number of their gather'd ships.

Chieftains of the Bœotians, Peneleus,
Klonius, Arcesilaus, Leitus,
And Prothoënor, came. All they who dwelt
At rockbound Aulis, and in Hyria,
Schoenus, and Eteonus' strong-spurr'd hill,
Thespeia, Graia, Skolus, and the vale
Of Mycalessus, spacious to the dance ;
And they who dwelt about Eilesius,
Harma, and Erythræ, and they who held
Heleon, and Hyle, and Ocalea,
Peteon, and Medeon's fenced citadel,
Dovehaunted Thisbæ, Copæ by the lake
Copais, and Eutresis ; they who came
From Coroneia, Haliartus' meads,
Glissa, Plataea, and from under Thebes ;
And whose is Poseidaion's hallow'd grove
Renown'd Onchestus ; Arne's vineclad slopes,
Midea, sacred Nisa, and the town
Anthedon on the borders : these had come
With fifty galleys, and on each embark'd
One score and hundred of Bœotia's youth.

The dwellers of Aspledon, and who own'd
Orchomenus of Minyas ;—these had sail'd
Under Ialmenus and Ascalaphus
The sons of Ares ; whom Astyoche
Bare in the house of Actor Azeus' son :

παρθένος αἰδολή, ὑπερώϊον εἰσαναβᾶσα,
 Ἄρῃ κρατερῷ· ὃ δέ οἱ παρελέξατο λάθρῃ·
 τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νῆες ἐστιχόωντο.

Αὐτὰρ Φωκῶν Σχεδῖος καὶ Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον,
 νύεες Ἰφίτου μεγαθύμου Ναυβολίδαο,
 οἱ Κυπάρισσον ἔχον· Πυθῶνά τε πετρήεσσάν,
 Κρίσάν τε ζαθέην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπῆα,
 οἳ τ' Ἄνεμώρειαν καὶ Ἐάμπολιν ὀμφενέμοντο,
 οἳ τ' ἄρα παρ ποταμὸν Κηφισὸν δίου ἔναιον,
 οἳ τε Λίλαιαν ἔχον πηγῆς ἔπι Κηφισοῖο·
 τοῖς δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.
 οἳ μὲν Φωκῶν στίχας ἴστασαν ἀμφιέποντες,
 Βοιωτῶν δ' ἔμπλην ἔπ' ἀριστερὰ θωρήσονται.

Λοκρῶν δ' ἡγεμόνευεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
 μείων, οὔτι τόσος γὰρ ὅσος Τελαμῶνιος Αἴας,
 ἀλλὰ πολλὸν μείων· ὀλίγος μὲν ἦν, λινοθώρηξ,
 ἐγγεῖρ δ' ἐκέκαστο Πανέλληνας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς·
 οἱ Κῦνόν τ' ἐνέμοντο· Ὀπόεντά τε Καλλίαρὸν τε
 Βῆσσαν τε Σκάρφην τε καὶ Αὐγειαὺς ἐρατεινὰς
 Τάρφην τε Θρόνιον τε Βοαγρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα·
 τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο
 Λοκρῶν, οἳ ναίουσι πέρην ἱερῆς Εὐβοίης.

Οἳ δ' Εὐβοίαν ἔχον μένεα πνείοντες Ἀβαντες,
 Χαλκίδα τ' Εἰρέτριάν τε πολυστάφυλόν θ' Ἰστιάιαν
 Κήρινθόν τ' ἔφαλον Δίου τ' αἰπὺν πτολίεθρον,
 οἳ τε Κάρυστον ἔχον ἢ δ' οἳ Στύρα ναιετάασκον·
 τῶν αἰθ' ἡγεμονεὺς Ἐλεφήνωρ, ὅζος Ἄρῃος,
 Χαλκωδοντιάδης, μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων.
 τῷ δ' ἅμ' Ἀβαντες ἔποντο θοοὶ, ὅπιθεν κομώοντες,
 αἰχμηταί, μεμαῶτες ὀρεκτῆσιν μελίησιν

Virgin of man, and pure, and all alone
I' the upper chamber, she brought forth these twins
To Ares, who unknown had sought her bed :
Thirty the hollow galleys in their train.

The men of Phocis, whom Epistrophus
And Schedius led, the sons of Iphitus
The noble son of Naubolus ;—all they
From Cyparissus and from Pytho's rock,
From sacred Krisa, and from Panopeus
And Daulis ; they who held Hyampolis
About Anemorea ; they who dwelt
Beside Cephissus' limpid streams, or near
His fountains in Lylæa ;—following these
Came forty galleys ; and their chieftains ranged
Their legions hard upon Bœotia's left.

The fleetfoot Ajax, King Oileus' son
Came leader of the Locrians ; slighter-built,
No giant like the son of Telamon,
But sparer far ; of stature small, he bare
Corslet of linen-twist ; but none with lance
Through Hellas or Achaia show'd his peer.
The men from Scarphe, and Kalliaros,
And Opoeis, and Bessa, came with him,
Or from the banks of swift Boagrius' stream,
Tarphe, and Thronium, and the Augean vale ;
From Locris forty barks their leader led,
Locris, beyond Eubœa's sacred isle.

Next they, who in Eubœa had their home,
From Histiaëa, and Eiretria,
From Chalcis, and Cerinthus by the sea,
And from the castle on the Dian steep,
Ceristus, and from Styra's full-throng'd streets,—
The Abantians, breathing fury to the fight ;
Of whom came Elephenor in his flower
Chalcedon's son the chieftain ; on whose steps
Follow'd the gallant tribe, with tresses long
Streaming behind them, but their temples shorn,
Spearmen, and with their levell'd lances keen

θώρηκας ῥήξειν δηίων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσιν·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναί νῆες ἔποντο.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθήνας εἶχον, ἔκτιμένον πτολίεθρον,
δῆμον Ἐρεχθίδος μεγαλήτορος, ὃν ποτ' Ἀθήνη
θρέψε Διὸς θυγάτηρ—τέκε δὲ ζειδωρος ἄρουρα—
καδ' δ' ἐν Ἀθήνῃς εἶσεν, ἐφ' ἐνὶ πτόνι νηῶ·
ἔνθα δὲ μιν ταύροισι καὶ ἀρνείοις ἰλάονται·
κοῦροι Ἀθηναίων περικτελλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν·
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευ' υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεύς.
τῷ δ' οὐπω τις ὁμοῖος ἐπιχθόνιος γένετ' ἀνὴρ
κοσμήσαι ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας—
Νέστωρ οἷος ἔριζεν· ὁ γὰρ προγενέστερος ἦεν—
τῷ δ' ἅμα πεντήκοντα μέλαιναί νῆες ἔποντο.

550

Αἴας δ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἄγεν δυοκαίδεκα νῆας.
[στῆσε δ' ἄγων ἔν' Ἀθηναίων ἴσταντο φάλαγγες.]

Οἱ δ' Ἄργος τ' εἶχον Τίρυνθά τε τειχιόεσσαν,
Ἑρμιόνην Ἀσίνην τε, βαθὺν κατὰ κόλπον ἐχούσας,
Τροίξην Ἠϊόνας τε καὶ ἀμπελόεντ' Ἐπίδauρον,
οἳ τ' ἔχον Αἴγινα Μάσητά τε κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
καὶ Σθένελος, Καπανῆος ἀγακλειτοῦ φίλος υἱός·
τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' Εὐρύαλος τρίτατος κίεν, ἰσόθεος φῶς,
Μηκιστέος υἱὸς Ταλαϊονίδαο ἄνακτος.
συμπάντων δ' ἡγεῖτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' ὀγδώκοντα μέλαιναί νῆες ἔποντο.

560

Οἱ δὲ Μυκῆνας εἶχον, ἔκτιμένον πτολίεθρον,
ἀφνειὸν τε Κόρινθον ἔκτιμένας τε Κλεωνάς,
Ὀρνειάς τ' ἐνέμουτο Ἀραιθυρέην τ' ἐρατεινὴν
καὶ Σικυῶν, ὅθ' ἄρ' Ἀδρηστος πρῶτ' ἐμβασίλευεν,
οἳ θ' Ὑπερησίνην τε καὶ αἰπεινὴν Γονόεσσαν
Πελλήνην τ' εἶχον, ἧδ' Αἴγιον ἀμφενέμοντο
Αἰγιαλὸν τ' ἀνὰ πάντα καὶ ἀμφ' Ἑλίκην εὐρεΐαν,
τῶν ἑκατὸν νηῶν ἦρχε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἀτρεΐδης. ἅμα τῷγε πολὺ πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι

570

To burst the breastplates of their foes asunder.
Forty the galleys followed in his train,

Next they who dwelt in Athens, erst the hon-
Of great Erechtheus ; he of Earth the son,
But nurtured by Athene child of Zeus,
And laid at Athens in her own rich shrine
Where still the Athenian youth each circling year
Soothe him with sacrifice of bulls and lambs.
Of these Menestheus, Peteus' son, was chief,
Than whom no man was living then on earth
More skill'd to order steeds and men of war ;
Nestor alone, his elder, press'd him hard ;
Fifty the galleys follow'd in his train.

Twelve ships great Ajax brought from Salamis
And ranged them, where the Athenian army stood.

Then they from Argos, and Tyrinthe's towers,
From Asine, Hermione, and all
The bay which these embosom ; Eione ;
Træzene ; Epidaurus clad with vine ;
And they, the flower of all the Achaian youth,
Who dwelt in Mases and Ægina's isle :
Of these the chiefs were, first, brave Diomed,
Then the dear son of far-famed Capaneus,
Sthenelus, and, the third, Euryalus,
Son of Mecistus Talæion's son,
Kingborn, a godlike hero : but o'er all,
Chief of their chiefs, was valiant Diomed,
And fourscore galleys follow'd in his train.

Next, they who held Mycenæ's fenced walls,
Or dwelt in wealthy Corinth, or the streets
Of strong Cleonæ ; or who 'habited
Orneia, and the Aræthyrean vale,
Or Hyperesia, or Gonôe's steep,
Pellenæ, Ægium, spacious Helice,
And all the borders of Ægialus ;—
A hundred barks these number'd, and their chief
Was royal Agamemnon, Atreus' son ;

λαοὶ ἔποντ' · ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσατο νώροπα χαλλκὸν
 κυδιόων, πᾶσιν δὲ ρετέπρεπεν ἡρώεσσιν,
 οὔνεκ' ἄριστος ἔην, πολὺ δὲ πλείστους ἄγε λαοὺς. 580

Οἳ δ' εἶχον κοίλῃν Λακεδαίμονα κητώεσσαν,
 Φᾶρῖν τε Σπάρτην τε πολυτρήρωνά τε Μῆεσσην,
 Βρυσειάς τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αὐγειαὺς ἑρατεινὰς,
 οἳ τ' ἄρ' Ἀμύκλας εἶχον Ἑλος τ', ἔφαλον πτολίεθρον,
 οἳ τε Λάαν εἶχον ἥδ' Οὔτυλον ἀμφενέμοντο,
 τῶν οἱ ἀδελφεὸς ἦρχε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
 ἐξήκοντα νεῶν · ἀπάτερθε δὲ θωρήσσοντο.
 ἐν δ' αὐτὸς κίεν ᾗσι προθυμίῃσι πεποιθῶς,
 ὀτρύνων πόλεμόνδε · μάλιστα δὲ ἔτετο θυμῷ
 τίσασθαι Ἑλένης ὀρμήματά τε στοναχὰς τε. 590

Οἳ δὲ Πύλον τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀρήνην ἑρατεινὴν
 καὶ Θρύον, Ἀλφειοῖο πόρον, καὶ εὐκτιτον Αἶπυ,
 καὶ Κυπαρισσήεντα καὶ Ἀμφιγένειαν ἔναιον,
 καὶ Πτελεὸν καὶ Ἑλος καὶ Δώριον — ἐνθα τε Μοῦσαι
 ἀντόμεναι Θάμυριν τὸν Θρήϊκα παῦσαν αἰοιδῆς,
 Οἰχαλλήθεν ἰόντα παρ' Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλιῆος ·
 στεῦτο γὰρ εὐχόμενος νικησέμεν, εἵπερ ἂν αὐταὶ
 Μοῦσαι ἀεῖδοιεν, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο ·
 αἱ δὲ χολωσάμεναι πηρὸν θέσαν, αὐτὰρ αἰοιδῆν
 θεσπεσίην ἀφέλοντο καὶ ἐκκλέαθον κιθαριστύν —
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ ·
 τῷ δ' ἐνενήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχώωντο. 600

Οἳ δ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίην ὑπὸ Κυλλήνης ὄρος αἰπὺν,
 Αἰπύτιον παρὰ τύμβον, ἔν' ἀνέρες ἀγχιμαχῆται,
 οἳ Φένεόν τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀρχομενὸν πολύμηλον
 Ῥίπην τε Στραπὶν τε καὶ ἡνεμόεσσαν Ἐνίσπην,

His were the noblest nations, and the most ;
And with them now he girt his dazzling mail,
Glorying amongst the heroes, that he show'd
Most glorious, and the king of widest rule.

Next, they who 'habited the vale profound
Of Lacedæmon, Sparta's citizens ;
With those from Messe, haunt of murmurous doves,
From Pharis, Brysia, and Augea's dale ;
And from Amyclæ, Helas on the sea,
Laas, and Ætylus :—of these the chief
Was Menelaus, brother of the King ;
Sixty his galleys ; and his troops apart
Were girding on their armour ; whom himself
Moved quickening unto battle, earnest most
In his own cause, and yearning to avenge
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.

Then they from Pylos, Æpu's well-built streets,
Amphigeneia, Helos, Pteleon,
And Thryon, where is great Alpheiüs' ford,
And Cyparissa, and Arene's vale,
And Dorium—where of old the Muses met
And stay'd for ever Thracian Thamyris
From song thereafter, when the Æchalian land,
Descending from the realm of Eurytas,
He left, but late had vaunted, how, albeit
The maiden Muses born to Zeus on high
Appear'd in song against him, his the palm :
Therefore in wrath they struck him blind, and reft
Sheer from him all his gift of song divine,
And made his harp as a forgotten thing.
—Of these Gerenian Nestor was the chief ;
Ninety in number were the barks he ranged.

Next, they who round the tomb of Æpytus
Dwelt in Arcadia, 'neath Cyllene's cliff,
Men staunch to stand in battle side by side :
Or from the land of flocks, Orchomenus,
Windswept Enispe, Ripe, Stratie,

καὶ Τεγεέην εἶχον καὶ Μαντινέην ἑρατεινὴν,
 Στύμφηλόν τ' εἶχον καὶ Παρρασίην ἐνέμοντο,
 τῶν ἥρχ' Ἀγκαίοιο πάϊς, κρείων Ἀγαπήνωρ,
 ἐξήκοντα νεῶν· πολέες δ' ἐν νηὶ ἐκάστῃ
 Ἀρκάδες ἄνδρες ἔβαινον, ἐπιστάμενοι πολεμίζειν.
 αὐτὸς γάρ σφιν δῶκεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
 νῆας εὖσσέλμους περάαν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον,
 Ἀτρείδης, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφί θαλάσσια ἔργα μεμῆλει.

610

Οἱ δ' ἄρα Βουπράσιόν τε καὶ Ἥλιδα δῖαν ἔναιον,
 ὅσσοι ἐφ' Ἑρμίνῃ καὶ Μύρσινος ἐσχατόωσα
 πέτρη τ' Ὀλενίῃ καὶ Ἀλείσιον ἐντὸς ἔεργει,
 τῶν αὖ τέσσαρες ἄρχοι ἔσαν, δέκα δ' ἀνδρὶ ἐκάστῳ
 νῆες ἔποντο θαλᾶ, πολέες δ' ἔμβαινον Ἑπειοί.
 τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Θάλπιος ἡγήσασθην,
 υἱὲς ὁ μὲν Κτεάτου, ὁ δ' ἄρ' Εὐρύτου Ἀκτορίωνος·
 τῶν δ' Ἀμαρυγκείδης ἥρχε κρατερὸς Διῶρης·
 τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἥρχε Πολύξεινος θεοειδής,
 υἱὸς Ἀγασθένης Αὐγυϊάδαο ἄνακτος.

620

Οἱ δ' ἐκ Δουλιχίου Ἑχινάων θ' ἱεράων
 νήσων, αἱ ναίουσι πέρην ἁλὸς, Ἥλιδος ἄντα,
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Μέγης, ἀτάλαντος Ἀρηϊ,
 Φυλείδης, ὃν τίκτε διίφιλος ἱππότης Φυλεὺς,
 ὅς ποτε Δουλίχιόνδ' ἀπενάσσατο πατρὶ χολωθείς·
 τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

630

Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦγε Κεφαλλήνας μεγαθύμους,
 οἳ ῥ' Ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον,
 καὶ Κροκύλει' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αἰγίλιπα τρηχέλιαν,
 οἳ τε Ζάκυνθον ἔχον ἢ δ' οἳ Σάμον ἀμφενέμοντο,
 οἳ τ' ἥπειρον ἔχον ἢ δ' ἀντιπέραι' ἐνέμοντο·
 τῶν μὲν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἥρχε, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντος·
 τῷ δ' ἅμα νῆες ἔποντο δώδεκα μιλτοπάργοι.

Αἰτωλῶν δ' ἡγεῖτο Θόας, Ἀνδραίμονος υἱὸς,
 οἳ Πλευρῶν ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀλεον ἢ δὲ Πυλὴν νῦν
 Χαλκίδα τ' ἀγχιάλον Καλυδῶνά τε πετρῆεσαν—

640

Tegea, or Mantinea's lovely dale,
Stymphelus, Pheneus, or Parrhasia ;—
Of these was royal Agapenor chief,
Ancæus' son ; threescore their ships, and each
Full-mann'd with gallant warriors to the fight ;
But Agamemnon had bestow'd the ships
Furnish'd to bear them o'er the purple main,
Seeing that they themselves knew not the sea.

Then they who dwelt on Elis' sacred plain
And in Buprasium ; all that region, held
Within Aleisium and the Olenian rock,
Hyrmine, and the bound of Myrsinus ;
To these four chiefs, and, following each, had sail'd
Ten galleys, with the Epeian tribes on board.
Of part were Thalpius and Amphimachus
The leaders, this the son of Ctæatus,
And that of Eurytas Actorion ;
Diores, Amarynces' valiant son,
Led third, and godlike Polyxeinus fourth,
Son of Agasthenes, King Augeus' son.

They from Dolichium and the sacred isles
Hight Echinæ, which lie across the sea
From Elis, face to face ;—of these the chief
Was Meges, peer to Ares, Phyleus' son :
Whom Phyleus in his own far realm begat,
But who for wrath against his father fled
And settled in Dolichium ; in his train
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Odysseus led the Cephallenian troops
Who dwelt upon the isle of Ithaca,
Or in the forests of Mount Neritus,
In Krocyleia, or rough Ægilips ;
Or from Zacynthus came, or Samos, or
Epirus, and the parts across the sea ;
Twelve were the redribb'd galleys in his train.

The Ætolians Thoas led, Andræmon's son ;
The men of Pleuron, craggy Calydon,

οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' Οἰνῆος μεγαλήτορος υἱέες ἦσαν
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' αὐτὸς ἦν, θάνε δὲ ξανθὸς Μελέαγρος—
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἐτέταλτο ἀνασσεμένον Αἰτωλοῖσιν·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

Κρητῶν δ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,
οὐ Κνωσὸν τ' εἶχον Γόρτυν τε τειχιόεσσαν,
Λύκτον Μίλητόν τε καὶ ἀργινόεντα Λύκαστον
Φαιστόν τε Ῥύτιόν τε, πόλεις εὐναιεταώσας,
ἄλλοι θ' οἱ Κρήτην ἑκατόμπολιν ἀμφενέμοντο.
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν
Μηριόνης τ', ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρείφοντῃ·
τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' ὀγδώκοντα μέλαινα νῆες ἔποντο.

650

Τληπόλεμος δ' Ἡρακλείδης, ἧς τε μέγας τε,
ἐκ Ῥόδου ἐννέα νῆας ἄγευ Ῥοδίῳ ἀγερώχῳ,
οἱ Ῥόδον ἀμφενέμοντο διὰ τρίχα κοσμηθέντες,
Λίνδον Ἰηλυσὸν τε καὶ ἀργινόεντα Κάμειρον.
τῶν μὲν Τληπόλεμος δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,
ὃν τέκεν Ἀστυόχεια βίη Ἡρακληΐη,
τὴν ἄγειτ' ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος,
πέρσας ἄστεα πολλὰ διοτρεφέων αἰζηῶν.
Τληπόλεμος δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τράφη ἐν μεγάρῳ εὐπῆκτῳ,
αὐτίκα πατρὸς ἐοῖο φίλον μήτρωα κατέκτα,
ἦδη γηράσκοντα Δικύμνιον, ὅζον Ἀρης.
αἶψα δὲ νῆας ἔπηξε, πολλὴν δ' ὄγε λαὸν ἀγείρας
βῆ φεύγων ἐπὶ πόντον· ἀπείλησαν γάρ οἱ ἄλλοι
υἱέες υἱωνοί τε βίης Ἡρακληΐδης·
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἐς Ῥόδον ἵξεν ἀλώμενος, ἄλγεα πάσχων·
τριχθὰ δὲ ὄκηθεν καταφυλαδὸν, ἥδ' ἐφίληθεν
ἐκ Διὸς, ὅστε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισιν ἀνάσσει.
καὶ σφῖν θεσπέσιον πλοῦτον κατέχευε Κρονίων.

660

670

Pylene, Olenus, and Chalcis' coast ;
For noble Ceneus' sons were now no more ;
Ceneus and Meleager both had fall'n ;
Therefore to Thoas was Ætolia's throne ;
And forty galleys follow'd in his train.

Famed for his spear Idomeneus led next
The Cretans ; from Gortona's fenced town,
From Cnossus, Rhytium, and the populous streets
Of Phœstus, white Lycastus' gleaming wall,
Miletus, and the hundred-citied isle.
Idomeneus led these, and with him still
His faithful follower, brave Meriones ;
Fourscore the galleys following in their train.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
A mighty man-at-arms, nine galleys brought
Of haughty Rhodians from their island Rhodes.
Apportion'd in three clans they dwelt in Rhodes,
Lindus, Ilyssus, and white Camyrus,
Famous in war Tlepolemus, their chief,
Son of Astyoche and Hercules ;
Astyoche, whom Hercules had borne
Captive from Ephyre and Selle's streams,
What time the city of many a Zeus-born youth
Fell by his hostile arm. In whose great house
Tlepolemus was rear'd to man's estate,
Till of mischance he slew his father's friend
And mother's brother in his green old age
Licymnius loved of Ares : whereupon
He built him ships and gat much people to him
And sail'd a banished man across the seas,
For that the sons and kin of Hercules
Threaten'd revenge ; and at the last arrived,
Wearied with toils and wanderings long, in Rhodes.
There clan by clan they portion'd out the isle,
And settled, holpen and beloved by Zeus
The King supreme of mortal and of god,
Who shower'd a boundless plenty on their heads.

Νιρεὺς αὖ Σύμηθεν ἄγε' τρεῖς νῆας εἴσας,
 Νιρεὺς, Ἀγλαίης υἱὸς Χαρόποιό τ' ἄνακτος,
 Νιρεὺς, ὃς κάλλιστος ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθεν
 τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα·
 ἀλλ' ἀλαπαδνὸς ἔην, παῦρος δέ οἱ εἶπετο λαός.

Οἳ δ' ἄρα Νίσυρόν τ' εἶχον Κράπαθόν τε Κάσον τε
 καὶ Κῶν, Εὐρυπύλοιο πόλιν, νήσους τε Καλύδνας,
 τῶν αὖ Φεΐδιππός τε καὶ Ἀντιφος ἡγησάσθην,
 Θεσσαλοῦ υἱε δύω Ἡρακλείδαο ἄνακτος·
 τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

680

Νῦν αὖ τοὺς ὅσσοι τὸ Πελασγικὸν Ἄργος ἔναιον,
 οἳ τ' Ἄλουν οἳ τ' Ἀλόπην οἳ τε Τρηχῖν ἐνέμοντο,
 οἳ τ' εἶχον Φθίην ἥδ' Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
 Μυρμιδόνες δὲ καλεῦντο καὶ Ἕλληνες καὶ Ἀχαιοί,
 τῶν αὖ πεντήκοντα νεῶν ἦν ἀρχὸς Ἀχιλλεύς.
 ἀλλ' οὔγ' οὐ πολέμοιο δυσσηχέος ἐμνώοντο·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔην ὅστις σφιν ἐπὶ στίχας ἡγήσαιο.
 κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν νήεσσι ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
 κούρης χωόμενος Βρισηΐδος ἠυκόμοιο,
 τὴν ἐκ Λυρνησοῦ ἐξείλετο πολλὰ μογήσας,
 Λυρνησοῦν διαπορθήσας καὶ τείχεα Θήβης,
 καὶ δὲ Μύνητ' ἔβαλεν καὶ Ἐπίστροφον ἐγχεσιμῶρους,
 υἱέας Εὐηνοῖο Σεληπιάδαο ἄνακτος·
 τῆς ὅγε κεῖτ' ἀχέων, τάχα δ' ἀνστήσεσθαι ἔμελλεν.

690

Οἳ δ' εἶχον Φυλάκην καὶ Πύρασον ἀνθεμόεντα,
 Δήμητρος τέμενος, Ἰτωνά τε, μητέρα μήλων,
 ἀγχιάλόν τ' Ἀντρῶν ἥδὲ Πτελεὸν λεχεποίην,
 τῶν αὖ Πρωτεσίλαος Ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευεν
 ζωὸς ἑὼν· τότε δ' ἤδη ἔχεν κάτα γαῖα μέλαινα.
 τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιδρυφῆς ἄλοχος Φυλάκη ἐλέλειπτο

700

Nireus from Syme three good galleys brought,
Nireus, whose mother was Aglaia
And father Charops ; Nireus, of all men,
Who came to Ilion in the Danaan host,
Comeliest and fairest, next to Peleus' Son ;
Nathless of small account, as scant of men.

They of Nisurus, and of Krapathus,
And Cos, the city of Eurypylus,
And Casos, and the isles, Calydnæ hight ;—
These the two sons of Thessalus (the son
Of royal Hercules) Pheidippus led
And Antiphus ; and thirty were their barks.

And now of those who dwelt in Alope,
In Argos of Pelasgos, in the vale
Of Phthia, and in Alos ; or the land,
Famed birthplace of fair women, Hellas hight ;—
Hellens these, therefore, or Achaïans, named,
Or Myrmidonians :—of their fifty barks
Achilles came the chieftain : but, alas,
No more they turn'd them to the war ; for now
Was none to set them forth in battle-line.
The heavenly fleetfoot hero lay, withdrawn
And sullen for the maid Briseis' sake ;
Her whom from strong Lyrnessus by sore toil
He won, and plunder'd fencèd Thebes, and slew
Her princes, Mynes and Epistrophus,
Sons of Evenus, King Selepius' son :—
For her he chafèd ; yet was soon to rise !

Next, they who dwelt in Phylace, and own'd
Demeter's sacred garden, Pyrasus,
And Iton, teeming mother of fat flocks,
And Antron's coasts, and Pteleon deep in turf :—
Of these Protesilaus came the chief,
Long as he lived ; whom now black earth contains.
And his dear bride in Phylace forlorn
Tears her soft cheeks for sorrow ; and their house

καὶ δόμος ἡμιτελής· τὸν δ' ἔκτανε Δάρδανος ἀνὴρ
 νηὸς ἀποθρώσκοντα πολὺ πρῶτιστον Ἀχαιῶν.
 οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' οἱ ἀναρχοὶ ἔσαν, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἀρχόν
 ἀλλὰ σφεας κόσμησε Ποδάρκης, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
 Ἰφίκλου υἱὸς πολυμήλου Φυλακίδαο,
 αὐτοκασίγνητος μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσιλάου
 ὀπλότερος γενεῇ· ὁ δ' ἅμα πρότερος καὶ ἀρείων,
 ἥρως Πρωτεσίλαος Ἀρήϊος· οὐδέ τε λαοὶ
 δεύουθ' ἡγεμόνος, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἐσθλὸν ἔοντα·
 τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.

710

Οἳ δὲ Φεράς ἐνέμοντο παραὶ Βοιβηίδα λίμνην,
 Βοίβην καὶ Γλαφύρας καὶ ἐκτιμένην Ἰαωλκῶν,
 τῶν ἥρχ' Ἀδμήτοιο φίλος παῖς ἔνδεκα νηῶν,
 Εὐμηλος, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀδμήτῳ τέκε δῖα γυναικῶν,
 Ἄλκηστις, Πελῖας θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστη.

Οἳ δ' ἄρα Μηθώνην καὶ Θαυμακίην ἐνέμοντο
 καὶ Μελίβοιαν ἔχον καὶ Ὀλιζῶνα τρηχεῖαν,
 τῶν δὲ Φιλοκτήτης ἥρχεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδὼς,
 ἑπτὰ νεῶν· ἐρέται δ' ἐν ἐκάστῃ πεντήκοντα
 ἐμβέβασαν, τόξων εὖ εἰδότες ἴφι μάχεσθαι.
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν νήσῳ κεῖτο κρατέρ' ἄλγεα πάσχων,
 Λήμνῳ ἐν ἡγαθῇ, ὅθι μιν λίπον υἱὲς Ἀχαιῶν
 ἔλκεϊ μοχθίζοντα κακῷ ὀλοόφρονος ὕδρου·
 ἐνθ' ὅγε κεῖτ' ἀχέων· τάχα δὲ μνήσεσθαι ἔμελλον
 Ἀργεῖοι παρὰ νηυσὶ Φιλοκτήταο ἀνακτος.
 οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' οἱ ἀναρχοὶ ἔσαν, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἀρχόν·
 ἀλλὰ Μῆδων κόσμησεν, Ὀϊλῆος νόθος υἱὸς,
 τὸν ῥ' ἔτεκεν Ῥήνη ὑπ' Ὀϊλῇι πτολιπόρθῳ.

720

Οἳ δ' εἶχον Τρίκκην καὶ Ἰθώμην κλωμακόεσσαν,
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Οἰχαλίην, πόλιν Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλιῆος,
 τῶν αὖθ' ἡγείσθην Ἀσκληπιοῦ δύο παῖδες,

730

Stands there half-built ; for by a Dardan hand
Leaping to shore the first of all he fell.
Nor, though they mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long
A leader ; for Podarces, flower of war,
Son of Iphiclus, Phylax' son, array'd
Their forces ; brother he, but younger born,
To slain Protesilaus : so, albeit
The elder brother was the better man
And still the host lamented for his death,
They lack'd not a good leader ; in whose train
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Then they who dwelt in Boëbe, on the brink
Of the Boëbaic lake, in Glaphyræ
And well-built Ialcos ;—chief of these
Eumelus, King Admetus' son beloved,
Led their eleven galleys : him, the flower
Of womankind, the fairest of the house
Of Pelias, ev'n the queen Alcestis, bare.

They from Methone, rugged Olizon,
And Melibæa, and Thaumacia ;—
Of these was Philoctetes erst the chief,
Himself a mighty bowman ; and aboard
His seven good galleys were array'd in each
Fifty brave oarsmen, all well skill'd to use
Their bows in battle with unerring hand.
But now in sacred Lemnos, where the host
Had left him, in his anguish still he lay,
Stung by the deadly Hydra ; rack'd with pain
He linger'd still ; yet on his name anon
The Argives will remind them in their need !
Nor, though these mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long
A leader ; for Oileus' son, the prince
Medon, array'd them ; he a bastard child
Unto Oileus of fair Rhene born.

Then they who dwelt in Triikka, and possess'd
Ithome's mountain-range, with those who held
Cechalia and the land of Eurytus :—
These Podaleirius and Machaon led,

ἴητηρ' ἀγαθῷ, Ποδαλείριος ἥδ' ἑ Μαχάων·
τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

Οὐ δ' ἔχον Ὀρμένιον, οἷ τε κρήνην Ὑπέρειαν,
οἷ τ' ἔχον Ἀστέριον Τιτάνιοιό τε λευκὰ κάρηνα,
τῶν ἦρχ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναί νῆες ἔποντο.

Οὐ δ' Ἀργισσαν ἔχον καὶ Γυρτώνην ἐνέμοντο,
Ὀρθην Ἠλώνην τε πόλιν τ' Ὀλοοσσόνα λευκὴν,
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
υἱὸς Πειριθόιο, τὸν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεὺς—
τόν ῥ' ὑπὸ Πειριθόῳ τέκετο κλυτὸς Ἴπποδάμεια
ἥματι τῷ ὅτε φῆρας ἐτίσατο λαχνήεντας,
τοὺς δ' ἐκ Πηλίου ὤσε καὶ Αἰθίκεσσι πέλασεν—
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷγε Λεοντεὺς, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
υἱὸς ὑπερθύμοιο Κορώνου Καινεΐδαο·
τοῖς δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναί νῆες ἔποντο.

Γουνεὺς δ' ἐκ Κύφου ἦγε δύω καὶ εἴκοσι νῆας·
τῷ δ' Ἐνιήνες ἔποντο μενεπτόλεμοί τε Περαιβοί,
οἳ περὶ Δωδώνην δυσχείμερον οἰκί' ἔθεντο,
οἷ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
ὃς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίρροον ὕδωρ,
οὐδ' ὄγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθευ ἐπιρρέει ἡϋτ' ἔλαιον·
ὄρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπορρώξ.

750

Μαγνήτων δ' ἦρχε Πρόθοος, Τενθρηδόνος υἱός,
οἳ περὶ Πηνειὸν καὶ Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον
ναίεσκον· τῶν μὲν Πρόθοος θεὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναί νῆες ἔποντο.

Οὗτοι ἄρ' ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.
τίς τ' ἄρ' τῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος ἔην, σύ μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα,
αὐτῶν ἡδ' ἔππων, οἳ ἅμ' Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἔποντο.

760

Sage leeches both, and Æsculapius' sons ;
Thirty the hollow galleys they array'd."

Those who possess'd Ormenios, and the fount
Of Hypereia, and the snow-white crests
Of Titanus above Asterion ;—
Evemon's glorious son Eurypylus
Led these, with forty galleys in his train.

They from Argissa, and Gyrtone's town,
And Oloosson's white far-gleaming walls,
And Orthe, and Elone ;—chief of these,
Son of Pirithous son of mighty Zeus,
Came warlike Polypætēs : to his sire
Farfamed Hippodameia bare him then,
Ev'n on the day when he obtain'd revenge
On the wild shaggy Centaurs, and perforce
Drave them from Pelion to the Æthic land :
He came not singly ; for Leontes brave,
Son of the haught Coronos, Cæneus' son,
Led with him ; forty were the barks they led.

Gouneus from Cyprus led one score and two ;
With whom the Enienians, and the tribe
Of brave Peræbi : they who had their homes
Round hoar Dodona, and who till'd the plain
Wash'd by the lovely Titaresius' stream,
Who flows into Peneius, but may ne'er
Mix with Peneius and his silvery breaks,
But glides upon his surface, even as oil,
Being a branch of inviolable Styx.

The Chieftain of Magnesia, Prothous came,
Tenthredon's son, and led, who dwelt about
Peneion, and in Pelion's nodding woods ;
Forty the galleys follow'd in his train.

These were the Danaan leaders, these their Kings.

Say further yet, O Muse, of all who came
With Atreus' sons to battle, steeds and men,
Who were pre-eminent ! Pre-eminent

"Ἴπποι μὲν μέγ' ἄρισται ἔσαν Φηρητιάδαο,
 τὰς Εὐμήλοσ' ἔλαυνε ποδώκεας ὄρνιθας ὥς,
 ὄτριχας, οἰέτεας, σταφύλη ἐπὶ νῶτον εἰσας·
 τὰς ἐν Πηρείῃ θρέψ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων,
 ἄμφω θηλείας, φόβον Ἄρηος φορεούσας.
 ἀνδρῶν αὖ μέγ' ἄριστος ἦν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
 ὅφρ' Ἀχιλεὺς μῆνιεν· ὁ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἦεν,
 ἵπποι θ', οἳ φορέεσκον ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν νήεσσι κορωνίσινι ποντοπόροισιν
 κείτ' ἀπομηνίσας Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ· λαοὶ δὲ παρὰ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης
 δίσκοισιν τέρποντο καὶ αἰγανέησιν ἰέντες
 τόξοισιν θ'· ἵπποι δὲ παρ' ἄρμασιν οἷσιν ἕκαστος,
 λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἐλεόθρεπτόν τε σέλινον,
 ἔστασαν· ἄρματα δ' εὖ πεπυκασμένα κείτο ἀνάκτων
 ἐν κλισίῃς. οἳ δ' ἀρχὸν ἀρηΐφιλον ποθέοντες
 φοίτων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ στρατὸν οὐδ' ἐμάχοντο.

770

Οἳ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν ὥσεί τε πυρὶ χθῶν πᾶσα νέμοιτο·
 γαῖα δ' ὑπεστενάχιζε Διὶ ὥς τερπικεραύνῳ
 χωομένῳ, ὅτε τ' ἀμφὶ Τυφώϊ γαῖαν ἰμάσση
 εἰν Ἀρίμοις, ὅθι φασὶ Τυφώεος ἔμμεναι εὐνύας·
 ὥς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγα στεναχίζετο γαῖα
 ἐρχομένων· μάλα δ' ὦκα διέπρησσαν πεδίοιο.

780

Τρωσὶν δ' ἄγγελος ἦλθε ποδὴννεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις
 παρ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο σὺν ἀγγελίῃ ἀλεγεινῇ·
 οἳ δ' ἀγορὰς ἀγόρευον ἐπὶ Πριάμοιο θύρῃσιν
 πάντες ὁμηγερέες, ἡμὲν νέοι ἡδὲ γέροντες.
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·
 εἴσατο δὲ φθογγὴν νύϊ Πριάμοιο Πολίτῃ,
 ὃς Τρώων σκοπὸς ἴξε, ποδωκείῃσι πεποιθὼς,
 τύμβῳ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυνήταο γέροντος,
 δέγμενος ὁππότε ναῦφιν ἀφορμηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί·
 τῷ μιν ἐεισαμένη μετέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·

790

“ὦ γέρον, αἰεὶ τοι μῦθοι φίλοι ἄκριτοί εἰσιν,

Amongst the horses those, Eumelus drave,
In colour one, and one in age, and twinn'd
In height as by a level, swift as birds,
Mares both, and breathers of dismay in war,
Bred by the Bender of the silver bow
Apollo in Pereia. But, of men,
Held Ajax the pre-eminence by far,
The son of Telamon ; whilst Peleus' Son
Remain'd in wrath aloof : for none was peer
To great Achilles, nor could match his steeds.
But sullen now amongst his swift black barks,
Anger'd with Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
He lay withdrawn ; and on the 'dented shore
With play of quoit or javelin, or with bow,
His men disported ; idly stood their steeds,
Each by his chariot cropping from the marsh
Lotos or parsley : or within their tents
His captains' cars lay empty ; and themselves,
Lamenting their lost leader, through the camp
Roam'd listless to and fro, but went not forth.

But forth the host now moved, and, as with fire,
The ground was eaten up before their tread :
Earth groan'd beneath them, as when Zeus hath wax'd
Wrathful and struck the earth at Arimi
Round Typhon, where they rumour Typhon laid :
So 'neath their tramp, as on they came, all earth
Groan'd loudly ; and they swiftly scour'd the plain.

Then flew windfooted Iris swift to Troy
Sent by great Zeus to bear the evil news.
She found the Trojans young and old alike
In council gather'd round King Priam's gates,
And drawing near address'd them : like-in voice
She made her to Polites, Priam's son,
Their scout, who, trustful in his speed of foot,
High upon ancient Æsyetes' tomb
Sate to espy the onset from the fleet.
Guised in his image, fleetfoot Iris spake :
“ My Father, out of season, as in peace

ὥς ποτ' ἐπ' εἰρήνης · πόλεμος δ' ἀλῆα στος ὄρωρεν.
ἦ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ μάχας εἰσήλυθον ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλ' οὔπω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν ὅπωπα ·

λίην γὰρ φύλλοισιν ἑοικότες ἢ ψαμάθοισιν
ἔρχονται πεδίοιο μαχησόμενοι περὶ ἄστυ.

800

Ἔκτορ, σοὶ δὲ μάλιστ' ἐπιτέλλομαι ὧδέ γε ῥέξαι ·
πολλοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμου ἐπίκουροι,
ἄλλη δ' ἄλλων γλῶσσαι πολυσπερέων ἀνθρώπων ·
τοῖσιν ἕκαστος ἀνὴρ σημαινέτω οἷσί περ ἄρχει,
τῶν δ' ἐξηγήσθω, κοσμησάμενος πολιήτας."

Ὡς ἔφαθ', Ἔκτωρ δ' οὔτι θεᾶς ἔπος ἡγνοίησεν,
αἶψα δ' ἔλυσ' ἀγορὴν · ἐπὶ τεύχεα δ' ἐσσεύοντο.
πᾶσαι δ' ὠύγνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ' ἔσσυτο λαὸς,
πεζοὶ θ' ἱππῆές τε · πολλὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.

810

Ἔστι δέ τις προπάρειθε πόλιος αἰπεῖα κολώνη,
ἐν πεδίῳ ἀπάνευθε, περίδρομος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
τὴν ἦτοι ἄνδρες Βατίειαν κικλήσκουσιν,
ἀθάνατοι δέ τε σῆμα πολυσκάρθμοιο Μυρίνης ·
ἔνθα τότε Τρῶές τε διεέκριθεν ἡδ' ἐπίκουροι.

Τρῶσὶ μὲν ἡγεμόνευε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ
Πριαμίδης · ἅμα τῷγε πολὺ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι
λαοὶ θωρήσσοντο, μεμαότες ἐγχείησιν.

Δαρδανίων αὖτ' ἦρχεν ἐὺς παῖς Ἀγχιῖσας,
Αἰνείας, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀγχιῖσῃ τέκε δι' Ἀφροδίτῃ,
Ἰδης ἐν κνημοῖσι θεὰ βροτῷ εὐνηθεῖσα,
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷγε δῶα Ἀντήνορος υἱε,
Ἀρχέλοχος τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.

820

Οἱ δὲ Ζέλειαν ἔναιον ὑπαὶ πόδα νείατον Ἰδης,
ἀφνειοὶ, πίνοντες ὕδωρ μέλαν Αἰσήποιο,
Τρῶες, τῶν αὖτ' ἦρχε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,
Πάνδαρος, ᾧ καὶ τόξον Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν.

Οἱ δ' Ἀδρήστειάν τ' εἶχον καὶ δῆμον Ἀπαισοῦ,

So now, thy words ; resistless comes the war.
Oft have I enter'd battle, yet till now •
Such and so vast a host I ne'er beheld.
Like leaves or sand for multitude, they come
Across the plain to fight beneath our walls.
Hector, on thee I therefore lay this charge ;
Great the Alliance now in Priam's streets ;
Many their tongues, and men of various race.
Therefore let each prince signal to his own ;
Whilst thou their chief array'st the men of Troy.

She spoke, and Hector knew the voice divine,
And straight dispersed the assembly ; all to arms
Rush'd, and the gates flew ope, and forth they stream'd
Footman and horse ; loud rose the din of war.

Before the town a column sheer upstands
Far on the plain, uncumber'd either side,
By men named Batieia, but the Gods
Know it the Amazon Myrina's cairn ;
Round this the allies and Trojans ranged their troops.

The Trojans Hector of the glancing helm,
The mighty son of Priam, led to war.
His was the troop most numerous, and withal
The bravest, hot to ply their deadly spears.

The Dardans brave Æneas led, the son
Of Prince Anchises ; whom on Ida's knolls
Immortal Aphrodite, by the side
Of mortal lying, to Anchises bare :
With him Archelochus and Acamas,
Sons of Antenor, and adroit in arms.

Then those who dwelt on Ida's farthest foot,
Rich men, who drink the black Æsepus' stream,
The Trojans of Zeleia :—These were led
By Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son,
Dower'd by Apollo with the bowman's art.

Who dwelt in Adrasteia, and the town

καὶ Πιτύειαν ἔχον καὶ Τηρείης ὄρος αἰπὺν,
 τῶν ἥρχ' Ἀδρηστός τε καὶ Ἀμφίος λινοθώρηξ,
 υἷε δὺν Μέροπος Περκωσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων
 ἦδ' εἰς μαντοσύνας, οὐδὲ οὓς παῖδας ἔασκεν
 στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα. τῷ δέ οἱ οὔτι
 πειθέσθην· κῆρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο.

830

Οἱ δ' ἄρα Περκώϊην καὶ Πράκτιον ἀμφενέμοντο
 καὶ Σηστὸν καὶ Ἀβυδὸν ἔχον καὶ διὰν Ἀρίσβην,
 τῶν αὖθ' Ἑρτακίδης ἥρχ' Ἀσσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
 Ἀσσιος Ἑρτακίδης, ὃν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι
 αἰθωνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.

Ἴππόθοος δ' ἄγε φύλα Πελασγῶν ἐγχεσιμῶρων,
 τῶν οἱ Λάρισαν ἐριβώλακα ναιετάσκουσιν·
 τῶν ἥρχ' Ἴππόθοός τε Πύλαιός τ', ὅξος Ἀρηος,
 υἷε δὺν Λήθοιο Πελασγοῦ Τευταμίδαο.

840

Αὐτὰρ Θρήϊκας ἦγ' Ἀκάμας καὶ Πείροος ἦρως,
 ὅσσοις Ἑλλάσποντος ἀγάρροος ἐντὸς ἐέργει.

Εὐφῆμος δ' ἀρχὸς Κικόνων ἦν αἰχμητῶν,
 υἱὸς Τροιζήνοιο διοτρεφέος Κεάδαο.

Αὐτὰρ Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους,
 τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀμυδῶνος, ἀπ' Ἀξιοῦ εὐρυρέοντος,
 Ἀξιοῦ, οὗ κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπικίδναται αἶαν.

850

Παφλαγόνων δ' ἠγεῖτο Πυλαιμένεος λάσιον κῆρ
 ἐξ Ἑνετῶν, ὅθεν ἡμιόνων γένος ἀγροτεράων,
 οἳ ῥα Κύτωρον ἔχον καὶ Σήσαμον ἀμφενέμοντο
 ἀμφί τε Παρθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον,
 Κρώμνιν τ' Αἰγιαλὸν τε καὶ ὑψηλοὺς Ἑρυνίους.

Of King Apœsus ; who possess'd the mount
Of steep Tereia, and Piteia's vale ;—
These Amphius (in a linen corslet arm'd)
Led with Adrastus ; sons of Merops, King
Of Percos : he of all mankind most skill'd
In divination, and forbade his sons
From this fell leaguer : but they would not hear,
Borne onward by their dooms to early death.

Next, who in heavenly-built Arisbe dwelt,
Percote and Abydos, Practius' walls
And Sestcs ;—These the son of Hyrtacus
Asius commanded, prince of men : ev'n he,
Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, who came
Drawn from Arisbe and from Selle's streams
By fiery chestnut horses, large and strong.

Led by Hippothous the Pelasgian tribes,
Spearmen, who in rich-glebed Larissa dwelt ;
These the two sons of Lethos (he the son
Of Teutamus of Pelasgos) led to war,
Pylæus and Hippothous, brave and young.

Next, those by Hellespont's strong tide confined,
The Thracians, Acamas and Peiroos ranged.

Son of Trœzenus, Zeus-sprung Ceas' son,
Euphemus, brought the brave Ciconian troop.

Far from broad-flowing Axius (stream of streams
Most bounteous that o'erspread the fruitful earth)
Led by Pyræchmes, arm'd with crookbent bows,
Came the Pæonian troop from Amydon.

From Paphlagonia (whence the breed of mules
Wildest to break) the Enetians came ; with those
From Sesamon, Cytorus, and the domes
Of farfamed Kromna on Parthenius' stream ;
Ægialus ; and the Erythinian hills :
To these the guidance of Pylæmenes.

Αὐτὰρ Ἀλιζώνων Ὀδίοις καὶ Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον
τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀλύβης, ὅθεν ἀργύρου ἐστὶ γενέθλη.

Μυσῶν δὲ Χρόμις ἦρχε καὶ Ἐννομος οἰωνιστής·
ἀλλ' οὐκ οἰωνοῖσιν ἐρύσσατο κῆρα μέλαιναν,
ἀλλ' ἐδάμνη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι περ Τρώας κεραΐζε καὶ ἄλλους.

860

Φόρκυς αὖ Φρύγας ἦγε καὶ Ἀσκάνιος θεοειδής
τῇλ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης· μέμασαν δ' ὕσμῃνι μάχεσθαι.

Μήοσιν αὖ Μέσθλης τε καὶ Ἀντιφός ἡγησάσθην,
οἷε Ταλαιμένεος, τὼ Γυγαίῃ τέκε λίμνη,
οἱ καὶ Μήονας ἦγον ὑπὸ Τρώλῳ γεγαῶτας.

Νάσσης αὖ Καρῶν ἡγήσατο βαρβαροφώνων,
οἱ Μίλητον ἔχον Φθειρῶν τ' ὄρος ἀκριτόφυλλον
Μαιάνδρου τε ῥοὰς Μυκάλης τ' αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα·
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Νάσσης ἡγησάσθην,
Νάσσης Ἀμφίμαχός τε, Νομίονος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
ὃς καὶ χρυσὸν ἔχων πόλεμόνδ' ἔην, ἥντε κούρη,
νήπιος, οὐδέ τί οἱ τόγ' ἐπήρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
ἀλλ' ἐδάμνη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ἐν ποταμῷ, χρυσὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἐκόμισσε daίφρων.

870

Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἦρχεν Λυκίων καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων
τηλόθεν ἐκ Λυκίης, Ξάνθου ἄπο διωθέντος.

Far from the silver mines of Alybe,
By Hodius and Epistrophus array'd,
Came to the war the troops of Halizon.

The Mysians Chromius led, and Ennomus,
The seer, who knew the tokens of all birds :
Yet not that knowledge guarded off his head
Black fate, but by the sword of Peleus' Son,
Where in the stream so many fell, he fell.

Next, from Ascania Phorcys ranged the bands
Of Phrygia; and with him Ascanius led,
A godlike chieftain : strong their hearts to war.

Sons of Talæmenes, and near the lake
Of Gyge born, Mesthles and Antiphus
Led the Mæonians, and with them that tribe
Mæonian, which 'neath Tmolus hath its birth.

The Carians, men of most barbarian speech,
Whose is Miletus, and the forest-flank
Of Phthira's mountain, and Mæander's stream,
And Mycale's steep cliff, Amphimachus
And Nastes led, Nomion's glorious sons :
Nastes, who girl-like, in a suit all gold
Came forth to battle—Fond! for not his gold
Could guard a fell destruction from his head,
But in the stream by Peleus' fleetfoot Son
He died ; and great Achilles stripp'd his gold.

From Lycia and from Xanthus' silvery breaks
The Lycians Glaucus and Sarpedon brought.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Γ.

Ὅρκοι. Τειχοσκοπία. Ἀλεξάνδρου
καὶ Μενελάου μονομαχία.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κόσμηθεν ἄμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕκαστοι,
Τρῶες μὲν κλαγγῇ τ' ἐνοπῇ τ' ἴσαν, ὄρνιθες ὥς,
ἥύτε περ κλαγγῇ γεράνων πέλει οὐρανόθι πρὸ,
αἴτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμῶνα φύγον καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὄμβρον,
κλαγγῇ ταίγε πέτονται ἐπ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥοάων,
ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι·
ἥρῃαι δ' ἄρα ταίγε κακὴν ἔριδα προφέρουται·
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν σιγῇ μένεα πνεύοντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἐν θυμῷ μεμαῶτες ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

Εὖτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι Νότος κατέχευεν ὁμίχλην,
ποιμέσιν οὔτι φίλην, κλέπτῃ δέ τε νυκτὸς ἀμείνω,
τόσσον τίς τ' ἐπιλεύσσει, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ λᾶαν ἴησιν·
ὥς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ κονίσαλος ὄρνυτ' ἀελλῆς
ἐρχομένων· μάλα δ' ὦκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο.

10

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Τρῶσιν μὲν προμάχιζεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
παρδαλέην ὥμοισιν ἔχων καὶ καμπύλα τόξα
καὶ ξίφος· αὐτὰρ ὁ δοῦρε δύω κεκορυθμένα χαλκῷ
πάλλων Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτήτι.

20

Τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν ἀρηϊφίλος Μενέλαος
ἐρχόμενον προπάροιθεν ὁμίλου, μακρὰ βιβάντα,
ὥστε λέων ἑχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κύρσας,
εὐρών· ἢ ἔλαφον κεραδὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα,
πεινῶν· μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει, εἴπερ ἂν αὐτὸν

ILIAD III.

ANON both hosts were marshall'd with their chiefs.
Moved then the Trojans, with a clamour and cry,
Birdlike, as is the cry of cranes, that flee
The winter's snows and rainfloods to the stream
Of ocean, clanging loud before high heaven,
And bearing through the morning's mists a war
Baleful against the Pygmies, and their death.
But silent, breathing wrath, the Achaians moved,
Steadfast, and loyal-hearted, man to man.

And like a fog the west-wind oft hath shed
Round a hill-crest, most hateful to the hind,
But dearer than night's darkness to the thief,
When further than a stone-cast none can see ;
Such rose the dust in whirl beneath their feet
Advancing, whilst they quickly clear'd the plain.

When each had near'd the other on the field,
Then foremost champion of the Trojan van
Show'd godlike Alexander ; o'er his back
A panther-skin was swung, and crookbent bow
And sword beside ; a spear in either hand
Brass-tipt he brandish'd, whilst he challenged loud
The bravest of the Argeians to oppose
His onset in dread battle, hand to hand.

Whom Menelaus, Ares-loved, beheld
Thus stalking with wide stride before the throng,
And joy'd, as hunger-bitten lion joys
'Lighting on some huge carcass of wild goat
Or antler'd stag ; for fierce he rends and eats

σεύωνται ταχέες τε κύνες θαλεροί τ' αἰζήοι·
 ὡς ἐχάρη Μενέλαος Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα
 ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδὼν· φάτο γὰρ τίσεσθαι ἀλείττην
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε.

Τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής 30
 ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ·
 ἄψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνυς ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.
 ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τε δράκοντα ἰδὼν παλίνροστος ἀπέστη
 οὔρεος ἐν βήσσης, ὑπὸ τε τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυνία,
 ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησεν, ὥχρός τε μιν εἶλε παρειάς,
 ὡς αὖτις καθ' ὄμιλον ἔδν Τρώων ἀγερώχων
 δείσας Ἀτρεὺς υἱὸν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής.
 τὸν δ' Ἐκτωρ νείκεσεν ἰδὼν αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν·

“ Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, γυναιμανὲς, ἡπεροπευτα,
 αἴθ' ὄφελες ἄγονός τ' ἔμμεναι ἀγαμός τ' ἀπολέσθαι. 40
 καί κε τὸ βουλοίμην, καί κεν πολὺν κέρδιον ἦεν
 ἢ οὕτω λώβην τ' ἔμμεναι καὶ ὑπόψιον ἄλλων.
 ἦ που καγχαλώωσι κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
 φάντες ἀριστῆα πρόμον ἔμμεναι, οὕνεκα καλὸν
 εἶδος ἔπ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι βίη φρεσὶν οὐδέ τις ἀλκή.
 ἦ τοιόσδε ἔων ἐν ποντοπόροιςιν νέεσσιν
 πόντον ἐπιπλώσας, ἐτάρους ἐρίηρας ἀγείρας,
 μιχθεὶς ἀλλοδαποῖσι γυναικ' εὐειδέ' ἀνήγες
 ἐξ ἀπῆς γαίης, νυδὸν ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητῶν,
 πατρί τε σῶ μέγα πῆμα πόληί τε παντί τε δήμῳ, 50
 δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείην δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ ;
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ μείνειας ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον ;
 γνοίης χ' οἴου φωτὸς ἔχεις θαλερὴν παράκοιτιν.
 οὐκ ἂν τοι χραίσμη κίθαρις τά τε δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης,
 ἦ τε κόμη τό τε εἶδος, ὅτ' ἐν κονίησι μιγεῖης.
 ἀλλὰ μάλα Τρῶες δειδήμονες· ἦ τέ κεν ἤδη
 λαῖνον ἔσσο χιτῶνα κακῶν ἔνεχ' ὅσσα ἔοργας.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·

Though hound and hunter press upon his heels ;
Such joy had Menelaus seeing there
Before him Alexander's beauteous form ;
And said at heart, The debtor now shall pay,
And from his chariot, all in arms, leapt down.

But when the other view'd him in the van
So nigh, his false heart smote him, and he slunk
Back deep within the ranks, and fled from fate.
As in a mountain-glade who sees a snake
Recoils and starts away, with quivering limb,
And cheek blanch'd pale with fear, and quick departs ;
So back amongst the misproud Trojans went
In fear of Atreus' Son their beauteous Prince.

Whom Hector saw, and spake these bitter words ;
"Paris, thou curse ! For women madman mere !
So fair and false ! Oh hadst thou died unborn
Nor ever wedded—would 'twere so—yea, 'twere
Better for thine own self, than thus to live
The byword and foul proverb of the world !
Hear'st thou that laugh ? The Achaians deem the skulk
Foremost of Trojan champions ; for, in sooth,
Thou hast the show of bravery, not the heart.
Thou was it who couldst voyage bold aboard
Thy galley with a gallant company
On venture to far lands, and ravish thence
So fair a woman and a warrior's wife ?
And on this realm a ruin thou couldst bring,
Woe on thy father, and on all thy race,
Shame on thyself, and to our enemies joy ?
Yet darest not now encounter Atreus' Son :
So haply shouldst thou learn what manner of man
He, whose fair wife thou holdest, shows in arms.
Little with him would 'vail thee that sweet lyre,
The gifts of Aphrodite, curlèd locks,
And beauty, when thou hadst fallen smirch'd in dust.
Truly is Troy most loyal to her Kings ;
Else hadst thou long since worn a robe of stone.

And Paris, graceful as some God, replied :

“Ἐκτωρ, ἐπεὶ με κατ’ αἶσαν ἐνείκεσας οὐδ’ ὑπὲρ αἶσαν,
 αἰεὶ τοι κραδίη πέλεκυς ὥς ἐστιν ἀτειρής, 60
 ὅστ’ εἰσιν διὰ δουρὸς ὑπ’ ἀνέρος, ὅς ῥά τε τέχνη
 νήϊον ἐκτάμνησι, ὀφέλλει δ’ ἀνδρὸς ἔρωήν·
 ὥς σοὶ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νόος ἀτάρβητος νόος ἐστίν.
 μή μοι δῶρ’ ἐρατὰ πρόφερε χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης·
 οὔτοι ἀπόβλητ’ ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα,
 ὅσσα κεν αὐτοὶ δῶσιν, ἐκὼν δ’ οὐκ ἄν τις ἔλοιτο.
 νῦν αὖτ’ εἴ μ’ ἐθέλεις πολεμίζειν ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι,
 ἄλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 αὐτὰρ ἔμ’ ἐν μέσσω καὶ ἀρηϊφίλον Μενέλαον
 συμβάλετ’ ἄμφ’ Ἑλένη καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι. 70
 ὁππότερος δέ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,
 κτήμαθ’ ἐλὼν εὖ πάντα γυναικὰ τε οἴκαδ’ ἀγέσθω·
 οἱ δ’ ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες
 ναίοιτε Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοὶ δὲ νεέσθων
 Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ’, Ἐκτωρ δ’ αὖτ’ ἐχάρη μέγα μῦθον ἀκούσας,
 καὶ ῥ’ ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Τρώων ἀνέργε φάλαγγας,
 μέσσου δουρὸς ἐλὼν· τοὶ δ’ ἰδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.
 τῷ δ’ ἐπετοξάζοντο κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
 ἰοῖσιν τε τιτυσκόμενοι λάεσσί τ’ ἔβαλλον. 80
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μακρὸν ἄυσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

“Ἴσχεσθ’, Ἀργεῖοι, μὴ βάλλετε, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν·
 στεῦται γάρ τι ἔπος ἐρέειν κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δ’ ἔσχοντο μάχης ἄνεώ τ’ ἐγένοντο
 ἐσσυμένως. Ἐκτωρ δὲ μετ’ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔειπεν·

“Κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ,
 μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.
 ἄλλους μὲν κέλεται Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 τεύχεα κάλ’ ἀποθέσθαι ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
 αὐτὸν δ’ ἐν μέσσω καὶ ἀρηϊφίλον Μενέλαον
 οἶους ἄμφ’ Ἑλένη καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι. 90
 ὁππότερος δέ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,

“ Too true thy chide, nor passeth my desert.
For, Hector, thine own heart is temper'd true,
As axe, which, in a woodman's hand who shapes
A vessel's plank, cleaves sheer the stem, and turns
His strength to treble use ; like temper lies
In thine undaunted spirit. But, I pray,
Judge me not thus ; nor cast the priceless gifts
Of golden Aphrodite in my teeth.
Not to be scorn'd are those bright gifts of heaven,
Bestow'd by Gods ; no wish can win the like.
Howbeit, since thou wouldst have me battle thus,
Bid all th' Achaïans and the Trojans else
Sit down, and in the centre, face to face,
Plant me with Menelaus, there to fight
For Helen and the booty ta'en withal.
And, whoso conquering shows the better man,
With her and with the booty let him go
Unhinder'd home ; but ye the rest swear truce
Faithful o'er victims slain, and all in peace
Inhabit fruitful Troy ; whilst they return
To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,
And the famed women of Achaïa's land.”

He spoke, whom Hector hearing felt o'erjoy'd
And moving to the centre signall'd back,
With spear grasp'd halfway down the staff, his host
Who halted all. Against him standing thus
The Achaïans drew their bows to the arrows' heads
Or aim'd to hit with stones ; but loudly call'd
Their sovereign Agamemnon, and forbade :

“ Hold back, Argeians ; hold, Achaïa's youth,
Strike not ; for Hector would demand a parle.”

He spoke, and they from battle held them back,
Still'd in a moment ; whilst brave Hector thus :

“ Hear, Trojans, and Achaïan men of war !
Hear from my lips what Alexander saith,
The author of this strife. He bids all else
Doff their bright arms and lay them on the earth,
Whilst he with Menelaus in our midst
Fights hand to hand for Helen and her wealth :
And whoso conquering shows the better man,

κτῆμαθ' ἔλων εὖ πάντα γυναῖκά τε οἴκαδ' ἀγέσθω·
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλόττητα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν."

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

“Κέκλυτε νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο· μάλιστα γὰρ ἄλγος ἰκάνει
θυμὸν ἐμόν· φρονέω δὲ διακρινθήμεναι ἤδη
Ἀργείους καὶ Τρῳᾶς, ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πέποσθε
εἶνεκ' ἐμῆς ἔριδος καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἔνεκ' ἀρχῆς. 100
ἡμέων δ' ὅπποτέρῳ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται,
τεθναίῃ· ἄλλοι δὲ διακρινθεῖτε τάχιστα.
οἴσετε δ' ἄρν', ἕτερον λευκὸν, ἑτέρην δὲ μέλαιναν,
Γῇ τε καὶ Ἡελίῳ· Διὶ δ' ἡμεῖς οὔσομεν ἄλλον.
ἄξετε δὲ Πριάμοιο βίην, ὄφρ' ὄρκια τάμνη
αὐτὸς, ἐπεὶ οἱ παῖδες ὑπερφίαλοι καὶ ἄπιστοι,
μή τις ὑπερβασίῃ Διὸς ὄρκια δηλήσεται.
αἰεὶ δ' ὀπλοτέρων ἀνδρῶν φρένες ἡερέθονται·
οἷς δ' ὁ γέρων μετέησιν, ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω
λεύσσει, ὅπως ὅχ' ἄριστα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι γέννηται.” 110

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐχάρησαν Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρῳᾶς τε,
ἐλπόμενοι παύσεσθαι οἰζυροῦ πολέμοιο.
καὶ ῥ' ἵππους μὲν ἔρυξαν ἐπὶ στίχας, ἐκ δ' ἔβαν αὐτοὶ,
τεύχεά τ' ἐξεδύοντο, τὰ μὲν κατέθεντ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
πλησίον ἀλλήλων, ὀλίγη δ' ἦν ἀμφὶς ἄρουρα.

Ἐκτωρ δὲ προτὶ ἄστρῳ δύω κήρυκας ἐπεμπευ
καρπαλίμως ἄρνας τε φέρειν Πριάμόν τε καλέσσαι.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Ταλθύβιον προΐει κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς ἰέναι, ἡδ' ἄρν' ἐκέλευεν
οἰσέμεναι· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησ' Ἀγαμέμνονι δῖῳ. 120

Ἴρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένη λευκωλένῳ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν,
εἰδομένη γαλόφῳ, Ἀντηνορίδαο δάμαρτι,
τὴν Ἀντηνορίδης εἶχε κρείων Ἑλικάων,
Λαοδίκην, Πριάμοιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην.
τὴν δ' εὖρ' ἐν μεγάρῳ· ἡ δὲ μέγαν ἰστὸν ὕφαινεν,
δίπλακα πορφυρέην, πολέας δ' ἐνέπασσεν ἀέθλους

With her and with the booty let him go
Unhinder'd home ; whilst we the rest swear truce
Faithful o'er victims slain, and part in peace."

He ceased ; in silence mute awhile they sate,
Till gallant Menelaus spake, and said :

"Likewise hear me ; for deepest in my heart
Hath this grief pierced. But now I hail the end,
When, after all their sufferings in my cause
For Alexander's wrong original,
Troy and Achaia can be sunder'd free.
Perish of us the one whose death is doom'd,
But ye thereafter all in peace depart.
Bring therefore Troy two lambs, one white, one black,
This, Earth's, and *that*, an offering to the Sun,
And we a third for Zeus. And summon forth
The majesty of Priam, who shall strike
With his own hand the pledges of our truce :
Whose sons are faithless, by their pride o'erbrimin'd,
And foully might transgress the oath to Zeus.
For youth is passionate, unstable, unsure ;
But where an elder bears a part, he looks
Before and after, to the good of all."

He ended ; and who heard rejoiced with hope
Of rest from battle and the baleful war.
They rein'd their steeds in line, and left the cars,
And doff'd their arms and laid them on the earth,
And short the space was bare betwixt the hosts.

Then Hector sent two heralds to the town
Swiftly to bring the lambs and call the King ;
So likewise sovran Agamemnon sent
Talthybius to the galleys, thence to fetch
Third lamb for Zeus ; who quick as bidden went.

Meantime to white-arm Helen came from heaven
Iris, and seem'd Laodice, the wife
Of Helicaon, prince Antenor's son,
The loveliest of the daughters of the King.
She found her weaving on her loom a web
Double of purple dye, and in the cloth

Τρώων θ' ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
οὓς ἔθεν εὔνεκ' ἔπασχον ὑπ' Ἀρηος παλαμῶν.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·

“ Δεῦρ' ἴθι, νύμφα φίλη, ἵνα θέσκελα ἔργα ἴδῃαι
Τρώων θ' ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·
οἳ πρὶν ἔπ' ἀλλήλοισι φέρον πολύδακρυν Ἀρηα
ἐν πεδίῳ, ὄλοοῖο λιχαιόμενοι πολέμοιο,
οἱ δὲ νῦν ἕαται σιγῇ—πόλεμος δὲ πέπαυται—
ἄσπῃσι κεκλιμένοι, παρὰ δ' ἔγχεα μακρὰ πέπηγεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηϊφίλος Μενέλαος
μακρῆς ἐγχείησι μαχήσονται περὶ σείο·
τῷ δέ κε νικήσαντι φίλην κεκλήσῃ ἄκοιτις.”

ᾧΩς εἰποῦσα θεὰ γλυκὺν ἥμερον ἔμβαλε θυμῷ
ἀνδρός τε προτέραιο καὶ ἄστεος ἥδὲ τοκῆων.
κτύκῃ δ' ἀργεννῇσι καλυψαμένη ὀθόνῃσιν
ὥρμᾶτ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα,
οὐκ οἴη, ἅμα τῇγε καὶ ἀμφίπολοι δὺ' ἔποντο,
Αἴθρη, Πιτθῆος θυγάτηρ, Κλυμένη τε βοῶπις.
αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκανον ὄθι Σκαιαὶ πύλαι ἦσαν.

Οἱ δ' ἀμφὶ Πρίαμον καὶ Πάνθοον ἥδὲ Θυμοίτην
Λάμπον τε Κλυτίον θ' Ἴκετάονά τ', ὄζον Ἀρηος,
Οὐκαλέγων τε καὶ Ἀντήνωρ, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω,
εἶατο δημογέροντες ἐπὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν,
γῆραι δὲ πολέμοιο πεπαυμένοι, ἀλλ' ἀγορηταὶ
ἔσθλοι, τεττίγεσσι βαιοκότες, οἵτε καθ' ὕλην
δενδρέῳ ἐφεζόμενοι ὅπα λειριόεσσαν ἰεῖσιν·
τοῖοι ἄρα Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἦντ' ἐπὶ πύργῳ.
οἱ δ' ὥς οὖν εἶδονθ' Ἑλένην ἐπὶ πύργῳ ἰοῦσαν,
ἦκα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον.

“ Οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
τοίῃδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·
αἰνῶς ἀθανάτησι θεῇς εἰς ὧπα ἔοικεν.

Embroidering many a labour of the hosts—
Mailfrook'd Achaians, charioteers of Troy—
Which under Ares for her sake they bore ;
Whom windfoot Iris near approach'd, and said :

“ Come forth, dear Nymph, and view the godlike deeds
Of mail'd Achaians and Troy's charioteers,
Who each on other, scarce one moment past,
Brought tear-abounding Ares, and career'd
Thirsting for slaughterous battle o'er the plain ;
But now sit silenced (and the strife is stay'd)
Reclined upon their bucklers, with their spears
Planted in earth beside them. In their midst
Paris and Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Will meet in single battle match'd for thee ;
Who conquers, his dear wife shalt thou be named.”

Speaking the Goddess in her heart instill'd
A strong fond yearning for her olden lord,
Her parents, and the city of her home.
In a white glistening veil she veil'd her form
And left her chamber, tears upon her cheek ;
Nor uncompanion'd ; but went with her forth
Two handmaids, Æthra, Piteus' daughter fair,
And broadbrow'd Klymene. Quick pass'd the three
Far as the bulwark o'er the Scæan gate.

There with Thymoetes, Panthous, and the prince
Lampus, and Hicetaon, flower of war,
And Clytius, sate Antenor by the side
Of old Ucalegon ; sage elders both,
Kept from the war by age, but garrulous
Of wise discourse. So sate upon that tower
The elders, as cicalæ on a tree
Filling the forest with a slender sound
Sweet as the breath of lilies : so they sate,
And saw fair Helen mounting to the tower,
And softly each to other whisper'd thus :

“ No blame, no marvel, for such woman's sake
The hosts endure this suffering ; for she seems
Like to Immortals—wondrous to behold.

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς, τοίη περ εἰοῦσ', ἐν νηυσὶ νεέσθω,
μηδ' ἡμῖν τεκέεσσ' ἵ' ὀπίσσω πῆμα λίποιτο."

160

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφαν, Πρίαμος δ' Ἑλένην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ·
“δεῦρο πάροιθ' ἔλθοῦσα, φίλον τέκος, ἵζευ ἐμείο,
ᾗφρα ἵδῃ πρότερόν τε πόσιν πηούς τε φίλους τε—
οὔτι μοι αἰτλή ἐσσι, θεοὶ νύ μοι αἰτιοὶ εἰσιν,
οἳ μοι ἐφώρμησαν πόλεμον πολύδακρυν Ἀχαιῶν—
ὥς μοι καὶ τόνδ' ἄνδρα πελώριον ἐξονομήνης,
ὅστις ὅδ' ἐστὶν Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἡὺς τε μέγας τε.
ἦτοι μὲν κεφαλῇ καὶ μερίζονες ἄλλοι ἔασιν·
καλὸν δ' οὔτω ἐγὼν οὔπω ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
οὐδ' οὔτω γεραρόν· βασιλῆϊ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικεν.”

170

Τὸν δ' Ἑλένη μύθοισιν ἀμείβετο, διὰ γυναικῶν·
“αἰδοῖός τέ μοί ἐσσι, φίλε ἔκυρῃ, δεινός τε·
ὥς ᾗφελεν θανατός μοι ἄδεῖν κακός, ὅππότε δεῦρο
νιέῃ σφ' ἐπόμην, θάλαμον γνωτούς τε λιποῦσα
παῖδά τε τηλυγέτην καὶ ὀμηλικὴν ἐρατεινήν.
ἀλλὰ τάγ' οὐκ ἐγένοντο· τὸ καὶ κλαίουσα τέτηκα.
τοῦτο δέ τοι ἐρέω, ὃ μ' ἀνείρξει ἡδὲ μεταλλᾶς·
οὗτός γ' Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἀμφότερον, βασιλεύς τ' ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής·
δαῖρ αὐτ' ἐμὸς ἔσκε κυνώπιδος, εἵποτ' ἔην γε.”

180

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' ὁ γέρον ἠγάσσατο φώνησέν τε·
“ὦ μάκαρ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, μοιρηγενὲς, ὀλβιόδαιμον,
ἧ ῥά νύ τοι πολλοὶ δεδμήατο κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν.
ἤδη καὶ Φρυγίην εἰσήλυθον ἀμπελόεσσαν,
ἔνθα ἴδον πλείστους Φρύγας ἀνέρας αἰολοπώλους,
λαοὺς Ὀτρῆος καὶ Μύγδονος ἀντιθέοιο,
οἳ ῥα τότε ἐστρατόωντο παρ' ὄχθας Σαγγαρίοιο·
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐὼν μετὰ τοῖσιν ἐλέχθην
ἡματι τῷ ὅτε τ' ἦλθον Ἀμαζόνες ἀντιάνειραι·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' οἱ τόσοι ἦσαν ὅσοι ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί.”

190

Δεύτερον αὖτ' Ὀδυσῆα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν ὁ γεραίός·
“εἵπ' ἄγε μοι καὶ τόνδε, φίλον τέκος, ὅστις ὅδ' ἐστίν·
μείων μὲν κεφαλῇ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,

Yet would, despite her beauty, she were gone,
And this dread trouble with her from our sons!"

Thus they ; but Priam call'd her to his side :
" Draw near, mine own dear child, and seat thee here ;
Whence thou mayst look down on thine olden lord,
Thy kith and kin, and friends. For not to thee
I give the blame, but to the Powers of Heaven,
Of this dread quarrel and the woes of war.
But name to me that mighty man-at-arms,
The Achaian, who uptowers so vast and strong ;
Though others seem the taller by the head,
None see I else so noble, or his peer
For majesty,—from heel to helm a king."

Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :
" Father, I honour, yet must fear thee too.
Ah then should Death have pleased me, ere I came
Following thy son, and for his sake forsook
My marriage-bed, my husband, and my kin,
Mine only child, and all I loved in youth !
This might not be ; and therefore shall I waste
In endless tears. But hear what thou hast ask'd ;
That chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Not less as man-at-arms than king renown'd,
My husband's brother—woe be on my shame !"

She ceased ; the Elder wondering o'er him spake :
" Most blest art thou, Atrides, to high state
Born, by thy fortune happy and thy wealth !
Numerous indeed the Achaian warlike youth
Subject to thee. I travell'd long years since
To vine-clad Phrygia, and beheld the host
Of Otreus and of godlike Mygdon there,
Levied along the banks of Sangarus,
Thousands, with chariots glancing to and fro ;
With whom, when foes to man the Amazons came,
I also was enroll'd ; yet not ev'n they
Were like in numbers to these bright-eyed men."

Anon he saw Odysseus, and he ask'd :
" And who, my child, stands yonder ? What his name ?
Whose head stands lower than doth Atreus' Son's,

εὐρύτερος δ' ὥμοισιν ἰδὲ στέρνοισιν ἰδέσθαι.
 τεύχεα μὲν οἱ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
 αὐτὸς δὲ κτίλος ὥς ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν·
 ἄρνεϊῷ μιν ἔγωγε εἰσκω πηγεσιμάλλῃ,
 ὅστ' ὀίων μέγα πῶῦ διέρχεται ἀργεννάων·”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειθ' Ἑλένη Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα·
 “οὔτος δ' αὖ Λαερτιάδης, πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,
 ὃς τράφη ἐν δῆμῳ Ἰθάκης κραναῆς περ ἐούσης
 εἰδὼς παντοίους τε δόλους καὶ μῆδεα πυκνά.”

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Τὴν δ' αὖτ' Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἦ᾽δα.
 “ὦ γύναι, ἥ μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος νημερτὲς ἔειπες·
 ἦδη γὰρ καὶ δεῦρό ποτ' ἤλυθε διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,
 σεῦ ἔνεκ' ἀγγελίης, σὺν ἀρηιφίλῳ Μενελάῳ·
 τοὺς δ' ἐγὼ ἐξείνισσα καὶ ἐν μεγάροισι φίλησα,
 ἀμφοτέρων δὲ φυὴν ἐδάην καὶ μῆδεα πυκνά.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἀγομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν,
 στάντων μὲν Μενέλαος ὑπείρεχεν εὐρέας ὥμους,
 ἄμφω δ' ἐξομένω, γεραώτερος ἦεν Ὀδυσσεύς.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μύθους καὶ μῆδεα πᾶσιν ὕφαινον,
 ἦτοι μὲν Μενέλαος ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευεν,
 παῦρα μὲν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λυγέως, ἐπεὶ οὐ πολὺμυθος
 οὐδ' ἀφαμαρτοεπής, ἥ καὶ γένει ὕστερος ἦεν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολύμητις ἀναΐξειεν Ὀδυσσεύς,
 στάσκειν, ὑπαὶ δὲ ἵδεσκε κατὰ χθονὸς ὄμματα πῆξας,
 σκῆπτρον δ' οὔτ' ὀπίσω οὔτε προπρηνὲς ἐνώμα,
 ἀλλ' ἀστεμφὲς ἔχεσκειν, αἶδρεῖ φωτὶ εἰκῶς·
 φαίης κε ζάκοτόν τέ τιν' ἔμμεναι ἄφρονά τ' αὐτῶς·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ὅπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος ἴει
 καὶ ἔπεα νιφάδεσσιν εἰκότα χειμερίῃσιν,
 οὐκ ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆϊ γ' ἐρίσσειε βροτὸς ἄλλος·
 οὐ τότε γ' ὦδ' Ὀδυσῆος ἀγασσάμεθ' εἶδος ἰδόντες.”

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Τὸ τρίτον αὖτ' Αἴαντα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν ὁ γεραιός·
 “τίς τ' ἄρ' ὅδ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἧς τε μέγας τε,
 ἕξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλὴν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὥμους;”

Τὸν δ' Ἑλένη ταυῦπεπλος ἀμείβετο, δῖα γυναικῶν·
 “οὔτος δ' Αἴας ἐστὶ πελώριος, ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν·

But chest and shoulders broader to the view.
His arms lie doff'd upon the fruitful earth,
Whilst he moves through the legions—like some ram ;
Yea, I would liken him to a full-fleeced ram,
Moving majestic midst a snow-white flock."

Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :
"That is Laertes' son, sage Odysseus ;
In the wild isle of Ithaca born and bred,
Yet is he most the master of all arts,
And of the ways and wisdom of the world."

To whom Antenor then began address :
"Lady, thou speakest truly. Once for thee
In embassy divine Odysseus came
With warlike Menelaus to our town :
And I, as being their host, receiving both
In my own house, learn'd well the natural bent
And arts acquired of either. When the two
Together enter'd council, Atreus' Son,
The taller by the shoulders and the head,
Standing outtopp'd the other : when both sate,
Odysseus had the greater dignity.
And, in the weaving of the web of speech,
Swiftly but clearly, brief, as sparing words,
Straight to his mark, tho' young, the younger spoke ;
But, when Odysseus sprang upright to speak,
He first would pause awhile, fixing his eyes
Fast to the earth, nor raise nor wave his staff
To signal aught, but hold it straight and stiff—
Half senseless, or some peasant churl, he seem'd.
It was but for a moment ; when he pour'd
His deep bass voice from out his chest, and words
Fell fast as snow along a winter's wind,
We knew Odysseus peerless in debate ;
That day we dwelt no more upon his form."

Anon the King saw Ajax, and he ask'd :
"And who is yon Achaian, tall and strong,
Outtopping all by head and shoulders broad ?"

And Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus :
"A very bulwark to Achaia's host,

Ἴδομενεὺς δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐνὶ Κρήτεσσι θεὸς ὧς
 230 ἔσθηκε, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν Κρητῶν ἀγοὶ ἡγερέθονται.
 πολλάκι μιν ξείνισσεν ἀρηϊφίλος Μενέλαος
 οἴκῳ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ, ὅποτε Κρήτηθεν ἵκοιτο.
 νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὁρῶ ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 οὓς κεν ἐν γυνόην καὶ τ' οὔνομα μυθησαίμην·
 δοιῶ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,
 Καστορά θ' ἱππόδαμον καὶ πύξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,
 αὐτοκασιγνήτω, τῷ μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ.
 ἢ οὐχ ἔσπέσθην Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἑρατεινῆς,
 ἢ δεύρω μὲν ἔποντο νέεσσ' ἐνὶ ποντοπόροισιν,
 240 νῦν αὖτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
 αἴσχεα δειδιότες καὶ ὀνειδέα πόλλ', ἃ μοί ἐστιν."

Ὡς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
 ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὐθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

Κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ θεῶν φέρον ὄρκια πιστὰ,
 ἄρνε δῶα καὶ οἶνον εὐφρονα, καρπὸν ἀρούρης,
 ἄσκῳ ἐν αἰγείῳ· φέρε δὲ κρητῆρα φαεινὸν
 κῆρυξ Ἰδαίος ἥδ' ἐ χρύσεια κύπελλα·
 ὥτρυνεν δὲ γέροντα παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν·

“Ὅρσεο, Λαομεδοντιάδῃ, καλέουσιν ἄριστοι
 250 Τρώων θ' ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
 ἐς πεδίον καταβῆναι, ἵν' ὄρκια πιστὰ τάμητε·
 αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηϊφίλος Μενέλαος
 μακρῆς ἐγχεΐησι μαχήσονται ἀμφὶ γυναικί·
 τῷ δέ κε νικήσαντι γυνὴ καὶ κτήμαθ' ἔποιτο·
 οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες
 ναίοιμεν Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοὶ δὲ νέονται
 Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα.”

Ὡς φάτο, ῥίγησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, ἐκέλευσε δ' ἐταίροις
 ἵππους ζευγνύμεναι· τοὶ δ' ὀτραλέως ἐπίθοντο.
 260 ἂν δ' ἄρ' ἔβη Πρίαμος, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τεῖνεν ὀπίσσω·

Great Ajax : on whose farther side I see
Idomeneus amongst his Cretans stand
Godlike, and round him all the Cretan chiefs.
Him oft would Menelaus to our home
Make welcome, whenso'er he came from Crete.
Alas, so many bright-eyed chiefs I view,
Whom I know well, and well might name to thee ;
But two not less of mark, I nowhere view,
Castor a matchless champion on his car,
And Polydeuces, peerless in the ring,
My brothers—yea, one mother bare us all.
Perchance they have not follow'd o'er the sea
From lovely Lacedæmon ; or, albeit
Their swift sea-voyaging barks have brought them here,
They shrink from showing on the battle-field,
Of me and all the deep dishonour shamed ! ”

She spake, not knowing ; Earth, life-gendering Earth,
Held them long-since in Lacedæmon laid,
Ev'n in their own dear country, far away.

Meantime two heralds through the streets had brought
The lambs, the offering of their pledge to heaven ;
And wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,
Earth's richest juice, in goatskin held they bore ;
Also Idæus bare a polish'd bowl
With golden goblets ; and beside the King
Standing address'd him thus with winged words :

“ Rise, Priam, son of great Laomedon !
For either's chieftains call thee to the plain
To strike the sacred pledges of their truce.
Then Paris hand to hand 'gainst Atreus' Son
Will fight with sharp-tipp'd lances for their wife.
Who conquers, his the wife and all her wealth ;
But we the rest in everlasting peace
Dwell then in fruitful Troy ; whilst they return
To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,
And the famed women of Achaia's land.”

He spoke ; and Priam shudder'd for his son ;
But bade his steeds be yoked ('twas soon obey'd),
Then mounted, gathering to the car the reins :

πὰρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.
τῷ δὲ διὰ Σκαιῶν πεδίουδ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἴκοντο μετὰ Τρώας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,
ἔξ ἵππων ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν
ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχόωντο.
ῶρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς πολύμητις· ἀτὰρ κήρυκες ἀγαυοὶ
ὄρκια πιστὰ θεῶν σύναγον, κρητῆρι δὲ οἶνον
μίσγον, ἀτὰρ βασιλεῦσιν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχευαν. 270
Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χεῖρεσσι μάχαιραν,
ἧ οἱ πὰρ ξίφεος μέγα κουλεὸν αἰὲν ἄωρτο,
ἀρνῶν ἐκ κεφαλῶν τάμνε τρίχας· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
κήρυκες Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν νεῖμαν ἀρίστοις.
τοῖσιν δ' Ἀτρεΐδης μεγάλ' εὐχέτο, χεῖρας ἀνασχών·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἰδὼθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,
Ἥελιός θ', ὃς πάντ' ἐφορᾷς καὶ πάντ' ἐπακούεις,
καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οὐ ὑπένερθε καμόντας
ἀνθρώπους τίνυσθον, ὅτις κ' ἐπιόρκον ὁμόςσῃ,
ὑμεῖς μάρτυροι ἔστε, φυλάσσετε δ' ὄρκια πιστά· 280
εἰ μὲν κεν Μενέλαον Ἀλέξανδρος καταπέφνη,
αὐτὸς ἔπειθ' Ἑλένην ἐχέτω καὶ κτήματα πάντα,
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν νῆεσσι νεώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν·
εἰ δέ κ' Ἀλέξανδρον κτείνῃ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
Τρώας ἔπειθ' Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματα πάντ' ἀποδοῦναι,
τιμὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ἀποτινέμεν ἦντιν' ἔοικεν,
ἧτε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέληται.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἐμοὶ τιμὴν Πρίαμος Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες
τίνειν οὐκ ἐθέλωσιν Ἀλεξάνδριοι πεσόντος,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα ποινῆς 290
αὐθι μένων, εἵως κε τέλος πολέμοιο κιχέω.”

Ἦ καὶ ἀπὸ στομάχους ἀρνῶν τάμε νηλέϊ χαλκῷ·
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀσπαίροντας,
θυμοὶ δευομένους· ἀπὸ γὰρ μένος εἴλετο χαλκός.
οἶνον δ' ἐκ κρητῆρος ἀφυσσάμενοι δεπάεσσιν
ἔκχεον, ἡδ' εὐχοντο θεοῖς αἰειγενέτησιν·
ὦδε δέ τις εἵπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε·

“Ζεῦ κύδιστε μέγιστε, καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,

With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,
And forth together to the plain they drave.

Ere long they gain'd the hosts, and, off the car
Dismounting, up the lane betwixt them moved ;
Whom Agamemnon seeing, rose to greet ;
And with him sage Odysseus likewise rose.
The while the noble heralds nearer brought
The sacred pledges of their oath to heaven,
And in the bowl mix'd wine, and water pour'd
On the King's hands ; whilst Atreus' Son drew forth
The knife, that by the scabbard of his sword
Hung ever, and shore off the first-fruit hairs
From the lambs' heads ; and these the heralds took
And gave to all the chieftains, part to each :
Then loud with outspread hands Atrides cried :

“ O Thou, who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious ! And to thee I cry,
O Sun, who seest all things, hearest all,
And ye, O Rivers, Earth, and who below
Wreak the fell vengeance of an oath forsworn,
Bear witness all, and guard this sacred vow !
If Menelaus falls by Paris' hand,
Be Helen left to Paris with her wealth ;
But, if by Menelaus Paris fall,
Restored be Helen and her wealth by Troy,
And such atonement to our host withal,
As may be bruited in far times to come.
But if Dardanian Priam or his sons
Withhold the atonement on their champion's fall,
I swear in endless battle for that price
To keep me, till I gain the goal of war.”

He spoke ; and through the lambs' throats pass'd the steel
Ruthless, and laid them quivering on the earth,
Gasping their last ; the knife had ta'en their lives.
Chief after chief in goblets from the bowl
Then drew the wine, and pour'd libation forth,
With prayer perchance thus utter'd to the Gods ;

“ Hear us, O Thou most glorious, Zeus supreme,
Hear us, all Powers of Heaven ! What man soe'er

ὁππότεροι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὄρκια πημήνεια,
ὧδέ σφ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥέοι ὥς ὄδε οἶνος, 300
αὐτῶν καὶ τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ' ἄλλοισι δαμεῖεν."

Ὡς ἔφαν, οὐδ' ἄρα πῶ σφιν ἐπεκράλαινε Κρονίων.
τοῖσι δὲ Δαρδανίδης Πριάμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν ·

“ Κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί·
ἦτοι ἐγὼν εἼμι προτὲ Ἴλιον ἡνεμόεσσαν
ἄψ, ἐπεὶ οὐπὼ τλήσομ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρᾶσθαι
μαρνάμενον φίλον υἱὸν ἀρηιφίλῳ Μενελάῳ ·
Ζεὺς μὲν που τόγχε οἶδε καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ὁπποτέρῳ θανάτοιο τέλος πεπρωμένον ἐστίν."

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἐς δίφρον ἄρνας θέτο ἰσόθεος φῶς, 310
ἂν δ' ἄρ' ἔβαιν' αὐτὸς, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τείνεν ὀπίσσω·
πὰρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.
τῷ μὲν ἄρ' ἄψορροι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο·
Ἐκτωρ δὲ Πριάμοιο παῖς καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
χώρον μὲν πρῶτον διεμέτρεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
κλήρους ἐν κυνέῃ χαλκῆρεϊ πάλλον ἐλόντες,
ὁππότερος δὴ πρόσθεν ἀφείη χάλκεον ἔγχοις.
λαοὶ δ' ἡρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον·
ὧδε δέ τις εἵπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε·

“ Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἰδοθην μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε, 320
ὁππότερος τάδε ἔργα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκεν,
τὸν δὸς ἀποφθίμενον δύναι δόμον Ἀΐδος εἶσω,
ἡμῖν δ' αὖ φιλότητα καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ γενέσθαι."

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ
ἄψ ὀρόων· Πάριος δὲ θοῶς ἐκ κλήρος ὄρουσεν.
οἱ μὲν ἔπειθ' ἵζοντο κατὰ στίχας, ἥχι ἐκάστῳ
ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες καὶ ποικίλα τεύχε' ἔκειτο·
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἁμφ' ὥμοισιν ἐδύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ
δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠυκόμοιο.
κνημίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκεν 330
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν

First doth the other wrong against this oath,
Be his heart's blood forth-spatter'd on the earth,
His and his children's blood like this wine shed,
And be his wife a prey to unknown men !”

Not yet would great Kroneion grant their prayer.

But Dardan Priam then address'd them thus :
“ Trojans, and ye, Achaia's mailèd men !
Hear me ; I would to windswept Ilion back.
Not mine the heart to see before mine eyes
My son with Menelaus singly match'd.
Zeus knows, the Immortal Powers only know
To whom the doom is of a destined death.”

The godlike hero ceased, and to his car
Bade lift the bodies of the slaughter'd lambs ;
Then mounted, gathering to the seat the reins ;
With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,
And back the twain together drave to Troy.

Odysseus then with Hector Priam's son
Measured the lists, and in a brazen helm
Shook lots, who first should launch his pointed spear :
While all the people lifted high their hands
In supplication utter'd to the Gods :

“ O Thou who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious ! Whoso of these twain
First wrought the deed that caused the other's wrong,
Let him now perish into Hades' gloom,
Whilst we thereafter swear eternal peace.”

They thus ; the hero of the glancing helm
Great Hector shook the lots, and turn'd his eyes
Aloof : the lot of Paris leapt to light.
Then all sate down in rank, where each had stay'd
His prancing steeds or laid enamell'd arms ;
While godlike Paris, golden Helen's lord,
'Gan don about his shoulders shining mail.

And first the greaves about his legs he girt
Beauteous, with silver anklets bound below ;
And round his chest his brother's corslet braced,

οἷο κασιγνήτοιο Λυκάονος· ἤρμοσε δ' αὐτῷ.
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὅμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
 χάλκεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε·
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὖτυκτον ἔθηκεν,
 ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.
 εἶλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ὃ οἱ παλάμῃφιν ἀρήρει.
 ὥς δ' αὐτως Μενέλαος Ἀρήϊος ἔντε' ἔδυνεν.

Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἐκάτερθεν ὀμίλου θωρήχθησαν, 340
 ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχόμενοι
 δεινὸν δερκόμενοι· θάμβος δ' ἔχεν εἰσορόοντας
 Τρώας θ' ἵπποδάμους καὶ ἑυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.
 καὶ ῥ' ἐγγὺς στήτην διαμετρητῷ ἐνὶ χώρῳ
 σείοντ' ἐγχείας, ἀλλήλοισιν κοτέοντε.
 πρόσθε δ' Ἀλέξανδρος προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
 καὶ βάλεν Ἀτρεΐδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἵσῃν,
 οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκὸν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δὲ οἱ αἰχμὴ
 ἀσπίδ' ἐνὶ κρατερῇ. ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ὠρνυτο χαλκῷ
 Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος, ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρί· 350

“Ζεῦ ἄνα, δὸς τίσασθαι ὃ με πρότερος κάκ' ἔοργεν,
 δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον, καὶ ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δάμασσον,
 ὅφρα τις ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὀψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων
 ξεινοδόκον κακὰ ῥέξαι, ὃ κεν φιλότητα παράσχη.”

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
 καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἵσῃν.
 διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαιειῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
 καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαίδαλου ἠρήρειστο·
 ἀντικρὺ δὲ παρὰ λαπάρην διάμησε χιτῶνα
 ἔγχος· ὁ δ' ἐκλίνθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν. 360
 Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
 πληξεν ἀνασχόμενος κόρυθος φάλον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
 τριχθὰ τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διατρυφὲν ἔκπεσε χειρός.
 Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ὤμωξεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὗτις σείο θεῶν ὀλωότερος ἄλλος·
 ἦ τ' ἐφάμην τίσεσθαι Ἀλέξανδρον κακότητος·
 νῦν δέ μοι ἐν χεῖρεσσιν ἄγη ξίφος, ἐκ δέ μοι ἔγχος
 ἠέχθη παλάμῃφιν ἐτώσιον, οὐδ' ἔβαλόν μιν.”

Lycaon's, but it clasp'd him like his own ;
By baldric from his shoulder next he slung
The silver-studded hilt and brazen blade ;
A large strong buckler in like manner slung ;
But set a helm above his stately head,
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
And tighten'd round a beamy spear his grasp.

And gallant Menelaus donn'd like arms.

Shortway beyond the throng they girt their mail,
Then enter'd both the space betwixt the hosts
Each eyeing fierce the other ; and amaze
Seized all who saw. Within the measured lists
Each wroth with each they stood and aim'd their spears ;
First Alexander threw his shadowing lance
And struck Atrides full on the orbèd shield
Yet brake not through ; for in the buckler's plates
The point was backward bent. Thereon, in turn,
Uprose great Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Aiming his spear, and call'd on Father Zeus :

“Grant me that now on Alexander's head
I visit with this vengeance the foul deed
He did me, and o'erthrow him by my arm,
That latest generations shrink appall'd
From crime disloyal to a generous host.”

He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear
And struck the orbèd shield of Priam's Son :
Strong through the gleaming buckler pass'd the lance,
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven
Pierced ev'n the under-tunic by his hip ;
Yet, sideway writhing, he escaped the death.
Then Atreus' Son, with silver-hilted sword
Unsheath'd and high uplifted, smote his crest ;
Yet on the helmet splinter'd dropt the blade :
Whereat he raised his eyes, and groan'd forth this :

“O most of Gods injurious ! Father Zeus !
On Paris I had thought to avenge his sin ;
But, lo, the sword is broken in my hand,
And vainly without smiting sped the spear.”

ἦ, καὶ ἐπαίξας κόρυθος λάβεν ἵπποδασειῆς,
 ἔλκε δ' ἐπιστρέψας μετ' εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς· 370
 ἄγχε δέ μιν πολύκεστος ἱμᾶς ἀπαλὴν ὑπὸ δειρῆν,
 ὅς οἱ ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνος ὄχευς τέτατο τρυφαλείης.
 καὶ νύ κεν εἵρυσσέν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἦρατο κῦδος,
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὄξυ νόησε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
 ἣ οἱ ῥῆξεν ἱμάντα βοὸς Ἴφι κταμένοιο·
 κεινὴ δὲ τρυφάλεια ἅμ' ἔσπετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.
 τὴν μὲν ἔπειθ' ἦρως μετ' εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς
 ῥίψ' ἐπιδιυνήσας, κόμισαν δ' ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ ἄψ' ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων
 ἔγχρῃ γαλκείῳ· τὸν δ' ἐξήρπαξ' Ἀφροδίτη 380
 ῥεῖα μάλ' ὥστε θεὸς, ἐκάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἠέρι πολλῇ,
 καδ δ' εἶσ' ἐν θαλάμῳ εὐώδεϊ κηῶεντι.
 αὐτὴ δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένην καλέουσ' ἔε· τὴν δ' ἐκίχανεν
 πύργῳ ἐφ' ὑψηλῷ, περὶ δὲ Τρωαὶ ἄλις ἦσαν.
 χρεὶ δὲ νεκταρέου ἑανοῦ ἐτίναξε λαβοῦσα,
 γρη῏ δέ μιν εἰκυῖα παλαιγενεῖ προσέειπεν,
 εἰροκόμῳ, ἣ οἱ Λακεδαίμονι ναιεταώσῃ
 ἥσκειν εἷρια καλὰ, μάλιστα δέ μιν φιλέεσκεν·
 τῇ μιν ἐισαμένη προσεφώνεε δι' Ἀφροδίτη·

“Δεῦρ' ἴθ'· Ἀλέξανδρός σε καλεῖ οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι. 390
 κείνος ὄγ' ἐν θαλάμῳ καὶ δινωτοῖσι λέχεσσιν,
 κάλλεε τε στίλβων καὶ εἵμασιν· οὐδέ κε φαίης
 ἀνδρὶ μαχησάμενον τόνγ' ἔλθειν, ἀλλὰ χορόνδε
 ἔρχεσθ', ἣ ἐ χοροῖο νέον λήγοντα καθίζειν.”

Ὡς φάτο τῇ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄριεν·
 καὶ ῥ' ὥς νῦν ἐνόησε θεᾶς περικαλλέα δειρῆν
 στήθεα θ' ἡμερόεντα καὶ ὄμματα μαρμαίροντα,
 θάμβησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Δαιμονίη, τί με ταῦτα λιλαίειαι ἡπεροπεύειν;
 ἦ πῇ με προτέρω πολίων εὐναιομενῶν

He spoke, but sprang upon his foe, and gripp'd
His plummy helm, and tow'rd the Achaian side
Dragg'd him perforce : under the tender throat
The broider'd brace, the fastening of the helm
Tight-strain'd below his chin, 'gan choke the breath ;
Yea, he had dragg'd him off, and gain'd a fame
Unbounded, had not Aphrodite seen
Their plight, and snapp'd the leathern brace, though tann'd
From the tough sinews of a slaughter'd ox :
And empty went the helmet in his grasp.
The which the hero whirling o'er his head
Cast to the Achaians, and his loyal friends
Bare off the trophy ; yet himself sprang back
Seeking his foe, and held a second spear.
But of her might divine and with all ease
Had Aphrodite caught her Paris up,
Folded him in thick mist, and set him far
In the warm fragrant chamber of his home.

Herself then went to call fair Helen to him ;
And found her still upon the lofty tower
With women gather'd round her ; by the skirt
Of her long fragrant robe she touch'd and pull'd ;
And spake, in likeness of that aged dame
Who comb'd her wool for weaving, and had oft
Of old in Sparta to her hands prepared
Fair fleeces, and aye loved her as her child ;
In image like to her the Goddess spake :

“Follow ; for Paris calls thee to his side.
There in his chamber on the carven couch
Glistening in beauty and attire he lies ;
Nor couldst thou deem him from a mortal fray
Hardly return'd, but rather issuing forth
To dance, or resting in the pause of dance.”

She spoke, and strong in Helen moved the wrath.
But when she knew the Goddess, by the neck
Transcendent seen, and by the glowing eyes,
And by the ambrosial bosom—all in awe,
She yet made answer free, and spake, and said :

“What pleasure, Goddess, to beguile me thus?
Hast thou some second minion dear elsewhere

ἄξεις ἢ Φρυγίης, ἢ Μηρονίης ἐρατεινῆς,
 εἴ τίς τοι καὶ κείθι φίλος μερόπων ἀνθρώπων;
 οὐνεκα δὴ νῦν δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος
 νικήσας ἐθέλει στυγερὴν ἐμὲ οἴκαδ' ἄγασθαι,
 τοῦνεκα δὴ νῦν δεῦρο δολοφρονέουσα παρέστης;
 ἦσο παρ' αὐτὸν ἰούσα, θεῶν δ' ἀπόεικε κελεύθου,
 μῆδ' ἔτι σοῖσι πόδεσσιν ὑποστρέψειας Ὀλυμπον,
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ περὶ κεῖνον οἷζυε καὶ ἐφύλασσε,
 εἰσόκε σ' ἢ ἄλοχον ποιήσεται, ἢ ὄγε δούλην.
 κεῖσε δ' ἐγὼν οὐκ εἰμι—νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη—
 κείνου πορσυνέουσα λέχος· Τρωαὶ δέ μ' ὀπίσσω
 πᾶσαι μωμήσονται· ἔχω δ' ἄχρ' ἄκριτα θυμῷ.”

410

Τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσεφώνεε δι' Ἀφροδίτη·
 “μή μ' ἔρεθε, σχετλίη, μὴ χωσαμένη σε μεθείω,
 τῶς δέ σ' ἀπεχθήρῳ ὥς νῦν ἔκπαγλ' ἐφίλησα,
 μέσσω δ' ἀμφοτέρων μητίσομαι ἔχθεα λυγρὰ,
 Τρώων καὶ Δαναῶν, σὺ δέ κεν κακὸν οἶτον ὄλῃαι.”

ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' Ἑλένη, Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα,
 βῆ δὲ κατασχομένη ἐανῶ ἀργῇτι φαεινῷ,
 σιγῇ, πάσας δὲ Τρωὰς λάθην· ἦρχε δὲ δαίμων.

420

Αἱ δ' ὅτ' Ἀλεξάνδριοι δόμον περικαλλέ' ἵκοντο,
 ἀμφίπολοι μὲν ἔπειτα θοῶς ἐπὶ ἔργα τράποντο,
 ἢ δ' εἰς ὑψόροφον θάλαμον κίε διὰ γυναικῶν.
 τῇ δ' ἄρα δίφρου ἐλοῦσα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη,
 ἀντί' Ἀλεξάνδριοι θεὰ κατέθηκε φέρουσα·
 ἔνθα καθίζ' Ἑλένη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
 ὅσσε πάλιν κλίνασα, πόσιν δ' ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·

“Ἦλυθες ἐκ πολέμου· ὥς ὥφελες αὐτόθ' ὀλέσθαι,
 ἀνδρὶ δαμείς κρατερῷ, ὃς ἐμὸς πρότερος πόσις ἦεν.
 ἦ μὲν δὴ πρὶν γ' εὐχρ' ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου
 σῇ τε βίῃ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ἔγχρ' ἐφ' ἑρτερος εἶναι·
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν προκάλεσσαι ἀρηϊφίλον Μενελάου
 ἑξαυτίς μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον. ἀλλά σ' ἔγωγε

430

Into whose arms to cast me, in a town
Of Phrygia or Mæonia more remote ?
Or is it that Atreus' Son hath overcome
Paris, and now would take me back to home —
Receive me back, all loathsome though I be—
That therefore thou hast brought me this false tale ?
Nay, go there thou, cleave to his side, for him
Forsake the paths of heaven, and know no more
The pavement of Olympus' neath thy tread ;
But tend and weep upon him, till he deign
To make thee wife—or leman ! I go not ;
'Twere shame to me again to lie with him,
The mock of Trojan women till I die !
Ah me, my heart is breaking with these woes."

But Aphrodite all in wrath return'd :
"Thou fool ! Incense not me ; lest in mine ire
I leave thee, and, as erst hath been my love,
Such then my hate be tow'rd thee—passing-great.
'Twixt either host in common could I sow
Loathing of thee ; and terrible were thy death."

She spoke, and awed the lovely child of Zeus ;
Who with white glistening veil about her drawn
Pass'd on in silence where the Goddess led ;
Nor any Trojan woman knew them pass.

They enter'd Alexander's palace-home ;
The handmaids turn'd them busy to their tasks,
As she, the flower of women, went right through
Into the inner chamber lofty-roof'd :
There laughter-loving Aphrodite set
A seat, and placed her on it, face to face
With Alexander. So fair Helen sate,
Of mighty Zeus the daughter, yet with eyes
Averted, and upbraided thus her lord :

"Return'd from battle ! Aye, but would to Heaven
Thou hadst died rather by the strong right arm
Of him my other husband ! Oft wouldst boast
Thyself than Menelaus by thy mould
And might and fence the better : forth then, forth,
And give defiance to a second fight !

παύεσθαι κέλομαι, μηδὲ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ
ἀντίβιον πόλεμον πολεμίζειν ἢ δὲ μάχεσθαι
ἀφραδέως, μή πως τάχ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμήης."

Τὴν δὲ Πάρις μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·
"μή με, γύναι, χαλεποῖσιν ὄνειδεσι θυμὸν ἐνιπτε.
νῦν μὲν γὰρ Μενέλαος ἐνίκησεν σὺν Ἀθήνῃ,
κείνουν δ' αὖτις ἐγώ· παρὰ γὰρ θεοὶ εἰσι καὶ ἡμῖν. 440
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φιλότῃτι τραπέιομεν εὐνηθέντε·
οὐ γὰρ πώποτέ μ' ᾧδὲ γ' ἔρως φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,
οὐδ' ὅτε σε πρῶτον Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἑρατεινῆς
ἔπλεον ἀρπάξας ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσιν,
νῆσφ' δ' ἐν Κρανάῃ ἐμίγην φιλότῃτι καὶ εὐνῇ,
ὥς σεο νῦν ἔραμαι καὶ με γλυκὺς ἱμερος αἰρεῖ."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἦρχε λέχουσδε κιών· ἅμα δ' εἴπετ' ἄκοιτις.

Τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν τρητοῖσι κατεύνασθεν λεχέεσσιν,
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἀν' ὀμίλον ἐφοίτα θηρὶ ἐοικώς,
εἴ που ἐσαθρήσειεν Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα. 450
ἀλλ' οὔτις δύνατο Τρώων κλειτῶν τ' ἐπικούρων
δείξαι Ἀλέξανδρον τότ' ἀρηϊφίλῳ Μενελάῳ.
οὐ μὲν γὰρ φιλότῃτι γ' ἐκεύθανον, εἴ τις ἴδοιτο·
ἴσον γάρ σφιν πᾶσιν ἀπήχθετο κηρὶ μελαίνῃ.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἀναξ' ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

"Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἢ δ' ἐπίκουροι·
νίκη μὲν δὴ φαίνεται ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου·
ὑμεῖς δ' Ἀργεῖνν' Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ' ἅμ' αὐτῇ
ἔκδοτε, καὶ τιμὴν ἀποτινέμεν ἦντιν' ἔοικεν,
ἦτε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλλεται." 460

Ὡς ἔφατ' Ἀτρεΐδης, ἐπὶ δ' ἦνεον ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοί.

But I, who know thee, bid thee rather rest
Quiet from war, not reckless dare to meet
Atreus' fair Son in single combat more ;
Haply the second time he slays thee quite !"

To whom with gentle answer Paris thus :
" Provoke me not, my wife, with these hard words.
This while hath Menelaus won, by help
Of Pallas ; mine will be some future hour ;
Not all deserted is our cause of heaven.
But let us to dear dalliance of our love ;
For ne'er before hath such desire of thee
Inflamed my heart—not ev'n when sails I set
Bearing thee o'er the seas aboard my bark
From lovely Lacedæmon—no, nor when
I first in Cranæ's isle knew all thy charm—
As this delicious longing thrills me now !"

He spoke, and led the way, with whom she went ;
And, side by side, they laid them on the couch.

Meantime Atrides, fierce as some wild beast,
Roam'd to and fro, if haply he might find
The beauteous form of Paris in the throng ;
Whom none of Troy or of her famed Allies
Could to his foe discover ; not for love
Had any, who could see him, then conceal'd ;
They loath'd him, as they loath'd black Fate or Death.
And soon rose Agamemnon, king of men :

" Hear me, ye Dardans, Troy, and Troy's Allies !
Victory is manifest unto the arm
Of Menelaus ; therefore yield ye up
Argeian Helen and her wealth withal,
And likewise such atonement to our host
As shall be bruited in far times to come."

He spoke ; and all his army gave acclaim.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Δ΄.

Ὅρκίων σύγχυσις. Ἀγαμέμνωνος
ἐπιπώλησις.

Οἱ δὲ θεοὶ παρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἡγορόωντο
χρυσέῳ ἐν δαπέδῳ, μετὰ δὲ σφισι πότνια Ἥβη
νέκταρ ἐφονοχόει· τοὶ δὲ χρυσεοῖς δεπάεσσιν
δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους, Τρώων πόλιν εἰσορόωντες.
αὐτίκ' ἐπειράτο Κρονίδης ἐρεθιζέμεν Ἥρην
κερτομίῳ ἐπέεσσι, παραβλήδην ἀγορεύων·

“Δοιαὶ μὲν Μενελάῳ ἀρηγόνες εἰσὶ θεάων,
Ἥρῃ τ' Ἀργεῖῃ καὶ Ἀλαλκομενηῖς Ἀθήνῃ.
ἀλλ' ἦτοι ταὶ νόσφι καθήμεναι εἰσορόωσαι
τέρπεσθον· τῷ δ' αὖτε φίλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ
αἰεὶ παρμέμβλωκε καὶ αὐτοῦ κήρας ἀμύνει,
καὶ νῦν ἔξεσάωσεν ὀϊόμενον θανέεσθαι.
ἀλλ' ἦτοι νίκη μὲν ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου·
ἡμεῖς δὲ φραζώμεθ' ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
ἧ ῥ' αὖτις πόλεμόν τε κακὸν καὶ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν
ὄρσομεν, ἧ φιλότῃτα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι βάλωμεν.
εἰ δ' αὖ πως τόδε πᾶσι φίλον καὶ ἡδὺ γένοιτο,
ἦτοι μὲν οἰκέοιτο πόλιν Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος,
αὖτις δ' Ἀργεῖν Ἑλένην Μενέλαος ἄγοιτο.”

10

Ὡς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἥρῃ·
πλησῖαι αἶγ' ἦσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.
ἦτοι Ἀθηναίῃ ἀκέων ἦν οὐδέ τι εἶπεν,
σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρὶ, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἦρει·
Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα·

20

“Αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἄλιον θεῖναι πόνον ἧδ' ἀτέλεστον,

I L I A D I V.

THE Gods meantime upon their golden floor
Sate feasting, and maintain'd discourse with Zeus ;
Amongst whom stately Hebe moving gave
The nectar, and in golden goblets each
Pledged other, and all turn'd their eyes on Troy.
And Kronos' Son soon sought to kindle wrath
In Herè with sharp words and sidelong taunt :

“ Two are there, sworn to Menelaus' aid,
Two Goddesses, Argeian Herè one,
The other, Pallas, peerless in the fray :
Aloof, as joying in the sight, they sit ;
Whilst laughter-loving Aphrodite clings
Close to her Paris, guarding off his doom,
Yea, saves him at the very point of death.
Nathless the victory lies with Atreus' Son ;
Counsel me therefore what we now decree ;
Whether again we kindle to its height
This baleful strife, or reconcile the hosts.
Let then, if so it seemeth good to all,
If thus it please ye—let King Priam's walls
Stand as of old, and Menelaus take
Argeian Helen to his home once more.”

He spoke ; but Herè groan'd in spirit wroth
And with her Athenaiè, where they sate
Each by the other, brooding ill to Troy.
Athenè utter'd nought, but silent still
Sate, not the less indignant with her Sire,
And fierce the passion shook her : but not so
Herè ; she not contain'd her ire, but spake :

“ Most dread our Lord ! What falleth from thy lips ?
Hast thou the heart to make of no avail

ἰδρῶ θ' ὃν ἴδρωσα μόγῳ, καμέτην δέ μοι ἵπποι
 λαὸν ἀγειρούση, Πριάμῳ κακὰ τοιοῦτε παισίν.
 ἔρδ'· ἀτὰρ οὐ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς· 30
 "δαιμονίη, τί νύ σε Πρίαμος Πριάμοιο τέ παῖδες
 τόσσα κακὰ ῥέζουσιν, ὅτ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις
 Ἴλιου ἐξαλαπάξαι ἐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον;
 εἰ δὲ σύγ' εἰσελθοῦσα πύλας καὶ τείχεα μακρὰ
 ὤμῳ βεβρώθοις Πρίαμον Πριάμοιο τέ παῖδας
 ἄλλους τε Τρῶας, τότε κεν χόλον ἐξακέσαιο.
 ἔρξον ὅπως ἐθέλεις· μὴ τοῦτό γε νεῖκος ὀπίσσω
 σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ μέγ' ἔρισμα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι γένηται.
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν·
 ὁππότε κεν καὶ ἐγὼ μεμαῶς πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξαι 40
 τὴν ἐθέλω ὅθι τοι φίλοι ἄνδρες ἐγγεγάασιν,
 μήτι διατρίβειν τὸν ἐμὸν χόλον, ἀλλὰ μ' ἔῃσαι.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σοὶ δῶκα ἑκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ
 αἰ γὰρ ὑπ' ἡελίῳ τε καὶ οὐρανῷ ἀστερόεντι
 ναιετάουσι πόλῃες ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων,
 τῶν μοι πέρι κῆρι τιέσκετο Ἴλιος ἱρή
 καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐυμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο.
 οὐ γάρ μοι ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐίσης,
 λαιβῆς τε κνίσης τε· τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἡμεῖς."

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη· 50
 "ἦτοι ἐμοὶ τρεῖς μὲν πολὺν φίλταταί εἰσι πόλῃες,
 Ἄργος τε Σπάρτη τε καὶ εὐρυάγυια Μυκῆνη·
 τὰς διαπέρσαι, ὅτ' ἄν τοι ἀπέχθωνται περὶ κῆρι·
 τῶν οὐτοὶ ἐγὼ πρόσθ' ἴσταμαι οὐδὲ μεγαίρω.
 εἴπερ γὰρ φθονέω τε καὶ οὐκ εἰῶ διαπέρσαι,
 οὐκ ἀνύω φθονέουσ', ἐπειὴ πολὺν φέρτερός ἐσσι.
 ἀλλὰ χρὴ καὶ ἐμὸν θέμεναι πόνον οὐκ ἀτέλεστον·
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεὸς εἰμι, γένος δ' ἐμοὶ ἔνθεν ὅθεν σοὶ,

¹ This expression is strong, as are also those used in the following speech ; but the effect of the words used in the original is certainly not less jarring to

The toil, wherewith I sweated¹ to and fro,
The labour—yea, my chariot's steeds wax'd faint
With those my wanderings to collect this host
To work this woe on Priam and his sons?
So be it ; but no other God applauds."

In wrath return'd the Ruler of the clouds :
"And, prithee, what such wrong now do to thee
Priam, and Priam's children, that thou ragest
Pitiless to abolish Ilion's towers ?
Make then the breach thyself, and enter in,
Gorge on the flesh of Priam and his sons
And all his people ! Sate so thy spite !
Yet, as thou sayst, so be it ; lest this brawl
Wax to an endless feud betwixt us twain.
But hear and ponder wherewithal I cease ;
When I so will destruction to some town
Hereafter, though her folk to thee be dear,
Seek not to stay mine anger, leave me free ;
Ev'n as this while I yield to thee thy wish,
Of mine own will, but with a heart most sore ;
For that of all the cities built by men,
Under the sun, under the starry sky,
By me most honour'd in my heart is Troy,
Her King, and all the people of her King.
There never hath mine altar lack'd its due
Of incense, or the steam of victim's flesh ;
Daily all dues have we partaken thence."

And royal broadbrow'd Herè gave reply :
"Three cities most beloved by me on earth,
Sparta and Argos and Mycenæ stand ;
Destroy them, whenso'er thou hat'st like me :
I will not stir a foot nor grudge their fall.
Nor, though I grudged my bitterest or forbade
Their ruin, could I gain against thy might.
Yet to my labours also have regard ;
Who likewise am a Goddess, and whose birth
Is whence was thine ; and first, by either count,

our ears. It would be juster to Homer to remark how seldom any jars of such violence recur throughout the poem. With his anthropomorphic ideas of deity, they might have been expected to be far more frequent than they are.

καί με πρεσβυτάτην τέκετο Κρόνος ἀγκυλομήτης,
 ἀμφότερον, γενεῇ τε καὶ οὔνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις 60
 κέκλημαι, σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσεις.
 ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦθ' ὑποείξομεν ἀλλήλοισιν,
 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ, σὺ δ' ἐμοί· ἐπὶ δ' ἔψονται θεοὶ ἄλλοι
 ἀθάνατοι. σὺ δὲ θᾶσσον Ἀθηναίῃ ἐπιτεῖλαι
 ἐλθεῖν ἐς Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰνῆν,
 πειρᾶν δ' ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερκύδαντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 ἄρξωσι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι.”

ᾧς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθουσε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
 αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Αἶψα μάλ' ἐς στρατὸν ἐλθὲ μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,
 πειρᾶν δ' ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερκύδαντας Ἀχαιοὺς 71
 ἄρξωσι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι.”

ᾧς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε πάρος μεμανῖαν Ἀθήνην,
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρῆνων ἀίξασα.
 οἶον δ' ἀστέρα ἦκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω,
 ἣ ναύτησι τέρας ἦε στρατῷ εὐρέι λαῶν,
 λαμπρόν· τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ ἀπὸ σπιωθῆρες ἴενται·
 τῷ εἰκυῖ ἦϊξεν ἐπὶ χθόνα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
 καδ' δ' ἔθορ' ἐς μέσσον· θάμβος δ' ἔχεν εἰσορόωντας
 Τρῶάς θ' ἵπποδάμους καὶ ἑκκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς. 80
 ὧδε δέ τις εἵπεςκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

“ Ἡ ῥ' αὖτις πόλεμός τε κακὸς καὶ φύλοπις αἰνῆ
 ἔσσεται, ἣ φιλότητα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι τίθησιν
 Ζεὺς, ὅστ' ἀνθρώπων ταμῆς πολέμοιο τέτυκται.

ᾧς ἄρα τις εἵπεςκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε.
 ἣ δ' ἀνδρὶ ἱκέλη Τρώων κατεδύσεθ' ὄμιλον,
 Λαοδόκῳ Ἀντηνορίδῃ, κρατερῷ αἰχμητῇ,
 Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεον διζυμένῃ, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
 εὖρε Λυκάονος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε
 ἐσταότ'· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κρατερὰὶ στίχες ἀσπιστᾶων 90
 λαῶν, οἳ οἱ ἔποντο ἀπ' Αἰσῆποιο ῥοάων.

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Ἡ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο, Λυκάονος υἱὲ δαΐφρον·
 τλαίης κεν Μενελάῳ ἐπιπροέμεν ταχὺν ἰὸν,
 πᾶσι δέ κε Τρῳέεσσι χάριν καὶ κῦδος ἄροιο,
 ἐκ πάντων δὲ μάλιστα Ἀλεξάνδρῳ βασιλῆϊ.

Kronos begat me, eldest by my birth,
And highest, as being thy spouse, and thou art King.
So each to either we will somewhat yield,
And all the Gods will follow as we guide.
Bestir thee then to send Athenè forth
Into these armies in their dread array,
There to devise how best may Troy assail
The Achaians in their now o'erweening mood,
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."

The Father of Immortals and of men
Hearken'd, and straight address'd Athenè thus :

"Depart, and haste thee down to either host,
There to devise, how best should Troy assail
The Achaians in their now o'erweening mood,
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."

He spoke, and kindled in Athenè's breast
A wrath, erst flaming high, to higher flame ;
Down from Olympus' heights she sprang, and seem'd
Some flaming meteor, sent by Zeus, a sign
To seamen, or to army wide outspread,
Long, bright, and many sparkles stream therefrom ;
Such show'd Athenè, springing thence to earth,
Into their midst : and who beheld were all
Smit with amazement, charioteers of Troy,
And mail'd Achaians likewise ; each would look
Astonied in his neighbour's eyes, and say :

"Be sure, that either all the war accursed
Begins anew, or haply Zeus, who holds
The battle in his hands, now grants us peace."

Thus, each to other, men in either host.

But in the guise of brave Laodicus,
Antenor's son, she moved, and wander'd through
The Trojan camp, seeking a noble wight,
If haply she might find him, Pandarus.
She found him, great Lycaon's blameless son,
Standing amidst the strong shield-bearing band,
His brave companions from Æsepus' streams ;
Near to his side she came, and spake, and said :

"Brave offspring of Lycaon's noble house !

τοῦ κεν δὴ πάμπρωτα πᾶρ' ἀγλαὰ δῶρα φέροιο,
 αἶ κεν ἴδῃ Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον Ἀτρέος υἱὸν
 σφ' βέλει δμηθέντα, πυρῆς ἐπιβάντ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' οἷστευσον Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο,
 εὖχεο δ' Ἀπόλλωνι Λυκηγενεῖ κλυτοτόξῳ
 ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην
 οἴκαδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς εἰς ἄστυ Ζελεΐης."

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ὦς φάτι' Ἀθηναίη, τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πείθην·
 αὐτίκ' ἐσύλα τόξον ἐύξοον ἱξάλου αἰγὸς
 ἀγρίου, ὃν ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς ὑπὸ στέρνοιο τυχήσας
 πέτρης ἐκβαίνοντα, δεδεγμένος ἐν προδοκῇσιν,
 βεβλήκει πρὸς στήθος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἔμπεσε πέτρη.
 τοῦ κέρα ἐκ κεφαλῆς ἐκκαϊδεκάδωρα πεφύκει·
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀσκήσας κεραοξόος ἦραρε τέκτων,
 πᾶν δ' εὖ λειήνας χρυσέην ἐπέθηκε κορώνην.
 καὶ τὸ μὲν εὖ κατέθηκε τανυσσάμενος, ποτὶ γαίῃ
 ἀγκλίνας· πρόσθεν δὲ σάκεα σχέθον ἐσθλοὶ ἑταῖροι,
 μὴ πρὶν ἀναΐξειαν Ἀρήϊοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν,
 πρὶν βλῆσθαι Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον Ἀτρέος υἱόν.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ σύλα πῶμα φαρέτρης, ἐκ δ' ἔλετ' ἰὸν
 ἀβλήτα πτερόεντα, μελαινέων ἔρμ' ὀδυνάων·
 αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ κατεκόσμει πικρὸν διστὸν,
 εὖχετο δ' Ἀπόλλωνι Λυκηγενεῖ κλυτοτόξῳ
 ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην
 οἴκαδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς εἰς ἄστυ Ζελεΐης.
 ἔλκε δ' ὁμοῦ γλυφίδας τε λαβὼν καὶ νεῦρα βόεια·
 νευρὴν μὲν μαζῶ πέλασεν, τόξῳ δὲ σίδηρον.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ κυκλοτερὲς μέγα τόξον ἔτεινεν,

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To aim an arrow swift at Atreus' Son ?
No Trojan, but would give thee thanks and praise ;
And of all Trojans Paris most, the prince .
Costly the guerdon first of all the host
From him wouldst thou receive, if e'er he saw
The dreaded son of Atreus, Menelas,
Quell'd by thy dart, and stretch'd upon his pyre.
At whom undaunted therefore take thine aim ;
Yet to Apollo first, the Child of Dawn
And most renownèd Archer, vow his due,
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs,
If home to sacred Zelia thou return."

She spake, and quite beguiled his foolish soul.

Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn
Of that wild bounding ibex, pierced one day,
From where he couch'd in ambush, as it stepp'd
Down from a rock, sheer through the very heart,
So that it fell back on the selfsame rock :
By measure sixteen hands the horn upgrew ;
The which a cunning craftsman deftly pared,
And polish'd all its length, and tipp'd with gold.
This now he strung, and with all care laid down
Flat on the earth, while still his followers held
Their shields a screen before him, lest perchance
Some of Achaia should descry and spring
Upon him, ere their chieftain could be struck.
Next off his quiver he upraised the lid
And took therefrom an arrow, fresh, and fledged
To drive black anguish deep. This bitter shaft
He fitted with quick finger to the string ;
Nor then forgot to make the vow prescribed
Unto Apollo, Child of Dawn divine,
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs,
If home to sacred Zelia he return'd.
The arrow's lips and leathern strings he held
Together, and so drew them ; to his breast
He drew the string, and to the bow the barb ;
Round to a circle curved the giant bow ;
It twang'd, and long the tense string murmur'd on ;

λίγξε βιός, νευρή δὲ μέγ' ἴαχεν, ἄλτο δ' οἷστος
ὄξυβελῆς, καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων.

Οὐδὲ σέθεν, Μενέλαε, θεοὶ μάκαρες λελάθοντο
ἀθάνατοι, πρώτη δὲ Διὸς θυγάτηρ ἀγελεΐη,
ἥ τοι πρόσθε στᾶσα βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἄμυνεν.
ἥ δὲ τόσον μὲν ἔεργεν ἀπὸ χροὸς, ὥς ὅτε μήτηρ 130
παιδὸς ἐέργη μυῖαν, ὅθ' ἡδέϊ λέξεται ὑπνῳ·
αὕτη δ' αὖτ' ἵθυνεν ὅθι ζωστήρος ὀχῆες
χρύσειοι σύνεχον καὶ διπλόος ἦντετο θώρηξ.
ἐν δ' ἔπεσε ζωστήρι ἀρηρότι πικρὸς οἷστος·
διὰ μὲν ἄρ' ζωστήρος ἐλήλατο δαιδαλέοιο,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἡρήρειστο
μίτρης θ', ἣν ἐφόρει ἔρυμα χροὸς, ἔρκος ἀκόντων,
ἣ οἱ πλείστον ἔρυτο· διαπρὸ δὲ εἴσατο καὶ τῆς.
ἀκρότατον δ' ἄρ' οἷστος ἐπέγραψε χροά φωτίς·
αὐτίκα δ' ἔρῳρεν αἷμα κελαινεφὲς ἐξ ὠτειλῆς. 140

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνὴ φοίνικι μίῃνῃ
Μηρονὶς ἢ Κάειρα, παρήϊον ἔμμεναι ἵππων·
κεῖται δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ, πολέες τέ μιν ἡρήσαντο
ἵππηες φορέειν· βασιλῆι δὲ κεῖται ἀγαλμα,
ἀμφοτέρων, κόσμος θ' ἵππῳ ἐλατηρί τε κῦδος·
τοιοῖ τοι, Μενέλαε, μίανθην αἵματι μηροὶ
εὐφύες κνήμαί τ' ἠδὲ σφυρὰ κάλ' ὑπένερθεν.

Ῥίγησεν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὥς εἶδεν μέλαν αἷμα καταρρέον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς·
ρίγησεν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος. 150
ὥς δὲ ἴδεν νεῦρόν τε καὶ ὄγκους ἐκτὸς ἐόντας,
ἄψορρόν οἱ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀγέρθη.
τοῖς δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
χειρὸς ἔχων Μενέλαον· ἐπεστενάχοντο δ' ἑταῖροι·

“Φίλε κασίγνητε, θανάτῳ νύ τοι ὄρκι ἔταμνον,
οἶον προστήσας πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν Τρῳσὶ μάχεσθαι.

But springing through the crowd the arrow went,
Keen-darted, thirsting to the taste of blood.

But not unmindful then the blissful Gods
Of thee, great Menelaus! In thy front
First She, Zeus-born, the Spoiler of the slain,
Athenè, stood, and half repell'd the dart ;
She brush'd it from his form, as from her child
Lapp'd in sweet sleep a mother might a fly ;
And guided it to where the golden clasps
Met on his belt, and down in double fold
The corslet reach'd : the bitter arrow dropt
Full on the close-drawn broider'd belt, and pass'd
Onward, and through the corselet's richwrought mail,
And through the under doublet, that he bare
Next to his body, and his inmost guard—
Ev'n this it pierced, and prick'd the skin beneath ;
So that black blood gush'd clouding from the wound.
Then like some piece of ivory, deep-distain'd
By a Mæonian or a Carian maid
With purple, for a steed's caparison ;
Soon in a treasure-chamber stored it lies ;
And, though to gain it many a man hath long'd,
Still it lies there, the glory of a king,
The chariot's jewel, and the driver's pride :
Ev'n such, O Menelaus, blood-distain'd
Show'd thy white thighs, thy greaves, and shapely feet.

But when the King his brother saw blood flow
Black from the wound, a shudder shook his frame ;
Brave Menelas himself had fear at first ;
But, marking soon the binding and the hooks
Of the sharp barb outside his armour still,
His heart collected in his breast return'd.
Whose hand King Agamemnon nathless caught,
And deeply groaning spake amongst the host
(Whose followers render'd back the groan around) :

“Ah! dear my brother! Vow'd I then thy death
Vowing this treaty, when I set thee forth
To fight alone with Troy for all our sakes?

ὥς σ' ἔβαλον Τρῶες, κατὰ δ' ὄρκια πιστὰ πάτησαν.
 οὐ μὲν πως ἄλιον πέλει ὄρκιον αἵμά τε ἄρνῶν
 σπονδαί τ' ἄκρητοι καὶ δεξιαί, ἧς ἐπέπιθμεν.
 εἴπερ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν, 160
 ἔκ τε καὶ ὄψ' ἐτελεῖ, σὺν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν,
 σὺν σφῆσιν κεφαλῇσι γυναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν.
 εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·
 ἔσσεται ἡμαρ ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
 καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο,
 Ζεὺς δέ σφι Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος, αἰθέρι ναίων,
 αὐτὸς ἐπισσεύησιν ἐρεμνὴν αἰγίδα πᾶσιν
 τῇσδ' ἀπάτης κοτέων. τὰ μὲν ἔσσεται οὐκ ἀτέλεστα·
 ἀλλὰ μοι αἰνὸν ἄχος σέθεν ἔσσεται, ὦ Μενέλαε,
 αἵ κε θάνῃς καὶ πότμον ἀναπλήσῃς βιότοιο. 170
 καὶ κεν ἐλέγχιστος πολυδίψιον Ἄργος ἰκοίμην·
 αὐτίκα γὰρ μνήσονται Ἀχαιοὶ πατρίδος αἷης·
 καὶ δέ κεν εὐχολὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρῳσὶ λίποιμεν
 Ἄργεῖν· Ἑλένην· σέο δ' ὅστέα πύσει ἄρουρα
 κειμένου ἐν Τροίῃ ἀτελευτήτῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ.
 καὶ κέ τις ὦδ' ἐρέει Τρώων ὑπερηνορέοντων
 τύμβῳ ἐπιθρώσκων Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
 'αἶθ' οὕτως ἐπὶ πᾶσι χόλον τελέσει' Ἀγαμέμνων,
 ὥς καὶ νῦν ἄλιον στρατὸν ἤγαγεν ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιῶν,
 καὶ δὴ ἔβη οἰκόνδε φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν 180
 σὺν κεινῇσιν νηυσὶ, λιπὼν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·
 ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών."

Τὸν δ' ἐπιθαρσύνων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
 "θάρσει, μηδέ τί πω δειδίσσῃς λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.

For, lo, how they have struck thee, of their oaths
 Regardless, trampling down their own pledged words!
 But not all vain those oaths, the lambs' blood shed,
 The offerings of pure wine, the clasp'd right-hands,
 Wherein we duly trusted: ev'n though Zeus
 Fulfilleth not their import all this day,
 Yet of a surety shall fulfilment come
 How late soever; and the price shall fall
 The heavier, ev'n their own lives, and the lives
 Of all their wives and children: yea, I speak
 That which I know, and hold it most assured,
 The day will come when Ilion's sacred towers,
 Their King, and all the people of their King,
 Shall perish utterly for evermore:
 When Zeus, enthroned in upper air supreme,
 Shall in his anger for this foul deceit
 Shake the dread Ægis and appal all eyes.
 These words shall not be let to pass away.
 But, if thou diest, if thou hast now fulfill'd,
 My brother, the short measure of thy life,
 Cruel were my sorrow, happier then than I
 The vilest of my subjects might return
 To drought-enduring Argos: since the host
 Would straight remind them of their fatherland;
 And we should leave to Priam and to Troy
 The boast of Argive Helen: but the earth
 Would rot thy bones, in this far land reposed,
 In Troy reposed, and all thy work undone!
 And on thy tomb some haughty Trojan then
 Might leap insultant, and outvent his vaunt:

'Ev'n in this wise may Agamemnon wreak

'His vengeance aye on others, as on us,

'What time he brought to Troy an idle host:

'Back to his fatherland with empty ships

'He hath sail'd home—but left his brother here!'

So might some man of Troy exulting boast;
 May the broad Earth have gaped to hold me first."

Whom to make cheer his brother answer'd thus:
 "Be cheer'd thyself, nor thus affright the host;

οὐκ ἐν καιρίῳ ὅξ' ὑπάρχει βέλους, ἀλλὰ πάροιθεν
εἰρύσατο ζωστήρ τε παναίολος ἥδ' ὑπένερθεν
ζῶμά τε καὶ μίτρη, τὴν χαλκῆες κάμον ἄνδρες.”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
“ αἶ γὰρ δὴ οὕτως εἶη, φίλος ὦ Μενέλαε·
ἔλκος δ' ἰητὴρ ἐπιμάσσεται ἥδ' ἐπιθήσει
φάρμαχ', ἃ κεν παύσῃσι μελαινάων ὀδυνάων.”

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Ἦ καὶ Ταλθύβιον, θεῖον κήρυκα, προσηύδα·
“ Ταλθύβι', ὅττι τάχιστα Μαχάονα δεῦρο κάλεσσον,
φῶτ' Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱόν, ἀμύμονος ἰητῆρος,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον ἀρχὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅν τις οἵστεύσας ἔβαλεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδώς,
Τρώων ἢ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος, ἄμμι δὲ πένθος.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κήρυξ ἀπῆλθεν ἀκούσας,
βῆ δ' ἵεναι κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
παπταίνων ἥρωα Μαχάονα. τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν
ἔσταότ'· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κρατερὰι στίχες ἀσπιστάων
λαῶν, οἳ οἱ ἔποντο Τρίκης ἐξ ἵπποβότοιο·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

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“Ὀρσ', Ἀσκληπιάδῃ, καλέει κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον ἀρχὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅν τις οἵστεύσας ἔβαλεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδώς,
Τρώων ἢ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος, ἄμμι δὲ πένθος.”

“Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ὄριεν·
βὰν δ' ἵεναι καθ' ὅμιλον ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
βλήμενος ἦν—περὶ δ' αὐτὸν ἀγηγέραθ' ὅσσοι ἄριστοι
κυκλός', ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσοισι παρίστατο ἰσόθεος φῶς—
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ ζωστήρος ἀρηρότος ἔλκεν οἷστον·
τοῦ δ' ἐξελκομένοιο πάλιν ἄγεν ὀξέες ὄγκοι.
λῦσε δέ οἱ ζωστήρα παναίολον ἥδ' ὑπένερθεν
ζῶμά τε καὶ μίτρη, τὴν χαλκῆες κάμον ἄνδρες.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἴδεν ἔλκος, ὅθ' ἔμπεσε πικρὸς οἷστος,

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No mortal part hath this sharp arrow reach'd :
The broider'd belt, and the mail'd corslet's edge
Beneath it, and the doublet, next my skin,
Boss'd with the armourer's brass, have saved my life."

To whom in answer Agamemnon thus :

" May it but be so, Brother most beloved !
The leech shall salve the sore, and lay thereon
Such drugs as shall beguile thee of black pains ! "

Then to the sacred herald turn'd, and said :

" Talthybius, summon with thine utmost haste
The sage physician, Æsculapius' son,
Machaon, straight to come and tend the wound
Of Menelaus our most noble chief ;
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy,
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced :
To him the glory, and to us the pain ! "

Nor him the herald hearing disobey'd,
But hasted through Achaia's mail-frock'd host
Peering for brave Machaon in the crowd.
He found him, midmost of the shielded ranks
From Trika's horse-abounding pasture-lands ;
And near approach'd, and spake these wingèd words :

" Arise and follow me, Asclepius' Son :

The King great Agamemnon calls thee hence
To Menelaus our most noble chief ;
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy,
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced :
To him the glory, and to us the pain ! "

He spoke, and strongly moved Machaon's heart.
Through the broad camp together back they went ;
And when they gain'd where Menelaus stood,
On the same spot (but all in circle now
Were gather'd who were bravest of the host,
That Godlike chieftain in their midst erect)
Forth from the belt Machaon drew the shaft.
It issued ; in the belt the barb was snap't.
The rich belt then, and the mail'd corslet's edge
Beneath it, and the doublet brass-emboss'd,
Loosening, he bared the place whereon had fall'n
The bitter shaft, and stanch'd the blood, and laid

αἶμ' ἐκμυζήσας ἐπ' ἄρ' ἥπια φάρμακα εἰδὼς
πάσσει, τά οἱ ποτε πατρὶ φίλα φρονέων πόρε Χείρων.

Ὅφρα τοὶ ἀμφεπένοντο βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον, 220
τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον ἀσπιστάων·
οἱ δ' αὖτις κατὰ τεύχε' ἔδυν, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

Ἐνθ' οὐκ ἂν βρίζοντα ἴδοις Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον,
οὐδὲ καταπτώσσουντ', οὐδ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀλλὰ μάλα σπεύδοντα μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν.
Ἴππους μὲν γὰρ ἔασε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ·
καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχε φυσιόωντας
Εὐρυμέδων, υἱὸς Πτολεμαίου Πειραίδαο·
τῷ μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε παρυσχέμεν, ὅππότε κέν μιν
γυῖα λάβῃ κάματος, πολέας διὰ κοιρανέοντα· 230
αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς ἐὼν ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν·
καί ῥ' οὖς μὲν σπεύδοντας ἴδοι Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
τοὺς μάλα θαρσύνεσκε παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν·

“ Ἀργεῖοι, μήπω τι μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ ψευδέσσι πατήρ Ζεὺς ἔσσειτ' ἀρωγὸς,
ἀλλ' οἵπερ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὄρκια δηλήσαντο,
τῶν ἦτοι αὐτῶν τέρενα χροά γυῖπες ἔδονται
ἡμεῖς αὐτ' ἀλόχους τε φίλας καὶ νήπια τέκνα
ἄξομεν ἐν νήεσσιν, ἐπὴν πτολίεθρον ἔλωμεν.”

Οὔστινας αὖ μεθιέντας ἴδοι στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο, 240
τοὺς μάλα νεικεῖσκε χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν·

“ Ἀργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἐλεγχείες, οὐ ἴνυ σέβεσθε ;
τίφθ' οὕτως ἔστητε τεθηπότες ἢ τε νεβροὶ,
αἵτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἔκαμον πολέος πεδίοιο θεοῦσαι,
ἔστᾱσ', οὐδ' ἄρα τίς σφι μετὰ φρεσὶ γίγνεται ἀλκή·
ὥς ὑμεῖς ἔστητε τεθηπότες οὐδὲ μάχεσθε.
ἢ μένετε Τρώας σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔνθα τε νῆες
εἰρύατ' εὐπρυμνοὶ, πολιῆς ἐπὶ θινὶ θαλάσσης,
ὄφρα ἰδῇτ' αἶ κ' ὕμμιν ὑπέρσχη χεῖρα Κρονίων ; ”

Ὡς ὅγε κοιρανέων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν· 250

His soothing salves upon it, of the art
Taught to his father by old Cheiron's love.

But whilst in ministration round their prince
Those chieftains stood, the shielded troops of Troy
Advanced them nearer ; whereupon they too
Adverse donn'd arms, and turn'd to battle blithe.
Nor listless at that moment, nor in fear,
Nor loth to battle—rather earnest-bent
Upon the charge, the glory of a man—
King Agamemnon wouldst thou there have mark'd.
His horses and his chariot brass-inlaid
He left, where brave Eurymedon might hold
(The son of Ptolemæus Peiraüs' son)
The steeds aloof, but with behest, whene'er
Fatigue should fall upon the King, on foot
Marshalling his thousands—to be nigh at hand.
Thence he advanced in survey of their ranks ;
And whomso of that swift-horsed host he saw
Keen to the cry of battle, him he cheer'd
Approaching, and address'd with wingèd words :

“Heroes of Argos ! Let not now relax
Your wonted mettle : not to falsehood's side
Will Father Zeus incline him. Soon, I ween,
Shall they, who first forsworn transgress'd the truce,
Be torn by ravening vultures limb from limb,
Leaving to us to bear across the seas
Their wives and children from their homes despoil'd !”

But all who slacken'd to the pains of war,
Them with rebuke he chode and wrathful spake :

“Feel ye no shame ? O ye to evil doom'd,
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name !
Why droop ye, numb and broken, ev'n as fawns
That with a flight exhausted o'er the plain
Droop at the last, all strength within them gone ;
So droop ye, numb and broken, loth to war.
Or would ye tarry till Troy makes her way
Far as your galleys' moorings on the shore,
Tempting great Zeus—if he will save ye there ?”

Thus, passing through their ranks, he muster'd all.

ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ Κρήτεσσι κιὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμόν ἀνδρῶν.
οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἰδομενεῖα δαίφρονα θωρήσσουντο·
Ἰδομενεὺς μὲν ἐνὶ προμάχοις, σὺν εἵκελος ἀλκὴν,
Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα οἱ πυμάτας ὥτρυνε φάλαγγας.
τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν γήθησεν ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
αὐτίκα δ' Ἰδομενεῖα προσηύδα μειλιχίοισιν·

“Ἰδομενεῦ, περὶ μὲν σε τίω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
ἤμην ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ ἦδ' ἀλλοίῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ
ἦδ' ἐν δαίῳ, ὅτε πέρ τε γερούσιον αἶθοπα οἶνον
Ἀργείων οἱ ἄριστοι ἐνὶ κρητῆρι κέρωνται.
εἴπερ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
δαιτρὸν πίνωσιν, σὸν δὲ πλεῖον δέπας αἰεὶ
ἔστηχ', ὥσπερ ἐμοὶ, πιέειν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγοι.
ἀλλ' ὄρσεν πόλεμόνδ', οἷος πάρος εὐχεαὶ εἶναι.”

260

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ἦ᾽δα·
“Ἀτρεΐδῃ, μάλα μὲν τοι ἐγὼν ἐρίηρος ἐταῖρος
ἔσσομαι, ὥς τὸ πρῶτον ὑπέστην καὶ κατένευσα·
ἀλλ' ἄλλους ὥτρυνε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
ὄφρα τάχιστα μαχώμεθ', ἐπεὶ σὺν γ' ὄρκι' ἔχευαν
Τρῶες· τοῖσιν δ' αὖ θάνατος καὶ κήδε' ὀπίσσω
ἔσσετ', ἐπεὶ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὄρκια δηλήσαντο.”

270

ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ παρῳχέτο γηθύσυνος κῆρ.
ἦλθε δ' ἐπ' Αἰάντεσσι κιὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμόν ἀνδρῶν·
τῷ δὲ κορυσσέσθην, ἅμα δὲ νέφος εἶπετο πεζῶν.
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς εἶδεν νέφος αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ
ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς·
τῷ δέ τ' ἀνευθεν ἐόντι μελάντερον ἥ᾽τε πίσσα
φαίνεται ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγει δέ τε λαίλαπα πολλήν,
ῥίγησέν τε ἰδὼν ὑπὸ τε σπέος ἤλασε μῆλα·
τοῖαι ἅμ' Αἰάντεσσι διοτρεφέων αἰζιγῶν
δήσιον ἐς πόλεμον πυκιναὶ κίνυντο φάλαγγες

280

And soon, in passage through the host, he gain'd
The Cretans, now engirding them in mail
Around their warlike chief, Idomeneus.
Their chief, in vigour like a wild tusk'd boar,
Stood in their van, whilst brave Meriones
Work'd in the rear, and quicken'd there the troops.
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with honied words :

“Of all the Danaans in these swift-horsed tribes,
I honour thee the most, Idomeneus,
Whether in battle, or in other act,
Or at the banquet, where the glowing wine
Is by the noblest-born of Argos mix'd
For tendance to their elders in the bowl.
Then, though to all the longhair'd chieftains else
The wine is doled by measure, yet to thee,
Ev'n as to me, the cup stands always brimm'd,
To drink, whene'er the heart within us bids.
Arouse thee therefore to thy vaunted wont !”

And answer thus the Cretan chief return'd :
“Atrides, as of old I pledged my word,
So will I cleave to thee my faithful friend :
But go, enkindle others ; as thou mayst,
Incite the longhair'd Argives to the war ;
Since to confusion Troy hath brought the peace :
Therefore shall ruin and an utter death
Be theirs, who first forsworn transgress'd their oaths.”
He spoke ; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.

And next, in passage through the host, he came
To where together either Ajax stood
Arming ; and at their backs a cloud of foot.
As when a goatherd watches from a rock
A cloud across the ocean by the stress
Of Zephyr fast advancing ; where he stands
Far off, to him it showeth black as pitch,
Moving above the waters, in its breast
Bearing the whirlwind ; at the sight he shrinks
And in beneath the cavern drives his flock ;
So dark, with bucklers bristling and with spears,

κυνάεαι, σάκεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσι πεφρικυῖαι.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν γήθησεν ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
καὶ σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτώνων,
σφῶϊ μὲν—οὐ γὰρ ἔοικ' ὀτρυνέμεν—οὔτι κελεύω·
αὐτῷ γὰρ μάλα λαὸν ἀνώγετον ἴφι μάχεσθαι.
αἶ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπολλων,
τοίους πᾶσιν θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι γένοιτο·
τῷ κε τάχ' ἡμύσειε πόλις Πιριάμοιο ἀνακτος,
χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρησιν ἀλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.”

290

Ἦς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δὲ μετ' ἄλλους·
ἐνθ' ὅγε Νέστορ' ἔτετμε, λυγὺν Πυλίων ἀγορητὴν,
οὗς ἐτάρους στέλλοντα καὶ ὀτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀμφὶ μέγαν Πελάγοντα Ἀλάστορά τε Χρομίον τε
Αἰμονά τε κρείοντα Βίαντά τε, ποιμένα λαῶν.
ἱππῆας μὲν πρῶτα σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν,
πεζοὺς δ' ἐξόπιθε στήσεν πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς,
ἔρκος ἔμεν πολέμοιο· κακοὺς δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσεν,
ὄφρα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλων τις ἀναγκαίῃ πολεμίῳ.
ἱππεῦσιν μὲν πρῶτ' ἐπετέλλετο· τοὺς γὰρ ἀνώγει
σφοῦς ἵππους ἐχέμεν μηδὲ κλονέεσθαι ὁμίλῳ·

300

“ Μηδέ τις ἱπποσύνη τε καὶ ἡυορέηφι πεποιθὼς
οἷος πρόσθ' ἄλλων μεμάτω Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
μηδ' ἀναχωρεῖτω· ἀλαπαδνότεροι γὰρ ἔσεσθε.
ὅς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ ἀπὸ ὧν ὀχέων ἔτερ' ἄρμαθ' ἵκηται,
ἔγχει ὀρεξάσθω, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερον οὔτως.
ὦδε καὶ οἱ πρότεροι πόλιας καὶ τείχε' ἐπόρθεον,
τόνδε νόον καὶ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔχοντες.”

Ἦς ὁ γέρων ὥτρυνε πάλαι πολέμων εἰδώς.
καὶ τὸν μὲν γήθησεν ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

310

“ ὦ γέρον, εἴθ', ὥς θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν,

In one close mass with either Ajax came
Into the deadly fray those gallant youths.

Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :

“To you, twin-chieftains of the mail-frock'd host,
I give no charge at all ; behest from me
Were quite unseemly ; of your own brave wills
Ye cheer your men to put forth all their strength.
Yea, by Apollo and our Father Zeus,
Would that your spirit reign'd in every heart !
Quickly would Priam's city then be ta'en,
Under our conquering arms despoil'd and strewn.”

He spoke, and left them, and to others pass'd.

To Nestor next he came, the sweet-tongued chief
Of Pylos, now arraying to the fight
His followers, all around brave Chromius group'd,
Alastor, and the giant Pelagon,
Æmon the prince, and Bias royal-born.
In front, the charioteers, their steeds and cars,
Behind, the footmen many and strong, he ranged,
To be the battle's mainstay ; but he drave
All he misdoubted to the centre close,
Where men, how loth soe'er, perforce must fight.
And first he gave the charioteers his charge,
To hold, nor cumber in a throng, their cars :

“Let none too headstrong of his art and strength
Seek in the van of all alone to fight ;
Neither let any slacken pace behind ;
For so shall ye be scatter'd to assail.
And, when a man hath near'd his enemy's car,
Still mounted, let him stretch and take his aim,
Nor first alight ; for thus is better far :
And thus, and with this counsel in their hearts,
Did men of old spoil many a fencèd town.”

Thus instant spake the Elder, with the skill
Of many a year expert ; the King beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :

“My Father, would that, as the heart within,

ὥς τοι γούναθ' ἔποιτο, βίη δέ τοι ἔμπεδος εἴη.
ἀλλὰ σε γῆρας τείρει ὁμοῖον· ὥς ὄφελέν τις
ἀνδρῶν ἄλλος ἔχειν, σύ δὲ κουροτέρουσι μετεῖναι.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμεῖβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·
“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, μάλα μὲν κεν ἐγὼν ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτὸς
ὥς ἔμεν ὥς ὅτε δῖον Ἑρευθαλίωνα κατέκταν.
ἀλλ' οὐ πως ἅμα πάντα θεοὶ δόσαν ἀνθρώποισιν·
εἰ τότε κοῦρος ἔα, νῦν αὐτὲ με γῆρας ὀπάζει.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἱππεῦσι μετέσσομαι ἥδ' ἐκελεύσω
βουλῇ καὶ μύθοισι· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ γερόντων.
αἰχμὰς δ' αἰχμᾶσσουσιν νεώτεροι, οἵ περ ἐμείο
ὀπλότεροι γεγάασιν πεποίθασιν τε βίηφιν.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ παρῶχετο γηθόσυνος κῆρ.
εὖρ' υἱὸν Πετewῶ Μενεσθήα πλήξιππον
ἔσταότ'· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθηναῖοι, μῆστωρες αὐτῆς·
αὐτὰρ ὁ πλησίον ἐστήκει πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς,
πὰρ δὲ Κεφαλλήνων ἀμφὶ στίχες οὐκ ἀλαπαδναὶ
ἔστασαν· οὐ γάρ πώ σφιν ἀκούετο λαὸς αὐτῆς,
ἀλλὰ νέον συνορινόμεναι κίνυντο φάλαγγες
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν· οἱ δὲ μένοντες
ἔστασαν, ὀππότε πύργος Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐπελθὼν
Τρώων ὀρμήσειε καὶ ἄρξειαν πολέμοιο.
τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν νείκεσσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
καὶ σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ὦ υἱὲ Πετewῶ, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
καὶ σὺν, κακοῖσι δόλοισι κεκασμένε, κερδαλεόφρον,
τίπτε καταπτώσσοντες ἀφέστατε, μίμνετε δ' ἄλλους·
σφῶϊν μὲν τ' ἐπέοικε μετὰ πρότοισιν ἔοντας
ἑστάμεν ἥδ' ἐμᾶχος καυστείρης ἀντιβολῆσαι.
πρώτῳ γὰρ καὶ δαιτὸς ἀκουάζεσθον ἐμείο,
ὀππότε δαῖτα γέρουσιν ἐφοπλίζωμεν Ἀχαιοί.
ἔνθα φίλ' ὀπταλέα κρέα ἔδμεναι ἥδ' ἐκὺπελλα
οἴνου πινέμεναι μελιθεός, ὄφρ' ἐθέλητον·
νῦν δὲ φίλως χ' ὀρόωτε καὶ εἰ δέκα πύργοι Ἀχαιῶν
ὑμείων προπάροιθε μαχοίεσθαι νηλεῖ χαλκῷ.”

Such were thy youthful vigour, unimpair'd :
But age now wears thee, as it weareth all ;
I would that others suffer'd so, whilst thou
Mightst still amongst the younger bear thy part."

To whom Gerene's chief made answer thus :
"And mine own self, Atrides, would most blithe
Be what I was, then when I singly slew
Renownèd Ereuthalion : but the Gods
Grant not together all their gifts to man.
Young was I then, and now in turn am old.
Yet will I show conspicuous, with my voice
And counsel, where the chariots thickest throng ;
Old age hath still that honour. Let the young,
Men of the generation after me,
Aim their spears straight, and trust the strength of youth."

He spoke ; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.

Next to Menestheus, Peteus' son, he came,
With whom the men of Athens ; and, hard by,
Stood sage Odysseus leader of the band
Of Cephallenians : no weak troop were they,
But moved not yet ; their ears had not yet caught
The cry to arms : the ranks of either host
Perturb'd they saw and swaying to and fro,
And paused expectant till some nearer band
Make the first onset and renew the fight.
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked
Beholding, and address'd with wingèd words :

"Son of Zeus-nurtured Peteus, and King-born !
And Thou, well-furnish'd with all ill device,
Odysseus, huckster-hearted ! Why aloof
Stand ye, and look in fear till others move ?
Rather 'tis yours to seek the foremost rank,
And meet the burning battle, face to face.
For ever when the Achaians make high feast
In honour of their Elders, to my board
Ye twain the first are call'd, and there ye love
To eat rich meats and long as e'er ye list
Drink from full cups of honey-tasted wine.
But now were yours no sorrow, tho' ten squares
Enter'd the fight before you, sword in hand."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
 “ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων. 350
 πῶς δὴ φῆς πολέμοιο μεθιέμεν ; ὅππότε Ἀχαιοὶ
 Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν Ἀρηα,
 ὄψσαι, ἦν ἐθέλῃσθα, καὶ αἶ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλη,
 Τηλεμάχιοιο φίλον πατέρα προμάχοισι μιγέντα
 Τρώων ἵπποδάμων· σὺ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀνεμώλια βάζεις.”

Τὸν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσεφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
 ὧς γυνὼ χωομένοιο· πάλιν δ' ὄγε λάξετο μῦθον·

“ Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
 οὔτε σε νεικείω περιώσιον οὔτε κελεύω·
 οἶδα γὰρ ὥς τοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν 360
 ἥπια δῆνεα οἶδε· τὰ γὰρ φρονέεις ἅτ' ἐγὼ περ.
 ἀλλ' ἴθι - ταῦτα δ' ὀπισθεν ἄρεσσόμεθ'—εἴ τι κακὸν νῦν
 εἴρηται, τὰ δὲ πάντα θεοὶ μεταμῶνια θεῖν.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δὲ μετ' ἄλλους.
 εὔρε δὲ Τυδέος υἱόν, ὑπέρθυμον Διομήδεα,
 ἑσταότ' ἐν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι κολλητοῖσιν·
 πὰρ δὲ οἱ ἐστήκει Σθένελος, Καπανήιος υἱός.
 καὶ τὸν μὲν νείκεσσαν ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ὦ μοι, Τυδέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο, 370
 τί πτώσσεις, τί δ' ὀπιπτεύεις πολέμοιο γεφύρας ;
 οὐ μὲν Τυδεί γ' ὦδε φίλον πτωσκαζέμεν ἦεν,
 ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὸ φίλων ἐτάρων δηΐοισι μάχεσθαι,
 ὥς φάσαν οἳ μιν ἴδοντο πονεύμενον· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
 ἦντησ' οὐδὲ ἴδον· περὶ δ' ἄλλων φασὶ γενέσθαι.
 ἦτοι μὲν γὰρ ἄτερ πολέμου εἰσῆλθε Μυκῆνας
 ξεί.ος ἅμ' ἀντιθέω Πολυνείκει, λαὸν ἀγείρων,
 οἳ ῥα τότε ἑστρατόωνθ' ἱερὰ πρὸς τείχεα Θήβης·
 καὶ ῥα μάλα λίσσοντο δόμεν κλειτοὺς ἐπικούρους.
 οἳ δ' ἔθελον δόμεναι καὶ ἐπῆνεον ὥς ἐκέλευον· 380
 ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ἔτρεψε παραΐσια σήματα φαίνων.

Sternly Odysseus frown'd, and made reply :
"Sayst thou, Atrides? What new saying this,
Hath slipp'd the ivory portal of thy teeth?
How durst thou say that we are slack to war?
Oft as against the charioteers of Troy
We raise the cry of onset, mayst thou see
(If these things are indeed thy care at all)
The own dear father of Telemachus
First in their charioteering warrior's midst.
Tush! For this talk is of mere folly born."

But, when he knew him wroth, the King smiled soft,
And spake again, and thus withdrew his words :

"Nay, Prince Zeus-born, Laertes' son most sage!
Needs not I chide thee nor exhort thee much;
I know the heart within thy bosom full
Of gracious counsels; as my will, such thine.
Haste, therefore, on; and, if I spoke thee ill,
Let us atone hereafter; and meantime
May the Gods render, that I said, unsaid."

He spoke; and left him, and to others pass'd.

Next to high-hearted Diomed he came,
The son of Tydeus, standing up in arms,
Amongst his horses and their well-built cars;
And Sthenelus at his side, Capaneus' son;
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked
Beholding, and address'd with wing'd words :

"Unworthy son of father brave in arms,
The charioteering Tydeus! Why far off
View'st thou the lines that break the flood of war?
Not such faint shivering was to Tydeus dear,
But in his dear men's front to meet the foe.
Such their report, who knew him in his work;
I knew him not nor saw him; but they tell
He far exceeded others; how he came
With godlike Polynices—not in arms,
But on that mission against sacred Thebes,
Asking an army, to Mycenæ's walls;
And much besought Mycenæ to give help;
Who gave it, and consented, as he bade.

οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ὥχοντ' ἡδὲ πρὸ ὁδοῦ ἐγένοντο,
 Ἄσωπὸν δ' ἴκοντο βαθύσχοινον λεχεποῖν,
 ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἀγγελίην ἐπὶ Τυδῇ στεῖλαν Ἀχαιοί.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ, πολέας δὲ κιχήσατο Καδμείωνας
 δαιτυμένους κατὰ δῶμα βίης Ἑτεοκλήϊης.
 ἔνθ' οὐδὲ, ξεινός περ ἔων, ἵππηλάτα Τυδεὺς
 τάρβει, μῦνος ἔων πολέσιν μετὰ Καδμείοισιν,
 ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἀεθλεύειν προκαλίζετο, πάντα δ' ἐνίκα
 ῥῆϊδίως· τοίη οἱ ἐπὶ ῥόθος ἦεν Ἀθήνη.
 οἱ δὲ χολωσάμενοι Καδμείοι, κέντορες ἵππων,
 ἄψ' ἄρ' ἀνερχομένῳ πυκινὸν λόχον εἶσαν ἄγοντες,
 κούρους πευτήκοντα· δύω δ' ἡγήτορες ἦσαν,
 Μαίῳν Αἰμονίδης, ἐπιείκελος ἀθανάτοισιν,
 υἱὸς τ' Αὐτοφόνοιο, μενεπτόλεμος Πολυφόντης.
 Τυδεὺς μὲν καὶ τοῖσιν ἀεικέα πότμον ἐφήκεν·
 πάντας ἔπεφν', ἕνα δ' οἶον ἵει οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι·
 Μαίον' ἄρα προέηκε, θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας.
 τοῖος ἦν Τυδεὺς Αἰτώλιος· ἀλλὰ τὸν υἱὸν
 γείνατο εἰς χέρηρα μάχῃ, ἀγορῇ δέ τ' ἀμείνω.”

390

400

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὔτι προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
 αἰδεσθεὶς βασιλῆος ἐνιπὴν αἰδοίοιο.
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς Καπανῆος ἀμείψατο κυδαλίμοιο·

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ, μὴ ψεύδῃ ἐπιστάμενος σάφα εἰπεῖν.
 ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνουες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι·
 ἡμεῖς καὶ Θήβης ἔδος εἴλομεν ἑπταπύλοιο,
 παυρότερον λαὸν ἀγαγόνθ' ὑπὸ τείχος Ἀρειον,
 πειθόμενοι τεράεσσι θεῶν καὶ Ζηνὸς ἄρωγῃ·
 κείνοι δὲ σφετέρησιν ἀτασθαλίησιν ὄλοντο.
 τῷ μὴ μοι πατέρας ποθ' ὁμοίῃ ἐνθεο τιμῇ.”

410

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
 “τέττα, σιωπῇ ἦσο, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπιπεῖθιο μύθῳ.
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ νεμεσῶ Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
 δτρύνοντι μάχεσθαι ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς·

But Zeus by portents shown from heav'n adverse
Turn'd them, albeit already far advanced
As grassy-bank'd Asopus ; therefore thence
Tydeus alone in embassy they sent.
Alone he went, and feasting in the hall
Of their great King Eteocles he found
Many their nobles gather'd. Then, albeit
A solitary stranger in their throng,
The gallant Tydeus falter'd not in Thebes ;
But challenged all to combat, and in all
The combats proved the victor ; by his side
Pallas Athene stood, and bare him through.
Wrathful thereat the chiefs of Cadmus set
An ambush strong against him, on the road
Whereby he left returning ; fifty men
Under two leaders, Mæon, Hæmon's son,
A man the image of immortal Gods,
And Polyphontes of Autophonus.
Also on these he hurried an evil doom ;
These all he slew ; one only would he spare
To bear the tidings back : to heavenly signs
He bow'd, and sent the godlike Mæon home.
Such was Ætolian Tydeus in his day :
Better than he the son, whom he begat,
In council, but in action poorer far !”

He spoke ; nor Diomed replied at all,
For reverence to his lord the King's rebuke ;
But Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, rejoin'd :

“ Atrides, speak not false, who knowst the truth ;
More than our fathers we may boast to be.
For, though our leaguer of the fencèd town
Was less in number, yet we quite o'erthrew
(Holpen by Zeus and favouring signs from heaven)
That ancient seat of seven-gated Thebes,
Where they, our fathers, perish'd in their pride.
Rank them not, therefore, in like place to us ! ”

Whom sternly eyeing, Diomed addressed :
“ Rest thee in silence, friend, and wait my word.
To Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,
I give no blame, that, as he may, he speaks

τούτῳ μὲν γὰρ κῦδος ἄμ' ἔψεται, εἴ κεν Ἀχαιοὶ
 Τρώας δηώσωσιν ἔλωσί τε Ἴλιον ἱρήν,
 τούτῳ δ' αὖ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιῶν δηωθέντων.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε·
 δεινὸν δ' ἔβραχε χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσιν ἄνακτος
 ὀρνυμένον· ὑπὸ κεν ταλασίφρονά περ δέος εἶλεν.

420

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν αἰγιαλῷ πολυηχεῖ κῦμα θαλάσσης
 ὀρνυτ' ἐπασσύτερον Ζεφύρου ὑπο κινήσαντος·
 ποντῷ μὲν τὰ πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
 χέρσῳ ῥηγνύμενον μέγала βρέμει, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκρας
 κυρτὸν ἐὼν κορυφούται, ἀποπτύει δ' ἄλδος ἄχνην·
 ὥς τότε ἐπασσύτεραι Δαναῶν κίνυντο φάλαγγες
 νωλεμέως πόλεμόνδε. κέλευε δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
 ἡγεμόνων· οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ἀκὴν ἴσαν—οὐδέ κε φαίης
 τόσσον λαὸν ἔπεσθαι ἔχοντ' ἐν στήθεσιν αὐδῇ—
 σιγῇ δειδιότες σημάτωντορας· ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσιν
 τεύχεα ποικιλ' ἔλαμπε, τὰ εἰμένοι ἐστιχώοντο.
 Τρώες δ', ὥστ' ὅϊες πολυπάμονος ἀνδρὸς ἐν αὐλῇ
 μυρταὶ ἐστήκασιν ἀμελγόμεναι γάλα λευκὸν,
 ἀζηχῆς μεμακῦλαι, ἀκούουσai ὅπα ἀρνῶν,
 ὥς Τρώων ἀλαλητὸς ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ὀρώρει·
 οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν ὁμὸς θρόος οὐδ' ἴα γῆρυς,
 ἀλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμέμικτο, πολυκλήτοι δ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες.
 ὦρσε δὲ τοὺς μὲν Ἄρης, τοὺς δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
 Δεῖμός τ' ἠδὲ Φόβος καὶ Ἔρις, ἄμοτον μεμαυῖα,
 Ἄρεος ἀνδροφόνοιο κασιγνήτη ἐτάρη τε,
 ἦτ' ὀλίγη μὲν πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
 οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.
 ἦ σφιν καὶ τότε νεῖκος ὁμοῖον ἔμβαλε μέσσω
 ἐρχομένη καθ' ὅμιλον, ὀφέλλουσα στόνον ἀνδρῶν.

430

440

To rouse to war Achaia's mailèd men.
To him will be the glory, should we take
Proud Ilion, and destroy the host of Troy ;
And his the heaviest sorrow, should we fail.
Haste rather ; put we on our olden might."

He spoke, and off the chariot, all in arms,
Leapt to the earth ; and dreadful, as he moved,
Rang the brass coat upon the chieftain's breast ;
How brave soe'er a foe had fear'd him then.

As, when a blast of Zephyr drives the deep,
Billow on billow to an echoing shore
The sea upswoll'n advances ; and, at first,
Far-out the wave is crested, but anon
Breaks, thundering on the coast, and over-arch'd
Curls round the headlands, flinging far the foam ;
Legion on legion so the Danaans come
Endless to battle ; and their chiefs gave word
Each to his own, but else in silence all
(Thou'dst said that if the power of speech was there,
So vast a number could not move so mute)
Advanced, awaiting still their leaders' signs ;
Whilst round about them flash'd the splendid arms,
Wherein empanoplied, they moved, array'd.

But Troy—as ewes in some rich shepherd's fold
Thousands by thousands stand at milking-hour
Ceaselessly bleating to their lambs' fond cry ;
Such rose the din confused through Troy's broad line.
Nor cry of battle nor their speech were one,
But their tongues mix'd, and men of every clime.
These Ares led : but those the blue-eyed Maid
Athenè ; Flight was there, and dread Dismay,
And Strife, of fury sateless ; sister She
And comrade fast to Ares ; low the head
She lifts at first, but, gathering height anon,
Treading the earth yet strikes against the skies.
And now amid the throng, and trebling all
The warriors' woe, and foe alike to both
She moved and 'twixt them cast the brands of hate.

Οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἕνα ξυνιόντες ἵκοντο,
 σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον ῥινοὺς, σύν δ' ἔγχεα καὶ μένε' ἀνδρῶν
 χαλκεοθωρήκων· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι
 ἔπληντ' ἀλλήλησι, πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.
 ἐνθα δ' αἶμ' οἰμωγὴ τε καὶ εὐχολὴ πέλεν ἀνδρῶν 450
 ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε χεῖμαρ ῥοῖ ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες
 ἐς μισγάγκειαν συνβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ
 κρουνῶν ἐκ μεγάλων, κοίλης ἔντοσθε χαράδρης·
 τῶν δέ τε τηλόσε δοῦπον δοῦπον ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν·
 ὥς τῶν μισγομένων γένετο ἰαχὴ τε πόνος τε."

Πρῶτος δ' Ἀντίλοχος Τρώων ἔλεν ἄνδρα κορυστὴν
 ἔσθλόν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, Θαλυσιάδην Ἐχέπωλον·
 τὸν ῥ' ἔβαλε πρῶτος κόρυθος φάλον ἵπποδασείης,
 ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ πῆξε, πέρησε δ' ἄρ' ὅστέον εἶσω 460
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν,
 ἥριπε δ', ὥς ὅτε πύργος, ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ.
 τὸν δὲ πεσόντα ποδῶν ἔλαβε κρείων Ἑλεφήνωρ
 Χαλκωδοντιάδης, μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων·
 ἔλκε δ' ὑπέκ βελέων, λελιμμένος ὄφρα τάχιστα
 τεύχεα συλήσειε· μίνυνθα δέ οἱ γένεθ' ὀρμή.
 νεκρὸν γάρ ῥ' ἐρύοντα ἰδὼν μεγάλθυμος Ἀγήνωρ,
 πλευρὰ, τά οἱ κύψαντι παρ' ἀσπίδος ἐξεφαάνθη,
 οὔτησε ξυστῶ χαλκήρεϊ, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
 ὥς τὸν μὲν λίπε θυμὸς, ἐπ' αὐτῷ δ' ἔργον ἐτύχθη 470
 ἀργαλέον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν· οἳ δὲ λύκοι ὥς
 ἀλλήλοισ ἐπόρουσαν, ἀνὴρ δ' ἄνδρ' ἐδονοπάλιζεν.

Ἐνθ' ἔβαλ' Ἀνθεμίωνος υἱὸν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
 ἠΐθεον θαλερὸν, Σιμοείσιον, ὃν ποτε μήτηρ
 Ἰδθηθεν κατιούσα παρ' ὄχθησιν Σιμόεντος
 γείνατ', ἐπεὶ ῥα τοκεῦσιν αἶμ' ἔσπετο μῆλα ἰδέσθαι·
 τοῦνεκά μιν κάλεον Σιμοείσιον· οὐδὲ τοκεῦσιν
 θρέπτρα φίλοις ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δέ οἱ αἰὼν
 ἔπλεθ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος μεγαθύμου δουρὶ δαμέντι.

And soon they charging met ; together clash'd
Spears, bucklers, and the might of mailed men ;
Smote each on each the bosses of the shields ;
Rose loud the din of onset ; vaunt and groan,
The cries of dying men and of their slayers,
Alike were there ; and the earth ran with blood.
As rivers swollen by winter on the hills
Dash into one huge hollow the strong streams
Pour'd from their mighty fountains down the bed
Of some ravine ; and swain in uplands far
Hearkens the roar of waters ; such the roar,
The thunder, and the terror of their charge.

First Nestor's son Antilochus assail'd
The Trojan van, and slew Thalusius' son,
The noble Echepolus ; for he struck
Full on the vizor of the horseplumed helm
Piercing his brow ; and on within the skull
Pass'd the brass point, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
So in the battle, like some tower, he fell ;
Whom Elephenor, King Chalcodon's son,
Chief of the great Abantian tribe, beheld
Fallen, and catching by the feet 'gan draw
From out the shower of darts with keen quick hand
To strip him of his mail : short, short his speed
For brave Agenor saw, and through the ribs
(Shown bare beside his buckler, as he stoop'd)
Smote him with brass-spiked spear, and loosed his limbs.
So the breath left him ; but above him wax'd
The bloody business fiercer 'twixt the hosts ;
Like wolves, each leapt on other, foe sought foe.

And Ajax, he of Telamon, smote down
Anthemion's son, Simoisius, a brave youth
In his full bloom ; whom near to Simois' stream
His mother bare, descending down one day,
Following her parents, shepherding their flocks,
From Ida ; and they named him from the stream.
Ne'er he requited to his parents dear
Their pains of rearing ; but his days were short
Under the spear of Ajax there subdued :

πρῶτον γάρ μιν ἰόντα βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζὸν 480
 δεξιόν· ἀντικρὺ δὲ δι' ὤμου χάλκεον ἔγχος
 ἦλθεν. ὁ δ' ἐν κονίησι χαμαὶ πέσεν, αἰγειρος ὧς,
 ἥ ρά τ' ἐν εἵαμενῇ ἔλεος μέγαλοιο πεφύκη
 λείη, ἀτάρ τε οἱ ὄζοι ἐπ' ἀκροάτῃ πεφύασιν
 τὴν μὲν θ' ἄρματοπηγὸς ἀνὴρ αἰθωνίῳ σιδήρῳ
 ἐξέταμ', ὄφρα ἵτυν κάμψῃ περικαλλεῖ δίφρῳ·
 ἥ μὲν τ' ἀζομένη κεῖται ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας.
 τοῖον ἄρ' Ἀνθεμίδην Σιμοείσιον ἐξενάριξεν
 Αἴας διογενής. τοῦ δ' Ἀντιφός αἰολοθώρηξ
 Πριαμίδης καθ' ὁμίλον ἀκόντισεν ὅξει δουρί. 490
 τοῦ μὲν ἄμαρθ', ὁ δὲ Λεῦκον, Ὀδυσσεὸς ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον,
 βεβλήκει βουβῶνα, νέκυν ἐτέρωσ' ἐρύοντα·
 ἥριπε δ' ἄμφ' αὐτῷ, νεκρὸς δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
 τοῦ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη,
 βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἰθοπι χαλκῷ.
 στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
 ἄμφι ἐπαπτήνας. ὑπὸ δὲ Τρῶες κεκάδοντο
 ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσσαντος. ὁ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον βέλος ἦκεν,
 ἀλλ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο νόθον βάλε Δημοκόωντα,
 ὃς οἱ Ἀβυδόθεν ἦλθε, παρ' ἵππων ὠκείων. 500
 τὸν ῥ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐτάριοι χολωσάμενος βάλε δουρὶ
 κόρσῃν· ἥ δ' ἐτέριοι διὰ κροτάφοιο πέρησεν
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν.
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
 χώρησαν δ' ὑπὸ τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ·
 Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγα ἱαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκρούς,
 ἴθυσαν δὲ πολὺ προτέρω. νεμέσῃσεν δ' Ἀπόλλων
 Περγάμου ἐκ κατιδών, Τρώεσσι δὲ κέκλετ' αὔσας·

“Ὅρνυσθ', ἱππόδαμοι Τρῶες, μῆδ' εἴκετε χάρμης
 Ἀργεῖοις, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφί λίθος οὐδὲ σίδηρος,
 χαλκὸν ἀνασχέσθαι ταμεσίχροα βαλλομένοισιν.
 οὐ μὰν οὐδ' Ἀχιλεὺς, Θέτιδος παῖς ἠὲ κόμοιο,

Who struck him in mid onset through the chest
Near the right nipple ; through the shoulder sheer
The point pass'd ; to the ground in dust he dropt
Prone, as a poplar grown upon the marsh
Of some broad meadow ; trim the trunk, but high
About its summit branching ; with bright axe
Low hath a chariot-builder laid it strewn,
To fashion thence a goodly chariot's rim ;
Long on the river's bank it lies and fades :
So fell Simoisius, brave Anthemion's son,
By heav'n-sprung Ajax stript. On Ajax then
Antiphus, of the glancing corslet, son
Of Priam, through the mellay aim'd his spear ;
But err'd ; yet of Odysseus' train struck one,
Brave Leucus, in the groin, in act to draw
A corse towards him ; o'er the corse he fell,
And from his hand it dropt. Thereat most wroth,
Odysseus through the vanmost champions strode
Full-arm'd in blazing brass, and near the slain
Took stand, and round him look'd, and poised his spear
Aiming ; the Trojans cower'd before his aim ;
Nor vain the javelin sped ; Democoon,
A bastard son of Priam (late arrived
From rich Abydos, where his father's mares
Were stabled, and he bred them for the King)—
Him did Odysseus, wrathful for his friend,
Strike in the temple ; and the brazen point
Passed through the fellow-temple, that he died.
He fell, and loudly round him rang his arms.
Thereat bright Hector and their van gave way ;
But loudlier cheer'd the Achaians, and regain'd
The corses of their dead, and push'd right on.

Apollo, looking down from Pergamus,
Beheld indignant, and appealed to Troy :

“Rouse ye, O Chieftain-charioteers of Troy
Yield not to Argos in the fight this day :
Not stone their flesh nor iron, proof to blows,
Let spear or sword but strike them ! Know, withal,
No longer doth the fairhair'd Thetis' son

μάρναται, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσει.”

Ὡς φάτ' ἀπὸ πτόλιος δεινὸς θεός· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
ὦρσε Διὸς θυγάτηρ κυδίστη Τριτογένεια,
ἔρχομένη καθ' ὄμιλον, ὅθι μεθιέντας ἴδοιτο.

Ἐνθ' Ἀμαρυγκείδην Διώρεα μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν.
χερμαδίῳ γὰρ βλήτο παρὰ σφυρὸν ὀκρίοντι
κνήμην δεξιτερὴν· βάλε δὲ Θρηκῶν ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν,
Πείροος Ἰμβρασίδης, ὃς ἄρ' Αἰνόθεν εἰληλούθει.
ἀμφοτέρω δὲ τένοντε καὶ ὅστέα λῶας ἀναιδὴς
ἄχρῃς ἀπηλόησεν· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίησιν
κάππεσεν, ἄμφω χεῖρε φίλαις ἐτάροισι πετάσσας,
θυμὸν ἀποπνέων. ὁ δ' ἐπέδραμεν ὅς ρ' ἔβαλέν περ,
Πείροος· οὗτα δὲ δουρὶ παρ' ὀμφαλόν· ἐκ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι
χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν.

520

Τὸν δὲ Θόας Αἰτωλὸς ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε δουρὶ
στέρνον ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο, πάγη δ' ἐν πνεύμονι χαλκός.
ἀγχίμολον δέ οἱ ἦλθε Θόας, ἐκ δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχεος
ἐσπάσατο στέρνοιο, ἐρύσσατο δὲ ξίφος ὄζυ,
τῷ ὅγε γαστέρα τύψε μέσσην, ἐκ δ' αἷυτο θυμόν.
τεύχεα δ' οὐκ ἀπέδυσσε· περίστησαν γὰρ ἐταῖροι
Θρήϊκες ἀκρόκομοι, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες,
οἳ ἔ, μέγαν περ ἔοντα καὶ ἵφθιμον καὶ ἀγανὸν,
ᾧσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμήχθη.
ὥς τώγ' ἐν κονίησι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τετάσθην,
ἦτοι ὁ μὲν Θρηκῶν, ὁ δ' Ἐπειῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἠγεμόνες· πολλοὶ δὲ περὶ κτείνοντο καὶ ἄλλοι.

530

Ἐνθα κεν οὐκέτι ἔργον ἀνὴρ ὀνόσαιτο μετελθὼν,
ὅστις ἔτ' ἄβλητος καὶ ἀνούτατος ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ
δινεύει κατὰ μέσσον, ἄγοι δέ ἐ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
χειρὸς ἐλοῦσ', αὐτὰρ βελέων ἀπερύκοι ἐρωήν·
πολλοὶ γὰρ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἥματι κείνῳ
πρηνέες ἐν κονίησι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τέταντο.

540

The dread Achilles, range in fight, but now
Broods in his galleys, sullen, and withdrawn."

So from the city's citadel the God
Raised his dread voice ; whilst through the other throng
Where'er she saw them yield, the Child of Zeus,
Tritogeneia, moved, and cheer'd their host.

Anon Fate caught Diores in her chain,
The son of Amarynceus ; for he fell
Struck near the ankle on the dexter greave
With a rough stone by Peirous, the son
Of Imbrasmus, and leader of the tribes
Of Thrace from Ænos : and the ruthless stone
Crush'd either side the tendons ; prone in dust
He dropt, outstretching to his friends his hands,
Rendering the ghost ; but, who had cast it, ran
Close, even Peirous, and beside him plunged
His javelin in his navel ; all the bowels
Gush'd forth abroad, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Then Thoas of Ætolia charged in turn
On Peirous as he rush'd away, and struck
His chest above the nipple ; sharp the spear
Pierced to the lung ; and Thoas at his side
Pluck'd the lance back, but drew a sharp bright brand,
And smote him on the belly, that he died,
But stripp'd not off his armour ;—round their chief
The scalp-lock'd Thracians, spear in hand, throng'd fast,
And thrust back Thoas from them (man-at-arms
Brave though he was, and strong, and high-renown'd)
And back a little space, rough-shaken, he fell ;
And by each other left those chieftains twain,
The King of Epè by the King of Thrace,
Whilst slaughter'd fell around them many more.

Had Pallas then led any through the throng,
Scathless, and safe, and guarded by her hand,
Passing so woundless in the storm of darts,
Not lightly had he reck'd the work there done.
Prone on that day so many ground the dust,
Trojans and brave Achaians, side by side.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ε΄.



Διομήδους ἀριστεία.

Ἐνθ' αὖ Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος, ἵν' ἔκδηλος μετὰ πᾶσιν
Ἀργείοισι γένοιτο ἰδὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἄροιτο.
δαῖέ οἱ ἐκ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος ἀκαματον πῦρ,
ἀστέρ' ὀπωρινῷ ἐναλίγκιον, ὅστε μάλιστα
λαμπρὸν παμφαίνῃσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο.
τοῖόν οἱ πῦρ δαῖεν ἀπὸ κρατός τε καὶ ὤμων,
ῶρσε δέ μιν κατὰ μέσσον, ὅθι πλείστοι κλονέοντο.

Ἦν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δάρης ἀφνειὸς ἀμύμων,
ἱρεὺς Ἡφαίστοιο· δύω δέ οἱ νιῆες ἦσθην,
Φηγεὺς Ἰδαῖός τε, μάχῃς εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.
τῷ οἱ ἀποκρινθέντε ἐναντίῳ ὀρμηθήτην·
τὼ μὲν ἀφ' ἵπποϊν, ὁ δ' ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὄρνυτο πεζός.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Φηγεὺς ῥα πρότερος προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος·
Τυδείδεω δ' ὑπὲρ ὧμον ἀριστερόν ἦλυθ' ἄκωκῇ
ἔγχος, οὐδ' ἔβαλ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὄρνυτο χαλκῷ
Τυδείδης· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρὸς
ἀλλ' ἔβαλε στῆθος μεταμάζιον, ὥσε δ' ἀφ' ἵππων.
Ἰδαῖος δ' ἀπόρουσε λιπὼν περικαλλέα δίφρον,
οὐδ' ἔτλη περιβῆναι ἀδελφειοῦ καταμένοιο·
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδέ κεν αὐτὸς ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα μέλαιναν,
ἀλλ' Ἡφαιστος ἔρυτο, σάωσε δὲ νυκτὶ καλύψας,
ὥς δὴ οἱ μὴ πάγχυ γέρων ἀκαχήμενος εἴη.

10

20

ILIAD V.



THEN most on Diomedes Tydeus' son
Pallas Athene breathed a strength and heart,
To lift him high above all Argives else
Achieving glorious name. From off his helm
And buckler she made burn a quenchless fire :
Bright as the brightest of the stars of heaven
Fresh from the Ocean comes the Autumn-star ;
Such from his shoulders and his crest the fire
She kindled ; and she urged him through the fray
Into the midst, where thickest throng'd the war.

A certain man amongst the Trojans dwelt,
Dares, of substance rich and blameless life,
Priest to Hephæstus : he begat two sons,
Phegeus and Idas, either skill'd in war.
These two, disparted from their own array,
First met him face to face ; on chariot these,
But he on foot, assailing from the ground.
And they had near'd each other on the field,
When Phegeus first discharged his shadowing spear ;
Erring the point above the shoulder pass'd
O'er Tydeus' Son, nor struck him. Then in turn
Tydides hurl'd his lance, nor from his hand
Sped the shaft vain, but 'twixt the nipples struck
The breast, and from his chariot cast him down.
Whereat brave Idas leapt to earth and left
The carven car, nor round his brother slain
Durst rally ; nor himself had next escaped
Black Fate, had not Hephæstus in thick mist
Enwrapt him and deliver'd, lest his priest
Should in one day be utterly forlorn.

ἵππους δ' ἐξελάσας μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱὸς
 δῶκεν ἐταίροισιν κατάγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
 Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ἐπεὶ ἴδον υἷε Δάρητος
 τὸν μὲν ἀλευάμενον, τὸν δὲ κτάμενον παρ' ὄχεσφιν,
 πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός· ἀτὰρ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
 χεῖρὸς ἐλοῦσα ἐπέεσσι προσηύδα θοῦρον Ἄρηα·

30

“ Ἄρες, Ἄρες βροτολοιγέ, μιαίφόνε, τειχεσιπλήτα,
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ Τρῶας μὲν ἐάσαιμεν καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς
 μάρνασθ', ὅπποτέροισι πατήρ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀρέξῃ,
 νῶϊ δὲ χαζώμεσθα, Διὸς δ' ἀλεώμεθα μῆνιν ;”

“Ὡς εἰπούσα μάχης ἐξήγαγε θοῦρον Ἄρηα.
 τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα καθεῖσεν ἐπ' ἡϊόεντι Σκαμάνδρῳ,
 Τρῶας δ' ἐκλιναν Δαναοί· ἔλε δ' ἄνδρα ἕκαστος
 ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἀρχὸν Ἀλιζώνων, Ὀδίων μέγαν, ἔκβαλε δίφρου·
 πρῶτῳ γὰρ στρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
 ὦμων μεσσηγὺς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.
 δοῦπήσεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

40

Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Φαῖστον ἐνήρατο, Μήονος υἱὸν
 Βῶρου, ὃς ἐκ Τάρνης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει.
 τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἔγχει μακρῷ
 νύξ' ἵππων ἐπιβησόμενον, κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·
 ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀγέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἶλεν.

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἰδομενῆος ἐσύλευον θεράποντες·
 υἱὸν δὲ Στροφίῳ Σκαμάνδριον, αἶμονα θήρης,
 Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος ἔλ' ἐγχεῖ ὀξυόεντι,
 ἐσθλὸν θηρητῆρα· δίδαξε γὰρ Ἀρτεμις αὐτῇ
 βάλλειν ἄγρια πάντα, τάτε τρέφει οὔρεσιν ὕλη.
 ἀλλ' οὐ οἱ τότε γε χραῖσμ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,
 οὐδὲ ἐκηβολίαι, ᾗσιν τὸ πρίν γ' ἐκέκαστο·

50

But noble Tydeus' Son drave off their steeds,
And gave them to the galleys to be led.

Beholding that defeat of Dares' sons,
One vanish'd and the other in his blood,
The hearts of all the Trojans sank within them.
But Pallas took fierce Ares by the hand
Apart, and spake her wingèd words, and said :

“ Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge !
Were it not our better part to leave these hosts
(Whether to Argos or to Troy Zeus grant
The victory) still to battle, but ourselves
Departing so avoid our Father's wrath ? ”

She spoke, and led fierce Ares from the fray,
And set him on Scamander's meadowy bank.

Then every Danaan Chieftain slew his man,
And broke the line of Troy. The king of men
Atrides first down from his chariot cast
Great Hodius, of the Halizonians chief ;
For, as he wheel'd, he hurl'd his spear, and pierced
His spine, and 'twixt the shoulders drave it through ;
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Idomeneus slew Phæstrus, Borus' son,
Who from rich Tarne in Mæonia came ;
Whom on his chariot-step, at point to mount,
Idomeneus with far-famed spear transfix'd
Through the right shoulder ; from the step he fell,
And hideous night enwrapt him ; whose bright arms
The followers of Idomeneus straight stript.

And Strophius' son, Scamandrius, by the spear
Perish'd of Menelaus Atreus' son ;
A mighty hunter, master of the chase ;
Whom Artemis herself had taught her art
To strike whatever breathes in wood or hill :
But now nor arrow-loving Artemis,
Nor the great archery, he was famed withal,

ἀλλὰ μιν Ἀτρεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος,
 πρόσθεν ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὔτασε δουρὶ
 ὤμων μεσσηγὺς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασεν.
 ἥριπε δὲ πρηγῆς, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Μηριόνης δὲ Φέρεκλον ἐνήρατο, τέκτονος υἱὸν
 Ἀρμονίδεω, ὃς χερσὶν ἐπίστατο δαίδαλα πάντα
 τεύχειν· ἔξοχα γάρ μιν ἐφίλατο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·
 ὃς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τεκτῆνατο νῆας ἕϊσας
 ἀρχεκάκους, αἰ πᾶσι κακὸν Τρώεσσι γέγοντο
 οἱ τ' αὐτῷ, ἐπεὶ οὔτι θεῶν ἐκ θέσφατα ἦδη.
 τὸν μὲν Μηριόνης ὅτε δὴ κατέμαρπτε διώκων,
 βεβλήκει γλουτὸν κατὰ δεξιόν· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ
 ἀντικρὺ κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὀστέον ἦλυθ' ἀκωκῇ.
 γνύξ δ' ἥριπ' οἰμῶξας, θάνατος δέ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

60

Πήδαιον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε Μέγης, Ἀντήνορος υἱόν,
 ὃς ῥα νόθος μὲν ἦν, πύκα δ' ἔτρεφε δῖα Θεανῶ,
 ἴσα φίλοισι τέκεσσι, χαριζομένη πόσσει ᾧ.
 τὸν μὲν Φυλείδης δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
 βεβλήκει κεφαλῆς κατὰ ἰνὸν ὀξείῃ δουρί·
 ἀντικρὺ δ' ἄν' ὀδόντας ὑπὸ γλῶσσαν τάμε χαλκός.
 ἥριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃ, ψυχρὸν δ' ἔλε χαλκὸν ὀδοῦσιν.

70

Εὐρύπυλος δ' Εὐαιμονίδης Ὀψήνορα δῖον,
 υἱὸν ὑπερθύμου Δολοπίονος, ὃς ῥα Σκαμάνδρου
 ἀρητῆρ ἐτέτυκτο, θεὸς δ' ὥς τίετο δῆμῳ,
 τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,
 πρόσθεν ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μεταδρομάδην ἔλασ' ὦμον
 φασγάνῳ αἶξας, ἀπὸ δ' ἔξεσε χεῖρα βαρεῖαν.
 αἱματόεσσα δὲ χεῖρ πεδίῳ πέσσε· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὅσσε
 ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.

80

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονεοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·

Avail'd him ; but Atrides pierced his spine
Betwixt the shoulders, as he fled before him,
Driving the spear right onward through the breast :
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Next by Meriones Phereclus fell,
The son of the renown'd Harmonides
The artificer : who knew all curious work
To fashion, for Athene loved him much :
He was it also who for Paris built
The galleys, the beginning of their hurt,—
Hurt to all Troy, and to his own self death,
Who knew not of the prophecies from heaven !
Whose son Meriones now follow'd, and pierced
Through the right buttock ; onward driv'n the point
Travell'd along the bladder 'neath the bone ;
Groaning he fell, and death enwrapt him round.

And Meges slew Pedæus ; he the son
Of Prince Antenor, bastard-born, but rear'd
By fair Theano as her very own,
Out of the grace she bare unto her lord.
Him the famed Son of Phyleus drawing near
Smote on the head above the nape ; and on
Under the tongue the point shore through the teeth,
That closed against the cold steel, as he fell.

Eurypylos Evæmon's son o'erthrew
Noble Hypsenor ; he the son of great
Dolopion, to Scamander priest ordain'd
And honour'd by the people like a God.
Him did Eurypylos Evæmon's son
O'ertake, pursuing as he fled before him,
And at the shoulder strike, dis severing sheer
The heavy arm ; bleeding the arm to earth
Dropt and there lay ; whilst o'er his eyes came fast
The purple gloom of Death and violent Fate.

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

Τυδεΐδην δ' οὐκ ἂν γνοίης ποτέροισι μετεΐη,
 ἢ μετὰ Τρῶεσσιν ὁμιλέοι ἢ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖς.
 θῦνε γὰρ ἅμ πεδῖον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι ξοικῶς
 χειμάρρῳ, ὅστ' ὦκα ῥέων ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας·
 τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρ τε γέφυραι ἐεργμέναι ἰσχανόωσιν,
 οὔτ' ἄρα ἔρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθηλέων,
 ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης, ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος·
 πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε κάλ' αἰζηῶν.
 ὥς ὑπὸ Τυδεΐδῃ πυκιναὶ κλονέοντο φάλαγγες
 Τρώων, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν μίμνον, πολέες περ ἐόντες.

90

Τὸν δ' ὥς οἷν ἐνόησε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς
 θύνοντ' ἅμ πεδῖον, πρὸ ἔθεν κλονέοντα φάλαγγας,
 αἰψ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδῃ ἐτιταίνετο καμπύλα τόξα,
 καὶ βάλ' ἐπαίσσοντα, τυχὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον,
 θώρηκος γύαλον· διὰ δ' ἔπατο πικρὸς οἷστος,
 ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε, παλάσσετο δ' αἵματι θώρηξ.
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὔσε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς·

100

“Ὅρνυσθε, Τρῶες μεγάθυμοι, κέντορες ἵππων·
 βέβληται γὰρ ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν, οὐδέ ἔφημι
 δῆθ' ἀνσχῆσεσθαι κρατερὸν βέλος, εἰ ἔτεόν με
 ὦρσεν ἀναξ, Διὸς υἱὸς, ἀπορνούμενον Λυκίηθεν.”

ᾧς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τὸν δ' οὐ βέλος ὦκ' δάμασσευ,
 ἀλλ' ἀναχωρήσας πρόσθ' ἵπποιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
 ἔσση, καὶ Σθένελον προσέφη, Καπανηίου υἱόν·

“Ὅρσο, πέπον Καπανηϊάδῃ, καταβήσεο δίφρου,
 ὅφρα μοι ἐξ ὥμοιο ἐρύσσης πικρὸν οἷστόν.”

110

ᾧς ἄρ' ἔφη, Σθένελος δὲ καθ' ἵππων ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,
 παρ δὲ στὰς βέλος ὦκ' διαμπερὲς ἐξέρυσ' ὦμον·
 αἶμα δ' ἀνηκόντιζε διὰ στρεπτοῖο χιτῶνος.
 δῆ τότ' ἔπειτ' ἠρᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“Κλυθί μευ, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
 εἵποτέ μοι καὶ πατρὶ φίλα φρονεουσα παρέσσης

But of Tydides—with which host he shared,
Whether he fought for Argos or for Troy—
Thou hadst not known ; so wildly o'er the field
He ranged : like some full river winterswollen
Scattering before it every dam and bar :
Nor the close-clampèd weirs may hold it more,
Nor the walls buttress'd to the vineclad banks.
What time in sudden flood it comes, and rain
Hath thick from Zeus descended ; but it bears
Full many a strong man's goodly works away ;
So throng'd before Tydides fast were borne
The Trojans, nor, though thousands, durst they stand.

Whom when Lycaon's noble son beheld
Throughout the plain thus ranging, and their troops
Routed in mass before him, quick he stretch'd
His bended bow, and struck him in mid-charge.
On the right shoulder at the hauberk's edge
He hit him, and the bitter arrow press'd
And pierced right through. Besprinkled with his blood
The hauberk show'd ; and loud Lycaon's Son
Exulting lifted up his voice and cried :

“ On, Trojans, on ! And forwards prick the steeds !
The bravest of the foe is smitten now.
Nor long, methinks will he endure the pain,
If of a truth Apollo King Zeus-born
Prompted me, when I set from Lycia forth.”

Boasting he spoke ; but not by that swift dart
Was Tydeus' Son subdued. A little space
He drew him back, and stood before his car ;
And to the Son of Capaneus he said :

“ Quick down, my friend ! Quick from the car dismount
And draw this bitter arrow from the wound.”

He spoke, and Sthenelus leapt down to earth,
And, standing by him, from the shoulder drew
Right out the bitter arrow ; whence the blood
Upspouted, and bedew'd the chain of mail.
Then noble Diomed made prayer and said :

“ Hearken, untiring Daughter of great Zeus !
If ever by my father's side thou stoodst

δηίω ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν αὖτ' ἐμὲ φίλαι, Ἀθήνη·
 δὸς δέ τέ μ' ἄνδρα ἐλεῖν καὶ ἐς ὄρμην ἔγχεος ἐλθεῖν,
 ὅς μ' ἔβαλε φθάμενος καὶ ἐπεύχεται, οὐδέ μέ φησιν
 δηρὸν ἔτ' ὀψεσθαι λαμπρὸν φάος ἡελίοιο.”

120

Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
 γυῖα δ' ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρὰ, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὑπερθευ·
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Θαρσῶν νῦν, Διόμηδες, ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·
 ἐν γάρ τοι στήθεσσι μένος πατρῴϊον ἦκα
 ἄτρομον, οἶον ἔχεσκε σακέσπαλος ἱππότα Τυδεύς·
 ἀχλὺν δ' αὖ τοι ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἔλον, ἥ πρὶν ἐπήεν,
 ὅφρ' εἴ γυνώσκῃς ἡμὲν θεὸν ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρα.
 τῷ νῦν, αἶ κε θεὸς πειρώμενος ἐνθάδ' ἵκηται,
 μήτι σύγ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς ἀντικρὺ μάχεσθαι
 τοῖς ἄλλοις· ἀτὰρ εἴ κε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
 ἔλθῃσ' ἐς πόλεμον, τήνγ' οὐτάμεν ὀξεί χαλκῷ.”

130

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
 Τυδείδης δ' ἔξαυτίς ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη·
 καὶ, πρὶν περ θυμῷ μεμαῶς Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
 δὴ τότε μιν τρὶς τόσσον ἔλεν μένος, ὥστε λέοντα,
 ὃν ῥά τε ποιμὴν ἀγρῷ ἐπ' εἰροπόκοις ὀίεσιν
 χραύσῃ μὲν τ' αὐλῆς ὑπεράλμενον οὐδὲ δαμάσση·
 τοῦ μὲν τε σθένος ὤρσεν, ἔπειτα δέ τ' οὐ προσαμύνει,
 ἀλλὰ κατὰ σταθμοὺς δύνεται, τὰ δ' ἐρήμα φοβεῖται·
 αἶ μὲν τ' ἀγχιστῖναι ἐπ' ἀλλήλησι κέχυνται,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ ἐμμεμαῶς βαθέης ἐξάλλεται αὐλῆς·
 ὥς μεμαῶς Τρώεσσι μίγῃ κρατερὸς Διομήδης.

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Ἐνθ' ἔλεν Ἀστύνοον καὶ Ὑπείρουνα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο βαλὼν χαλκῆρεϊ δουρὶ,
 τὸν δ' ἕτερον ξίφεϊ μεγάλῳ κληῖδα παρ' ὤμων

Most gracious in the peril of the fray,
So now, Athene, show thy grace to me.
Grant me to come within the reach of spear
And slay the man who hath forestall'd me now
And vaunts so loudly, it shall ne'er be mine
To see the sunshine of another day ! ”

He pray'd, whose prayer Athene heard, and made
His foot and limbs below, his arms above,
Lithe, supple ; and approaching stood, and said :

“ On, Diomed, to battle, with good cheer !
Fear not : thy father's spirit in thy breast,
The dauntless spirit Tydeus had of old
When arms he wielded, I have breathed on thee :
And from thine eyes have moved the mist, that hung
Upon them erst, that thou mayst surely know
Who mortal, who immortal. If a God
Descend assailing, face not thou the Gods
In battle, save one only : but if She,
If Zeus-born Aphrodite venture forth,
Spare not to wound her with thy pointed spear.”

Thus spake the Azure-eyed, and pass'd away.

But Tydeus' Son, so cured and whole, again
Mix'd with the foremost champions of the fight.
His heart had erst been ardent to the war ;
But now a spirit drave him thrice as fierce ;
Like to a lion by a shepherd grazed
Whilst leaping o'er the hurdles on a flock,
Grazed, but with no subduing blow, and stung
To greater wrath thereby ; whereat the man
Flees fearing to the hut, and leaves the flock
Forlorn, and close-confounded, sheep on sheep ;
Till of the prompting of his own fierce will
The lion from the fold at last leaps back :
Like fury drave Tydides on the foe.

Hypeiron then the shepherd of his realm
Fell with Astynous ; for o'er the breast
He pierce Astynous with a brass-spiked spear,
But smote Hypeiron, where the shoulder meets

πληξ', ἀπὸ δ' αὐχένος ὦμον ἐέργαθεν ἡδ' ἀπὸ νώτου.
 τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὁ δ' Ἄβαντα μετῴχετο καὶ Πολύειδον,
 υἷας Εὐρυδάμαντος, ὄνειροπόλοιο γέροντος,
 τοῖς οὐκ ἐρχομένοις ὁ γέρων ἐκρίνατ' ὀνειρούς, 150
 ἀλλὰ σφεας κρατερὸς Διομήδης ἐξενάριξεν.
 βῆ δὲ μετὰ Ξάνθον τε Θόωνά τε, Φαίνοπος υἷε,
 ἄμφω τηλυγέτω· ὁ δὲ τείρετο γήραϊ λυγρῷ,
 υἷον δ' οὐ τέκετ' ἄλλον ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσι λιπέσθαι.
 ἔνθ' ὄγε τοὺς ἐνάριξε, φίλον δ' ἐξαίνυτο θυμὸν
 ἀμφοτέρω, πατέρι δὲ γόον καὶ κήδεα λυγρὰ
 λείπ', ἐπεὶ οὐ ζῶοντε μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντε
 δέξατο· χηρωσταὶ δὲ διὰ κτῆσιν दाτέοντο.

Ἐνθ' υἷας Πριάμοιο δὴ λάβε Δαρδανίδαο,
 εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἔοντας, Ἐχέμμουνα τε Χρομίον τε. 160
 ὥς δὲ λέων ἐν βουσὶ θορῶν ἐξ αὐχένα ἄξῃ
 πόρτιος ἢ βούου, ξύλοχον κάτα βοσκομενάων,
 ὥς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους ἐξ ἵππων Τυδέου υἷου
 βῆσε κακῶς ἀέκοντας, ἔπειτα δὲ τεύχε' ἐσύλα·
 ἵππους δ' οἷς ἐτάροισι δίδου μετὰ νῆας ἐλαύνειν.

Τὸν δ' ἴδεν Αἰνείας ἀλαπάζοντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
 βῆ δ' ἵμεν ἄν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνὰ κλόνον ἐγχειάων
 Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεον διζήμενος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
 εἶρε Λυκάονος υἷον ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε,
 στή δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο ἔπος τέ μιν ἀντίον ἡὔδα· 170

“ Πάνδαρε, ποῦ τοι τόξον ἰδὲ πτερόεντες δίστοϊ
 καὶ κλέος ; ᾧ οὔτις τοι ἐρίζεται ἐνθάδε γ' ἀνὴρ,
 οὐδέ τις ἐν Λυκίῃ σέο γ' εὔχεται εἶναι ἀμείνων.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε τῷδ' ἔφες ἀνδρὶ βέλος, Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχῶν,
 ὅστις ὅδε κρατέει καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν
 Τρώας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·

The collar, with huge sword dissevering sheer
The shoulder from the throat and neck and back.

These leaving, fast he followed on the steps
Of Abas and Polædus ; they the sons
Of old Eurydamas, the seer of dreams ;
But ere they came their father had not read
Their dreams aright, for Diomed slew them both.

Xanthus and Thoon next he quick pursued,
The sons of Phænops, sons of his old age ;
With years he long was wasting, nor begat
Another, to be heir to all his wealth.
These Diomed likewise slew, and took the life
From both, but to their father woe bequeath'd,
Sorrow, and lamentation ; who would ne'er
Receive them welcome from the war again,
But strangers parted all his wealth amongst them.

Anon he caught Echemon, and with him
Chromius, together on one car, two sons
Of Dardan Priam. As a lion springs
Upon a herd, and, lion-fashion, breaks
The neck of cow or heifer where they graze :
So from their chariot-settle Tydeus' Son
Dash'd down those two, most loth, in evil plight,
And stripp'd their arms, and to his comrades gave
Their horses to the galleys to be driven.

Whom thus in devastation of Troy's ranks
Æneas mark'd, and through the throng of spears
Made passage, peering for a Godlike chief,
If haply he might find him, Pandarus.
Whom soon he found, Lycaon's blameless son,
And standing straight before him, spake and said :
"Pandar, where now the arrows, and the bow,
And that renown, wherein none here can vie,
Nor any in broad Lycia challenge thee ?
Rise therefore, and uplift thy hands to Zeus :
And then at yonder hero send a shaft,
Who lords it through the battle and hath wrought
Such evil unto Troy ; many and brave

εἰ μή τις θεός ἐστι κοτεσσάμενος Τρώεσσιν,
 ἱρῶν μηνίσας· χαλεπή δὲ θεοῦ ἔπι μῆνις.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·
 “ Αἰνεΐα, Τρώων βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων, 180
 Τυδείδῃ μιν ἔγωγε δαίφρονι πάντα εἰσκω,
 ἀσπίδι γιγνώσκων αὐλώπιδί τε τρυφαλείῃ,
 ἵππους τ' εἰσορώων· σάφα δ' οὐκ οἶδ' εἰ θεός ἐστιν.
 εἰ δ' ὅγ' ἀνὴρ ὃν φημι, δαίφρων Τυδέος υἱός,
 οὐχ ὅγ' ἀνευθε θεοῦ τάδε μαίνεται, ἀλλὰ τις ἄγχι
 ἔστηκε' ἀθανάτων, νεφέλῃ ἐκλυμένος ὦμος,
 ὅς τούτου βέλος ὠκὺ κιχήμενον ἔτραπεν ἄλλῃ
 ἥδη γάρ οἱ ἐφῆκα βέλος, καί μιν βῆλον ὦμον
 δεξιὸν, ἀντικρὺ διὰ θώρηκος γυάλοιο·
 καί μιν ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην Ἀἰδωνῇ προιάψειν, 190
 ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἐδάμασσα· θεός νύ τίς ἐστι κοτήεις.
 ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἄρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβαίην·
 ἀλλὰ που ἐν μεγάροισι Λυκάονος ἔνδεκα δίφροι
 καλοὶ πρωτοπαγεῖς νεοτευχέες· ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοι
 πέπτανται· παρὰ δέ σφιν ἐκάστω δίζυγες ἵπποι
 ἐστᾶσι, κρὶ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας.
 ἦ μὲν μοι μάλα πολλὰ γέρων αἰχμητὰ Λυκάων
 ἐρχομένῳ ἐπέτελλε δόμοις ἐνὶ ποιητοῖσιν·
 ἵπποισιν μ' ἐκέλευε καὶ ἄρμασιν ἐμβεβαῶτα
 ἀρχεύειν Τρώεσσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας· 200
 ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην—ἦ τ' ἂν πολλὸν κέρδιον ἦεν—
 ἵππων φειδόμενος, μή μοι δευοίατο φορβῆς
 ἀνδρῶν ἐκλομένων, εἰωθότες ἔδμεναι ἄδδην.
 ὥς λίπον, αὐτὰρ πεζὸς ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα,
 τόξοισιν πύσυνος· τὰ δέ μ' οὐκ ἄρ' ἔμελλον ὀνήσειν.
 ἥδη γὰρ δοιοῖσιν ἀριστήεσσιν ἐφῆκα,
 Τυδείδῃ τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, ἐκ δ' ἀμφοτέρουιν
 ἀτρεκὲς αἰμ' ἔσσευα βαλὼν, ἥγειρα δὲ μᾶλλον.
 τῷ ῥα κακῇ αἴσῃ ἀπὸ πασσάλου ἀγκύλα τόξα
 ἤματι τῷ ἐλόμην ὅτε Ἴλιον εἰς ἐρατεινὴν
 ἠγεόμην Τρώεσσι, φέρων χάριν Ἑκτορι δίφῳ 210

The men, whose limbs he hath beneath them loosed ;
Unless it be some God in wrath with Troy ;
For sore the anger of a God to men."

Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus :
"Giver of wisest counsel to the host,
Æneas ! Him in all points make I like
To Tydeus' martial Son ; for by the shield
I know him, by the crested cone I know,
And when I view his chariot. Yet indeed
If God he be, I hold not quite assured.
For, though he be the man I say he seems,
The warlike Son of Tydeus, not without
Some God he owns this fury ; by his side
Stands some Immortal in a cloud conceal'd,
And turn'd my dart at point to pierce him through.
Already have I shot, and struck him full
On the right shoulder through the hauberk's edge,
And vaunted I should send him ere his time
To Hades, yet subdued him not at all :
Some God, be sure, is anger'd with us now.
Nor car nor horses here are mine to mount.
Chariots eleven in my father's halls
Stand idle, fair to view, and newly wrought,
Late-built, with cloths spread round them ; while by each,
Champing white corn and spelt, two horses stand.
And oft the old Lycaon laid on me
His warning, ere I left his highroof'd home,
And bade me with my horses and my cars
Come mounted, so to lead in battle here.
It had been better ; but I hearken'd not,
Sparing my steeds, lest haply in a town
Beleaguer'd they should lack their wonted food.
Therefore on foot, and leaving them behind,
I came to Ilion, trusting in this bow
And arrows—naught the good I gain from them !
Twice have I aim'd against their bravest two,
Atrides and Tydides ; twice have drawn
Blood bursting clear ; yet have but fired them more.
Therefore with evil fortune from its peg
Took I this crookbent bow, what time I left
To render grace to Hector and to lead
Under fair Ilion's walls a Trojan troop ;

εἰ δέ κε νοστήσω καὶ ἐσόψομαι ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
πατρίδ' ἐμὴν ἄλοχόν τε καὶ ὑψερεφές μέγα δῶμα,
αὐτίκ' ἔπειτ' ἀπ' ἐμεῖο κάρη τάμοι ἀλλότριος φῶς,
εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ τάδε τόξα φαεινῶ ἐν πυρὶ θείην
χερσὶ διακλάσσας· ἀνεμῶλια γάρ μοι ὀπηδεῖ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας, Τρώων ἀγός, ἀντίον ἦ᾽δα·
"μὴ δ' οὕτως ἀγόρευε· πάρος δ' οὐκ ἔσσεται ἄλλως,
πρίν γ' ἐπὶ νῶ τῷδ' ἀνδρὶ σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχρεσφιν
ἀντιβῆναι ἔλθοντε σὺν ἔντεσι πειρηθῆναι.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὄφρα ἴδῃαι
οἷοι Τρώιοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο
κραιπνὰ μάλ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα διωκέμεν ἡδὲ φέβεσθαι·
τῶ καὶ νῶϊ πόλυνδε σαώσετον, εἴπερ ἂν αὖτε
Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδῃ Διομήδεϊ κύδος ὀρέξῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἵππων ἐπιβήσομαι, ὄφρα μάχωμαι
ἡὲ σὺ τόνδε δέδεξο, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἵπποι."

220

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·
"Αἰνεία, σὺ μὲν αὐτὸς ἔχ' ἡνία καὶ τεῶν ἵππων·
μᾶλλον ὕψ' ἡνιόχῳ εἰωθότι καμπύλον ἄρμα
οὔσετον, εἴπερ ἂν αὖτε φεβώμεθα Τυδέος υἱόν.
μὴ τῶ μὲν δείσαντε ματήσετον, οὐδ' ἐθέλητον
ἐκφερέμεν πολέμοιο, τεὸν φθόγγον ποθέοντε,
νῶϊ δ' ἐπαίξας μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱὸς
αὐτῷ τε κτείνῃ καὶ ἐλάσση μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἀλλὰ σύγ' αὐτὸς ἔλαυνε τέ' ἄρματα καὶ τεῶν ἵππων,
τόνδε δ' ἐγὼν ἐπιόντα δεδέξομαι ὀξείῃ δουρί."

230

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσαντες, ἐς ἄρματα ποικίλα βάντες,
ἐμμεμαῶτ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδῃ ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους.
τοὺς δὲ ἶδε Σθένελος, Καπανηῖος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,
αἶψα δὲ Τυδεΐδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

240

"Τυδεΐδη Διόμηδες, ἐμῶ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
ἄνδρ' ὀρόω κρατερῶ ἐπὶ σοὶ μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,
ἵν' ἀπέλεθρον ἔχοντας· ὁ μὲν τόξων εὖ εἰδώς,

And if I e'er again return to see
My country and my wife and highroof'd house,
Then may some stranger straight behead me there,
If I myself then break it not to shreds
And cast the splinters on a blazing fire :
So idly in my hand it shows this day ! ”

Æneas, prince of Troy, made answer then :
“ Nay, speak not thus. But this is true, our plight
Will scarce be alter'd, ere we two, conjoin'd
And both in arms with horses and with car,
Go forth together to assay this man
And meet him face to face. Mount then with me
This chariot, and behold the steeds of Troy
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro
To skim the plain for flight or for pursuit.
And ev'n if Zeus bestow on Tydeus' Son
The victory, these will bear us home secure.
Rise therefore, take the glossy reins and thong,
Whilst I descend to meet him hand to hand ;
Or thou meet him, whilst I attend the steeds.”

Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus :
“ The steeds are thine, Æneas ; hold the reins
Thyself ; it is thy wont, and they will draw
(Should we be turn'd to flight by Tydeus' Son)
This richwrought chariot straighter by thy hand :—
Lest too they stray fear-smitten, and be slow,
Missing thy wellknown voice, to bear us back,
And give occasion to Tydides then
To spring upon us swift and slay us both,
And drive them also, trophy to the ships.
Keep manage therefore of thy steeds thyself,
Whilst I await him with a sharp-tipt spear.”

They spoke, and mounting to the carvèd car
Together down upon Tydides bore
In strength combined. The Son of Capaneus
Beheld, and from the chariot call'd, and said :

“ Tydides ! Thou in whom is my delight !
Two men, of might unbounded, I descry,
Two heroes, both together bent on thee ;
And one is Pandar, master of the bow,

Πάνδαρος, υἱὸς δ' αὖτε Λυκάονος εὐχεται εἶναι·
 Αἰνεΐας δ' υἱὸς μὲν ἀμύμονος Ἀγχίσαο
 εὐχεται ἐκγεγάμεν, μήτηρ δέ οἱ ἔστ' Ἀφροδίτη.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ χαζώμεθ' ἐφ' ἵππων, μηδὲ μοι οὕτως
 θύνε διὰ προμάχων, μήπως φίλον ἦτορ ὀλέσσης.”

250

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
 “μήτι φόβονδ' ἀγόρευ', ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σὲ πεισέμεν οἶω·
 οὐ γάρ μοι γενναῖον ἀλυσκάζοντι μάχεσθαι
 οὐδὲ καταπτώσσειν· ἔτι μοι μένος ἔμπεδόν ἐστιν·
 ὀκνεῖω δ' ἵππων ἐπιβαινέμεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὼς
 ἀντίον εἶμ' αὐτῶν· τρεῖν μ' οὐκ ἔῃ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
 τούτῳ δ' οὐ πάλιν αὐτὶς ἀποίσετον ὠκέες ἵπποι
 ἄμφω ἀφ' ἡμείων, εἴ γ' οὖν ἕτερός γε φύγησιν.
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν
 αἷ κέν μοι πολύβουλος Ἀθήνη κῦδος ὀρέξῃ
 ἀμφοτέρω κτείνειαι, σὺ δὲ τούσδε μὲν ὠκέας ἵππους
 αὐτοῦ ἐρυκακέειν, ἐξ ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας·
 Αἰνεΐας δ' ἐπαίξαι μεμνημένος ἵππων,
 ἐκ δ' ἐλάσαι Τρώων μετ' εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.
 τῆς γάρ τοι γενεῆς, ἧς Τρωεῖ περ εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
 δῶχ' υἱὸς ποινὴν Γανυμήδεος, οὐνεκ' ἄριστοι
 ἵππων, ὅσσοι ἕασιν ὑπ' ἡῶ τ' ἡέλιόν τε.
 τῆς γενεῆς ἐκλεψεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγχίσης,
 λάθρῃ Λαομέδοντος ὑποσχὼν θήλεας ἵππους·
 τῶν οἱ ἔξ ἐγένοντο ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γενέθλη·
 τοὺς μὲν τέσσαρας αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλ' ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
 τῷ δὲ δὴν Αἰνεΐα δῶκεν, μήστωρι φόβοιο.
 εἰ τούτῳ κε λάβοιμεν, ἀροίμεθά κε κλέος ἐσθλόν.”

260

270

“Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
 τῷ δὲ τάχ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον, ἐλαύνοντ' ὠκέας ἵππους.
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·

“Καρτερόθυμε, δαΐφρον, ἀγαυοῦ Τυδέος υἱέ,
 ἦ μάλα σ' οὐ βέλως ὠκὺν δαμάσσατο, πικρὸς δῖστος·

Who boasts to be the great Lycaon's son ;
Æneas the other, who Anchises names
His father, but fair Cypris gave him birth.
Withdraw we therefore on the car awhile ;
Nor thus, I pray thee, in their champions' van
Range singly, lest perchance thou lose thy life."

Sternly frown'd Diomed, and made reply :
"Counsel me not to flight ; thou mov'st me not ;
Not to my birth accords it, or to shun
The battle, or to show a craven there.
My limbs are firm beneath me ; therefore loth
Were I to mount the chariot. As I stand,
I go to meet them ; Pallas from all fear
Forbids me. Yea, though one of these perchance
Escapes my hand, yet both secure away
Their horses scarce shall carry. Hear my word,
And mind it well : should She, the blue-eyed Maid,
Giver of all wise counsel, now vouchsafe
The glory of the deaths of both my foes,
Fast to the rim draw up thy reins, to stay
This chariot here, and leave it, and spring forth
Mindful to seize and to the camp drive off
These horses of Æneas. For their birth
Is of that stock which mighty Zeus erst gave
To Tros, the price of Ganymede his son :
Best therefore were they of their kind on earth,
From sunrise unto sunset unsurpass'd ;
And unto them Anchises brought his mares,
By stealth, and to Laomedon unknown,
Secretly to be served ; whence six were foal'd
All of this noble breed within his stalls.
Four doth he keep, and nurture with all care,
But two, these breathers of dismay, bestow'd
Upon his son Æneas ; and, could we
Achieve them, noble were the name we won."

Thus spoke they, each to other, whilst the two
Lashing their steeds now bore upon them nigh ;
And first Lycaon's noble son began :

"Bravehearted warrior ! Glorious Tydeus' Son !
My dart, the bitter arrow, quell'd thee not ;

νῦν αὖτ' ἐγχείη πειρήσομαι, αἶ κε τύχωμι.”

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἕγχος 280
καὶ βάλε Τυδείδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα· τῆς δὲ διαπρὸ
αἰχμῇ χαλκείῃ πταμένη θώρηκι πελάσθη.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄυσε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·

“Βέβληται κενεῶνα διαμπερὲς, οὐδέ σ' οἶω
δηρὸν ἔτ' ἀνσχίσεσθαι· ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὖχος ἔδωκας.”

Τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
“ἤμβροτες οὐδ' ἔτυχες· ἀτὰρ οὐ μὲν σφῶί γ' οἶω
πρὶν γ' ἀποπαύσεσθαι, πρὶν γ' ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα
αἵματος ἄσαι” Ἀρηα, ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.”

“Ὡς φάμενος προέηκε· βέλος δ' ἵθυνεν Ἀθήνη 290
ῥίνα παρ' ὀφθαλμόν, λευκοὺς δ' ἐπέρησεν ὀδόντας.
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν γλῶσσαν πρυμνὴν τάμε χαλκὸς ἀτειρής,
αἰχμῇ δ' ἐξεσύθη παρὰ νείατον ἀνθερεῶνα.
ἥριπτε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
αἰόλα, παμφανόωντα, παρέτρεσσαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε.

Αἰνείας δ' ἀπόρουσε σὺν ἀσπίδι δουρί τε μακρῷ,
δείσας μὴ πῶς οἱ ἐρυσάιατο νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοί.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ βαῖνε λέων ὥς ἀλκὴ πεποιθὼς,
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δόρυ τ' ἔσχε καὶ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἴσῃν, 300
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαῶς ὅστις τοῦγ' ἀντίος ἔλθοι,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος.
τῷ βάλεν Αἰνείας κατ' ἰσχίον, ἔνθα τε μηρὸς
ἰσχύϊ ἐνστρέφεται, κοτύλην δὲ τέ μιν καλέουσιν·
θλάσσε δέ οἱ κοτύλην, πρὸς δ' ἄμφω ῥῆξε τένοντε·
ᾧσε δ' ἀπὸ ῥινὸν τρηχὺς λιθος· αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ἦρωσ
ἔστη γυνὴ ἐριπὼν καὶ ἐρείσατο χειρὶ παχείῃ
γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ ὅσσε κελαινὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψε. 310

Καὶ νύ κεν ἔνθ' ἀπόλοιτο ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Αἰνείας,

Now, only let me strike thee, feel the spear ! ”

He spoke, and whirl'd the shadowing lance, and hurl'd,
And struck Tydides' buckler ; quivering through
Pass'd on the brazen point, but at the breast
Before the corslet stay'd ; and loudly cheer'd
Piercing the shield Lycaon's noble Son ;

“ Struck thro' the heart, nor long, I think, to live !
And great the glory thou on me bestow'st.”

But answer undismay'd made Diomed :
“ Nay, for thou hast not hit, but miss'd thy mark :
And for you twain, I doubt an ye will end
This boasting, ere the one or the other glut
The thirsty maw of Ares with his blood.”

He spoke, and threw ; Athene guided down
The dart upon the face beside the eye ;
Through the white teeth it went ; the frayless edge
Clove the tongue's root, nor ere it pass'd the chin
Was slacken'd ; from the car he fell ; and loud
The enamell'd arms clash'd round him where he fell.
Started the affrighted steeds, whilst from their lord
The spirit and the strength were loosèd quite.
But fearful lest the Achaians gain his corse,
Shield and long spear in hand, Æneas sprang
Down from the car, and round him, lionlike,
Strode in huge strength exultant ; in his front
He held the spear and orb'd shield, and stood
Ready to slay whoever durst assail,
With terrible outcry. But Tydides took
A stone, a giant matter, such as two
Of living generations might not lift,
But he with single hand uppoised aloft ;
With this Æneas on the groin he struck,
There where the thigh is jointed to the groin ;
Men call the joint the socket ; this he crush'd
And brake beside the tendons ; all the flesh
The jagged edge tore off ; and on his knee
The hero falling, sunk, one moment stay'd
By his broad hand—then darkness veil'd his eyes

Whereby the Chief had perish'd, had not She

εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὄξυ νόησε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
μήτηρ, ἣ μιν ὑπ' Ἀγχίση τέκε βουκολέοντι·
ἀμφὶ δ' ἐὼν φίλον υἷον ἐχεύατο πῆχες λευκῶ,
πρόσθε δέ οἱ πέπλοιο φαεινοῦ πτύγμ' ἐκάλυψεν,
ἕρκος ἔμεν βελέων, μὴ τις Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
χαλκὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.

Ἡ μὲν ἐὼν φίλον υἷον ὑπεξέφερεν πολέμοιο·
οὐδ' υἷος Καπανῆος ἐλήθετο συνθεσιῶν
τάων ἅς ἐπέτελλε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης, 320
ἀλλ' ὅγε τοὺς μὲν ἐοὺς ἡρύκακε μώνυχας ἵππους
νόσφι ἀπὸ φλοίσβου, ἐξ ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας.
Αἰνείαιο δ' ἐπαΐζας καλλιτρίχας ἵππους
ἐξέλασε Τρώων μετ' ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.
δῶκε δὲ Δηϊπύλῳ, ἐτάρῳ φίλῳ, ὃν περὶ πάσης
τίεν ὁμηλικίης, ὅτι οἱ φρεσὶν ἄρτια ᾔδη,
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν. αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ἥρως
ὦν ἵππων ἐπιβάς ἔλαβ' ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,
αἶψα δὲ Τυδείδην μέθεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους
ἐμμεμαῶς· ὁ δὲ Κύπριν ἐπώχετο νηλεὲς χαλκῷ, 330
γιγνώσκων ὅτ' ἀναλκις ἔην θεὸς, οὐδὲ θεῶν
τάων αἵτ' ἀνδρῶν πόλεμον κάτα κοιρανέουσιν,
οὔτ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίῃ οὔτε πτολίπορθος Ἐνυώ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐκίχανε πολὺν καθ' ὁμίλον ὀπάζων,
ἔνθ' ἐπορεζάμενος μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱὸς
ἄκρην οὔτασε χεῖρα μετάλμενος ὀξείῃ δουρὶ
ἀβληχρήν· εἴθαρ δὲ δόρυ χροὸς ἀντετόρησεν
ἀμβροσίῳ διὰ πέπλου, ὃν οἱ Χάριτες κάμον αὐταί,
πρυμνὸν ὑπερ θέναρος. ῥέε δ' ἀμβροτον αἶμα θεοῖο,
ἰχῶρ, οἷός περ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν· 340
οὐ γὰρ σῖτον ἔδουσ', οὐ πίνουσ' αἰθόπα οἶνον,
τοῦνεκ' ἀναίμονές εἰσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.
ἦ δὲ μέγα ἰάχουσα ἀπὸ ἔο κάββαλεν υἷον.

(The Child of Zeus who erst on Ida's knolls
Lay with Anchises where he grazed his kine),
His mother, Aphrodite, seen his plight.
Around her son she shower'd her two white palms
And cast her glistening raiment to enfold
And screen him from this danger, lest perchance
Some Danaan see and strike him to the heart.
So half conceal'd she 'gan withdraw her son.

But not unmindful of the pact, whereto
Brave Diomed had enjoin'd him, Sthenelus
Rein'd back, from all the turmoil well aloof,
His own strong steeds, and to the chariot's rim
Made the reins fast ; thence sprang, and drave away
The horses of Æneas, prey and spoil,
Clear from the Trojan to the Achaian lines ;
And gave them to Deipolus (the friend
Most loved, most honour'd, by him of his peers,
With whom he was as one in heart and mind)
Back to the hollow galleys to be driven ;
Then quick remounted to his own, and seized
The glossy reins, and drave the strong-shod steeds
Hot with all haste behind his lord again.

For now Tydides press'd with pitiless spear
Assailing Aphrodite ; her he knew
A Goddess feeble, not of those who hold
The helm of battle, over men supreme,
Athena, or Enÿo, Queens of war.
Therefore advancing through the throng of men,
Near her he took his aim, and springing forth
Struck with his spear her tender nerveless hand,
Wounding its edge ; and through the skin the point
Grided, dissevering near the wrist the robe
Ambrosial, broider'd by her Graces' hands.
And forth such heavenly Ichor stream'd apace,
Such blood as in the veins of Gods may flow,
Who eat not corn, nor drink of glowing wine,
Are bloodless therefore, and Immortal named.
With a loud shriek She cast her son away,

καὶ τὸν μετὰ χερσὶν ἐρύσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
 κυανέῃ νεφέλῃ, μή τις Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
 χαλκὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο·
 τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄνσε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“Εἶκε, Διὸς θύγατερ, πολέμου καὶ δηιοτήτος·
 ἢ οὐχ ἄλλis ὅττι γυναικας ἀνάλκιδας ἡπεροπεύεις ;
 εἰ δὲ σύγ' ἐς πόλεμον πωλήσεται, ἢ τέ σ' οἶω
 ῥιγῇσειν πόλεμόν γε, καὶ εἴ χ' ἐτέρωθι πύθηαι.” 350

ᾠς ἔφαθ', ἡ δ' ἀλύουσ' ἀπεβήσето, τείρετο δ' αἰνῶς.
 τὴν μὲν ἄρ' Ἴρις ἐλοῦσα ποδὴνεμος ἔξαγ' ὁμίλου
 ἀχθομένην ὀδύνησι· μελαίνετο δὲ χρῶα καλόν.
 εὗρεν ἔπειτα μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ θοῦρον Ἄρηα
 ἡμενον· ἡέρι δ' ἔγχος ἐκέκλιτο καὶ ταχέ' ἵππω.
 ἡ δὲ γυνὴ ἐριποῦσα κασιγνήτοιο φίλοιο
 πολλὰ λισσομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἤτεεν ἵππους·

“Φίλε κασίγνητε, κόμισαί τέ με δός τέ μοι ἵππους,
 ὄφρ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἵκωμαι, ἵν' ἀθανάτων ἔδος ἐστίν.
 λίην ἀχθομαι ἔλκος, ὃ με βροτὸς οὐτασεν ἀνὴρ,
 Τυδείδης, ὃς νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο.” 360

ᾠς φάτο, τῇ δ' ἄρ' Ἄρης δῶκε χρυσάμπυκας ἵππους.
 ἡ δ' ἐς δίφρον ἔβαινεν ἀκηχεμένη φίλον ἦτορ.
 παρ δέ οἱ Ἴρις ἔβαινε καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν,
 μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν, τῶ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην.
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκοντο θεῶν ἔδος, αἰπὺν Ὀλυμπον.
 ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε ποδὴνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις
 λύσας· ἐξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δ' ἀμβρόσιον βάλαν εἶδαρ·
 ἡ δ' ἐν γούνοισι πίπτε Διώνης δι' Ἀφροδίτῃ,
 μητρὸς ἐῆς· ἡ δ' ἀγκὰς ἐλάζετο θυγατέρα ἦν,
 χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξευ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν· 370

“Τίς νύ σε τοιάδ' ἔρεξε, φίλον τέκος, Οὐραυνίωνων
 μαψιδίως, ὥσει τι κακὸν ῥέζουσαν ἐνωπῇ ;”

Τὴν δ' ἡμέιβετ' ἔπειτα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ
 “οὐτά με Τυδέος υἱὸς, ὑπέρθυμος Διομήδης,
 οὔνεκ' ἐγὼ φίλον υἱὸν ὑπεξέφερον πολέμοιο,
 Αἰνείαν, ὃς ἐμοὶ πάντων πολὺ φίλτατός ἐστιν.

Whom Phœbus in a purple cloud received,
Lest haply some one strike and take his life :
Whilst after her Tydides sent his voice :

“Yield thee, Zeus-born, and from the war withdraw :
Enough for thee weak women to beguile.
But, if thou darest to range this field again,
Thenceforward thou shalt dread its very name.”

He spoke ; she moaning fled ; for deep the smart ;
Whom windfoot Iris took, and from the throng
Guided (in anguish, and her lovely skin
Discolour'd) where upon the battle's left
She found fierce Ares sitting ; all in mist
Enwrapt, his spear was standing and his car :
Then She upon her knees besought, and begg'd
His gold-trapp'd horses of her brother dear :

“Dear Brother, save me, and vouchsafe thy steeds,
To bear me to Olympus, throne of Gods.
For deep the anguish of this wound, wherewith
A mortal hath dared smite me, ev'n the Son
Of Tydeus, who would now face father Zeus.’

She spoke, and Ares gave his gold-trapp'd steeds.

Heartstricken she ascended ; by her side
Iris ascended likewise to the car,
And took the reins, and thong'd the rapid steeds.
Nor loth they flew aloft, and quickly gain'd
The height o' the Olympian steep, the throne of Gods.
There windfoot Iris loosed them from the yoke,
And threw ambrosial food before their feet.

But heavenly Aphrodite on the lap
Of her fair mother, Queen Dione, fell,
Who raised her daughter to her arms, and laid
A gentle hand upon her ; and she spoke :

“Who of the Gods hath dared entreat thee thus,
My child, as chiding thee for open fault ?”

And thus the Queen of laughter made reply :
“The son of Tydeus, Diomed, in his pride
Hath dared this outrage ; for that I assay'd
To rescue from the battle mine own son
Æneas, dearest of all men to me.

οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπις αἰνῇ,
ἀλλ' ἤδη Δαναοί γε καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μάχονται.”

380

Τῇν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διώνη, δῖα θεάων ·
“ τέτλαθι, τέκνον ἐμὸν, καὶ ἀνάσχεο, κηδομένη περ.
πολλοὶ γὰρ δὴ τλήμεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἐξ ἀνδρῶν, χαλέπ' ἄλγε' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι τιθέντες.
τλή μὲν Ἀρης, ὅτε μιν ὦτος κρατερός τ' Ἐφιάλτης,
παῖδες Ἀλωῆος, δῆσαν κρατερῶ ἐνὶ δεσμῶ ·
χαλκέω δ' ἐν κεράμῳ δέδετο τρισκαίδεκα μῆνας.
καὶ νύ κεν ἔνθ' ἀπόλοιτο Ἀρης αἶτος πολέμοιο,
εἰ μὴ μητρυιῇ, περικαλλῆς Ἡερίβοια,
Ἑρμῆα ἐξήγγειλεν · ὁ δ' ἐξέκλεψεν Ἀρηά
ἤδη τειρόμενον, χαλεπὸς δέ ἐστι δεσμὸς ἐδάμνα.
τλή δ' Ἡρη, ὅτε μιν κρατερὸς παῖς Ἀμφιτρύωνος
δεξιτερὸν κατὰ μαζὸν οἷστῳ τριγλώχινι
βεβλήκει · τότε καὶ μιν ἀνήκεστον λάβεν ἄλγος.
τλή δ' Αἰῖδος ἐν τοῖσι πελώριοις ὥκυν οἷστὸν,
εὐτέ μιν ὠτύτος ἀνὴρ, υἱὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
ἐν Πύλῳ ἐν νεκύεσσι βαλὼν ὀδύνῃσιν ἔδωκεν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς καὶ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον
κῆρ ἄχέων, ὀδύνῃσι πεπαρμένους · αὐτὰρ οἷστὸς
ᾧ μιν ἐνὶ στιβαρῶ ἠλήλατο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατα φάρμακα πάσσω
ἠκέσαςτ' · οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνητός γ' ἐτέτυκτο.
σχέτλιος, ὀβριμοεργὸς, ὃς οὐκ ὅθετ' αἷσυλα ῥέζων,
ὃς τόξοισιν ἔκηδε θεοὺς, οἳ Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν.
σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ τοῦτον ἀνήκε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη ·
νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ οἶδε κατὰ φρένα Τυδεΐος υἱὸς,
ὅττι μάλ' οὐ δηναῖος ὃς ἀθανάτοισι μάχεται,
οὐδέ τί μιν παῖδες ποτὶ γούνασι παππάζουσιν
ἐλθόντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊοτήτος.
τῷ νῦν Τυδείδης, εἰ καὶ μάλα καρτερός ἐστιν,

390

400

410

'Twixt Troy and Argos is the war no more ;
But Argos battles with the Gods of heaven !”

To whom Dione Queen in heaven replied :
“ Be patient yet, my child, and bear thy pain.
For oft perforce at hands of men have we,
Whose homes are on Olympus, yet endured
The sorrows, which we each to other cause.
Patient was Ares, when Alceus' sons
Otus and Ephialtes bound him down
With a huge chain ; full thirteen months he lay
Chain'd in a brazen vessel ; yea, had died,
Ev'n Ares, the insatiate king of war,
Had not Aeribœa, of his foes
The stepdame, fairest of her sex on earth,
Told Hermes of his plight ; and Hermes came
And stole him forth, though wasted nigh to death ,
So hardly pressing on him bore that chain.
Patient was Here likewise, through the breast
Pierced by a three-fork'd arrow from the hand
Of Hercules, Amphitryon's great son,
Albeit a cureless anguish wrung her then.
Patient was Hades also, even as they,
The ancient Giant, when the selfsame man,
Sprung of high Zeus, smiting him amongst the dead
In Pylos, gave him wholly up to pain.
Anon heart-broken, piercèd through and through
With anguish, to the Olympian hall of Zeus
He mounted ; but the arrow quivering bode
In his huge shoulder, torture to his soul.
There Pæon spread upon it soothing salves,
And heal'd him : not for Death was He create.
Insolent terrible Doer of those deeds !
Who durst raise violent arm and with his shafts
Torture Immortal Gods ! So now on thee
Hath azure-eyed Athene raised this man
Tydides : fool ! who knoweth not that short,
Short is the life of him who fights with Gods :
Him never shall his children round his knees
Greet, their dear father, from the war return'd !
Yet let him think, how great soe'er he be,

φραζέσθω μή τίς οἱ ἀμείνων σείο μάχεται,
 μὴ δὴν Αἰγιάλεια, περίφρων Ἀδρηστίνη,
 ἔξ ὕπνου γοόουσα φίλους οἰκῆας ἐγείρῃ,
 κουρίδιον ποθέουσα πόσιν, τὸν ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν,
 ἰφθίμη ἄλοχος Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.”

Ἦ ρα καὶ ἀμφοτέρησιν ἀπ' ἰχῶ χειρὸς ὁμόργνυ·
 ἄλθετο χεῖρ, ὀδύναι δὲ κατηπιόωντο βαρεῖαι.
 αἱ δ' αὖτ' εἰσορόωσαι Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρῃ
 κερτομίους ἐπέεσσι Δία Κρονίδην ἐρέθιζον.
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·

420

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ρά τί μοι κεχολώσεται, ὅττι κεν εἶπω ;
 ἦ μάλα δὴ τινα Κύπρις Ἀχαιϊάδων ἀνιείσα
 Τρῶσιν ἅμα σπέσθαι, τοὺς νῦν ἔκπαυλ' ἐφίλησεν,
 τῶν τινὰ καρρῆζουσα Ἀχαιϊάδων εὐπέπλων
 πρὸς χρυσῇ περόνῃ καταμύξατο χεῖρα ἀραιήν.”

ᾧ φάτο, μείδῃσεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
 καὶ ῥα καλεσσάμενος προσέφη χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην·

“Οὐ τοι, τέκνον ἐμὸν, δέδοται πολεμῆϊα ἔργα,
 ἀλλὰ σύγ' ἱμερόεντα μετέρχεο ἔργα γάμοιο,
 ταῦτα δ' Ἀρηϊοῦ θεῶ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ πάντα μελήσει.”

430

ᾧ οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
 Αἰνεία δ' ἐπόρουσε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
 γιγνώσκων ὅ οἱ αὐτὸς ὑπείρεχε χεῖρας Ἀπόλλων·
 ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' οὐδὲ θεὸν μέγαν ἄζετο, ἔτετο δ' αἰεὶ
 Αἰνείαν κτεῖναι καὶ ἀπὸ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δῦσαι.
 τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
 τρὶς δέ οἱ ἐστυφέλιξε φαινήν Ἀσπίδ' Ἀπόλλων,
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος,
 δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας προσέφη ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·

“Φράζεο, Τυδείδης, καὶ χάζεο, μηδὲ θεοῖσιν
 ἴσ' ἔθελε φρονέειν, ἐπεὶ οὐποτε φῦλον ὁμοῖον
 ἀθανάτων τε θεῶν χαμαὶ ἐρχομένων τ' ἀνθρώπων.”

440

ᾧ φάτο, Τυδείδης δ' ἀνεχάζετο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω.

Lest he assail more powerful foe than thou :
Else surely shall the wife of Diomed,
Chaste child of great Adrastus, the beloved
Ægialeia, wake some night ere long
Startling from slumber with a piercing cry
Her household, shrieking for her first dear love,
Her husband, and the noblest of his race ! ”

She spoke, and staunch'd the ichor from the wound ;
The hand was heal'd ; the racking pains were soothed.

Whom Here and Athene saw, and thus
With gibing words began their taunt to Zeus ;
And azure-eyed Athene spake, and said :
“ Father, wilt Thou be anger'd, if I speak ?
Behold how Cypris with a fond caress
Beguiling for her minion race of Troy
Some long-robed Argive to desert her home
Hath scratch'd against the brooch her tender hand ! ”

She spoke ; the Father of the world thereat
Smiled, and call'd golden Aphrodite near :

“ Not thine, not thine, my child, this warlike work
Sweet work of wedded love, be that thy care ;
To Pallas and to Ares leave the war.”

This was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

Meantime, though Tydeus' Son was well aware
How that Apollo had stretch'd forth his arm
To save Æneas, nathless still he sprang
Onward, nor reck'd of that great God, but sought
His enemy, and to strip the famous arms,
Thrice of a furious heart he made the charge ;
And thrice Apollo, pressing heavenly hand
Against his shining buckler, dash'd him back ;
But when the fourth time, more than man, he came,
The God uplifted thus an awful voice :

“ Warn thee, Tydides, and withdraw thee hence :
Match not thyself in thought the peer to Gods.
Likened not unto men who walk the earth
The immortal generation of the Gods.”

He spoke, and Tydeus' Son some space withdrew,

μῆνιν ἀλευάμενος ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.
 Αἰνείαν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ὀμίλου θήκεν Ἀπόλλων
 Περγάμῳ εἰν ἱερῇ, ὅθι οἱ νηὸς γ' ἐτέτυκτο·
 ἦτοι τὸν Λητώ τε καὶ Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα
 ἐν μεγάλῳ ἀδύτῳ ἀκέοντό τε κύδαινον τε.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ εἰδῶλον τεύξ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
 αὐτῷ τ' Αἰνείᾳ ἔκελον καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον,
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' εἰδῶλῳ Τρῶες καὶ δῖοι Ἀχαιοὶ
 δῆλουν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοείας
 ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισήϊά τε πτερόεντα.
 δὴ τότε θούρου Ἄρηα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

450

“Ἄρες, Ἄρες βροτολοιγὲ, μαιφόνε, τειχεσιπλῆτα,
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ τόνδ' ἄνδρα μάχης ἐρύσαιο μετελθὼν,
 Τυδείδην, ὃς νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο ;
 Κύπριδα μὲν πρῶτα σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτῷ μοι ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν αὐτὸς μὲν ἐφέζετο Περγάμῳ ἄκρῃ,
 Τρῶας δὲ στίχας οὔλος Ἄρης ὥτρυνε μετελθὼν,
 εἰδόμενος Ἀκάμαντι θοῷ ἡγήτορι Θρηκῶν·
 νιάσι δὲ Πριάμοιο διοτρεφέεσσι κέλευεν·

460

“ὦ νιεῖς Πριάμοιο, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
 ἐς τί ἔτι κτείνεσθαι ἐάσετε λαὸν Ἀχαιοῖς ;
 ἢ εἰσόκεν ἀμφὶ πύλης εὐποιοιτῇσι μάχωνται ;
 κείται ἀνὴρ ὄντ' ἴσον ἐτίομεν Ἐκτορι δίῳ,
 Αἰνείας, υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαο.
 ἀλλ' ἄγετ' ἐκ φλοίσβοιο σωώσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
 ἔνθ' αὖ Σαρπηδὼν μάλα νείκεσεν Ἐκτορα δῖον·

470

“Ἐκτορ, πῇ δὴ τοι μένος οἴχεται, ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκες ;

Shunning the wrath of Him who smites from far.

Then Phœbus bore Æneas from the throng
Aloof to sacred Pergamus (where stands
The temple of the God), and in that shrine
Leto and arrow-loving Artemis
Heal'd him, and o'er his form a glory shed.

But on the battlefield Apollo set
A Phantom, wrought most like Æneas, like
In stature, like in arms ; and all around
The Phantom wax'd the struggle 'twixt the hosts,
Trojans and brave Achaïans cleaving through
The bull-hide shields or targes light as wings
That shelter'd many a breast : while Phœbus moved
Apart to where fierce Ares stood, and spake :

“Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge !
Enter the battle, if thou wilt, and draw
Tydides thence, this terrible monstrous man,
Whose heart would lift him now to fight with Zeus !
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist
He wounded, and hath now dared charge on me. ’

He spoke, and to the top of Pergamus
Retired and sate, whilst through the Trojan ranks,
In likeness of the Thracian Acamas,
Wide-wasting Ares moved, enkindling all,
And on the Sons of Priam call'd by name :

“Sons of Zeus-nurtured Priam, crownèd King !
How long will ye be patient to behold
Your nation falling by Achaia's sword ?
Or wait ye, till the war be at your doors ?
For lo, whom not than noble Hector less
We honour'd, brave Æneas lieth slain,
The son of great Anchises : charge then, charge,
Rescue his body from the battle home !”

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

Strongly Sarpedon chode brave Hector then :
‘Where, Hector, now the daring that was thine ?

φῆς που ἄτερ λαῶν πόλιν ἐξέμεν ἥδ' ἐπικούρων
 οἶος, σὺν γαμβροῖσι κασιγνήτοισί τε σοῖσιν.
 τῶν νῦν οὕτιν' ἐγὼ ἰδέειν δύναμ' οὐδὲ νοῆσαι,
 ἀλλὰ καταπτώσσουσι, κύνες ὡς ἀμφὶ λέοντα·
 ἡμεῖς δ' αὖ μαχόμεσθ', οὔπερ τ' ἐπίκουροι ἐνειμεν.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐὼν μάλα τηλόθεν ἦκω·
 τηλοῦ γὰρ Λυκίῃ, Ξάνθῳ ἔπι δινηέντι,
 ἐνθ' ἄλοχόν τε φίλῃν ἔλιπον καὶ νήπιον υἷον, 480
 καὶ δὲ κτήματα πολλὰ, τάτ' ἔλδεται ὅς κ' ἐπιδευής.
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς Λυκίους ὀτρύνω καὶ μέμον' αὐτὸς
 ἀνδρὶ μαχήσασθαι· ἀτὰρ οὔτι μοι ἐνθάδε τοῖον
 οἶόν κ' ἦε φέροιεν Ἀχαιοὶ ἢ κεν ἄγοιεν
 τῦνη δ' ἔστηκας, ἀτὰρ οὐδ' ἄλλοισι κελεύεις
 λαοῖσιν μενέμεν καὶ ἀμυνέμεναι ὥρεσσιν.
 μή πως, ὡς ἀψῖσι λίνου ἀλόντε πανάγρου,
 ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν ἔλωρ καὶ κύρμα γέννησθε·
 οἱ δὲ τάχ' ἐκπέρσουσ' εὐναιομένην πόλιν ὑμήν.
 σοὶ δὲ χρή τάδε πάντα μέλειν νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμαρ, 490
 ἀρχοὺς λισσομένῳ τηλεκλειτῶν ἐπικούρων
 νωλεμέως ἐχέμεν, κρατερὴν δ' ἀποθέσθαι ἐνιπήν."

Ὡς φάτο Σαρπηδὼν, δάκε δὲ φρένας Ἐκτορι μῦθος.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,
 πᾶλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρα κατὰ στρατὸν ὄχρετο πάντη,
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνῇ.
 οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν·
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπέμειναν ἀολλέες οὐδ' ἐφόβηθεν.
 ὡς δ' ἄνεμος ἄχνας φορέει ἱερὰς κατ' ἀλωὰς
 ἀνδρῶν λικμώντων, ὅτε ξεανθὴ Δημήτηρ 500
 κρίνῃ ἐπειγομένων ἀνέμων καρπὸν τε καὶ ἄχνας·
 αἱ δ' ὑπολευκαίνονται ἀχυρμαί· ὡς τότε Ἀχαιοὶ
 λευκοὶ ὑπερθε γέγοντο κονισάλω, ὅν ῥα δι' αὐτῶν
 οὐρανόθεν ἐς πολύχαλκον ἐπέπληγον πόδες ἵππων,
 ἀψ' ἐπιμισγομένων· ὑπὸ δ' ἔστρεφον ἡνιοχῆες·

Daring thou hadst, and oft wouldst vaunt, alone,
Without thy people and without allies,
Alone thyself, thy brethren and thy kin,
To hold the city safe. Alas, I look
And see of these not one ; aloof they hold
Like curs from off a lion ; we, who are
The strangers, we fight on unaided still.
Of whom am I ; from distant lands I came ;
For distant far is Lycia and the stream
Of eddying Xanthus ; there I left behind
My wife, my infant son and all my wealth
Coveted by the needy.—Not the less
I cheer the Lycians forth, and, though in Troy
Is naught of mine that Argos can despoil,
Myself am keenest still to meet the foe.
While thou stand'st idle, caring not to cheer
Thy people, though their wives are now at stake.
Oh, warn thee, lest perchance soon caught within
The meshes of an all-devouring net
Ye fall before your enemies spoil and prey,
And this your glorious town be desolate !
Nights long and days should this be thy one care,
The chiefs of all these nations to beseech,
To stand, and put aside this great disgrace.”

He spoke, whose speech stung Hector to the quick ;
Lightly he leapt in armour to the earth,
And, with two javelins brandish'd, through the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved :
They rallied : nathless still the Achaians stood,
Unshaken, unrecoiling, unappall'd.

As winds bear chaff along the hallow'd floors
Where men thresh, and Demeter yellow-hair'd
With winnowing breeze parts grain from husk, and all
The space beneath grows white in mounds of chaff ;
So were they whiten'd with the dust, struck up
Under the tramp of steeds to the brazen vault
Of heaven by that rally and the charge.

Back wheel'd the charioteers and turn'd their cars ;

οἱ δὲ μένος χειρῶν ἰθὺς φέρον. ἀμφὶ δὲ νύκτα
 θοῦρος Ἄρης ἐκάλυψε μάχῃ Τρώεσσι ἀρήγων,
 πάντοσ' ἐποιχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἐκραίαινε ἐφετμὰς
 Φοίβου Ἀπόλλωνος χρυσαόρου, ὅς μιν ἀνώγει
 Τρῶσιν θυμὸν ἐγείραι, ἐπεὶ ἴδε Παλλὰδ' Ἀθήνην
 οἰχομένην· ἥ γάρ ῥα πέλεν Δαναοῖσιν ἀρηγῶν.

510

Αὐτὸς δ' Αἰνείαν μάλα πῖονος ἐξ ἀδύτοιο
 ἦκε, καὶ ἐν στήθεσσι μένος βάλε ποιμένι λαῶν.
 Αἰνείας δ' ἐτάροισι μεθίστατο· τοὶ δ' ἐχάρησαν,
 ὥς εἶδον ζῶν τε καὶ ἀρτεμέα προσιόντα
 καὶ μένος ἐσθλὸν ἔχοντα· μετάλλησάν γε μὲν οὔτι.
 οὐ γὰρ ἔα πόνος ἄλλος, ὃν ἀργυρότοξος ἔγειρεν
 Ἄρης τε βροτολογὸς Ἔρις τ' ἄμοτον μεμαυῖα.

Τοὺς δ' Αἶαντε δύω καὶ Ὀδυσσεὺς καὶ Διομήδης
 ὥτρυνον Δαναοὺς πολεμιζέμεν· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 οὔτε βίας Τρώων ὑπεδείδισαν οὔτε ἰωκάς,
 ἀλλ' ἔμενον νεφέλῃσιν ἑοικότες, ἅστε Κρονίων
 νηνεμῆς ἔστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσσι
 ἀτρέμας, ὅφρ' εὔδησι μένος Βορέας καὶ ἄλλων
 ζαχρηῶν ἀνέμων, οἷτε νέφεα σκιόεντα
 πνοιῇσιν λιγυρῇσι διασκιδνᾷσιν ἀέντες·
 ὥς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.
 Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἀν' ὄμιλον ἐφοίτα πολλὰ κελεύων·

520

“ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλεσθε,
 ἀλλήλους τ' αἰδεῖσθε κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.
 αἰδομένων δ' ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σόοι ἢ ἐπέφανται·
 φευγόντων δ' οὔτ' ἄρ κλέος ὄρνυται οὔτε τις ἀλκή.”

530

Ἡ καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ θοῶς, βάλε δὲ πρόμον ἄνδρα,
 Αἰνεῖω ἔταρον μεγαθύμου, Δηϊκόωντα

The warriors by their side bare straight the strength
Of their right arms extended ; whilst all round
Fierce Ares wrapt the battle in thick night,
Hither and thither ranging, aiding Troy,
Obedient to the golden-sworded God,
Apollo, and fulfilling his behests,
Who bade him, when he saw Athene gone
(Pallas Athene, Argos' surest aid),
To kindle high the heart of 'Troy once more :
Whilst his own self from out the fragrant shrine
Brought back Æneas, set him in their midst,
And breathed a dauntless spirit on the chief.

Thus reappear'd Æneas 'mid his men
Suddenly standing ; whom when they beheld
Alive, undaunted, glorious in his strength,
They marvell'd and rejoiced, yet ask'd not aught.
Other the labour then, nor suffer'd pause,
The which the Bender of the silver bow
And Ares pest to men and bloody Strife
Bestirr'd amongst them.—But adverse array'd
Diomed, either Ajax, and the brave
Odysseus cheer'd the Danaans to the fight :
Nor needed they the bidding, nor themselves
Fear'd or the Trojan strength or Trojan shout ;
But stood, like clouds, which on a windless noon
Zeus hath bestrewn amid a mountain's peaks
Motionless, whilst the might of Boreas sleeps,
And all the blasts, which with tempestuous breath
Scatter the cloudy vapours when they blow ;
Thus stood unmoved the Danaans, undismay'd.

Through whom with strong behest Atrides went :
“ Be men, my friends, keep brave your hearts within.
Think of your honour in this deadly strife.
Who cling to honour fast, their lives are long ;
Flight is but shame, nor strength is found therein.”

He spoke, and fiercely launchèd out his spear,
And struck a vaward chief, Déicoön,
Æneas' follower, and the son renown'd

Περγασίδην, ὃν Τρῶες ὁμῶς Πριάμοιο τέκεσσιν
 τῖον, ἐπεὶ θοὸς ἔσκε μετὰ πρῶτοισι μάχεσθαι.
 τον ῥα κατ' ἀσπίδα δουρὶ βάλε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
 ἢ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυτο, διαπρὸ δὲ εἴσατο χαλκὸς,
 νειαίρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωστήρος ἔλασσεν.
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ. 540

Ἐνθ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας Δαναῶν ἔλεν ἄνδρας ἀρίστους,
 υἱὲ Διοκλῆος, Κρήθωνά τε Ὀρσίλοχόν τε,
 τῶν ῥα πατὴρ μὲν ἔναιεν ἐυκτιμένη ἐνὶ Φηρή
 ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, γένος δ' ἦν ἐκ ποταμοῖο
 Ἀλφειοῦ, ὅστ' εὐρὺ ῥέει Πυλίων διὰ γαίης,
 ὃς τέκετ' Ὀρσίλοχον πολέεσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἄνακτα·
 Ὀρσίλοχος δ' ἄρ' ἔτικτε Διοκλῆα μεγάλθυμον,
 ἐκ δὲ Διοκλῆος διδυμάουε παῖδε γενέσθην,
 Κρήθων Ὀρσίλοχός τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.
 τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἠβήσαντε μελαινώων ἐπὶ νηῶν 550
 Ἴλιον εἰς εὐπωλον ἄμ' Ἀργείοισιν ἐπέσθην,
 τιμὴν Ἀτρεΐδης, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
 ἀρνυμένω· τὼ δ' αὖθι τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν.
 οἷω τώγε λέοντε δύω ὄρεος κορυφῇσιν
 ἐτραφέτην ὑπὸ μητρὶ βαθείης τάρφεσιν ὕλης·
 τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἀρπάζουτε βόας καὶ ἵφια μῆλα
 σταθμοὺς ἀνθρώπων κεραίζετον, ὅφρα καὶ αὐτῶ
 ἀνδρῶν ἐν παλάμῃσι κατέκταθεν ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ·
 τοίω τὼ χεῖρεσσιν ὑπ' Αἰνείαιο δαμέντε
 καππεσέτην, ἐλάττησιν ἑοικότες ὑψηλῇσιν. 560

Τὼ δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρηΐφίλος Μενέλαος,
 βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
 σείων ἐγχείην· τοῦ δ' ὄτρυνεν μένος Ἀρης,
 τὰ φρονέων, ἵνα χερσὶν ὑπ' Αἰνείαιο δαμείη.
 τὸν δ' ἶδεν Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς,
 βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων· περὶ γὰρ δίε ποιμένι λαῶν,

Of Pegasus, whom like to Priam's sons
The people honour'd, ever first in arms.
His shield did royal Agamemnon's spear
Now strike, nor paused, but through it pass'd, and through
The belt and navel to his belly pierced ;
Who fell, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Two of the Danaan noblest then in turn
Fell by Æneas, sons of Diocles,
Orsilochus and Krethon Passing-rich
Their father dwelt in Phæra's crowded streets ;
Whose generation from Alphæus came,
The bounteous River, who through Pylos spreads ;
For He begat Orsilochus, the king
Of many folk around ; Orsilochus
Begot brave Diocles ; from whom these two
Orsilochus and Krethon had their birth,
Both well expert in battle.—In their prime
Ardent to gather fame upon the cause
Of Atreus' Sons, aboard their swift black barks
They came to meadowy Ilion with the host ;
And there Death, closing all, enwrapt them round.

As two young lions by their dam are nursed
High mid a mountain's summit in the glens
Of a deep forest, but anon descend
Harrying fat sheep and oxen, ranging free
The folds of men, till slain at last they fall
By the sharp javelins in their enemies' hands ;
Thus by Æneas overthrown those two
Fell, and lay prone like lofty pine-trees hewn.

Their fall Atrides Menelaus mark'd
And pitied, and betwixt the foremost strode
Fullarm'd in flashing arms with brandish'd spear :
Whose spirit fierce Ares kindled, yet at heart
Meaning his death before Æneas' lance.

But Nestor's son Antilochus beheld
And through the foremost made his way ; for much
He fear'd for that brave Shepherd of the host,

μή τι πάθοι, μέγα δέ σφας ἀποσφήλεις πόνοιο.
 τὼ μὲν δὴ χεῖράς τε καὶ ἔγχεα ὀξυόεντα
 ἀντίον ἀλλήλων ἐχέτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι·
 Ἄντίλοχος δὲ μάλ' ἄγχι παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν.
 Αἰνείας δ' οὐ μείνει, θοός περ ἐὼν πολεμιστῆς,
 ὥς εἶδεν δύο φῶτε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντε.
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν νεκροὺς ἔρυσαν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
 τὼ μὲν ἄρα δειλῶ βαλέτην ἐν χερσὶν ἐταίρων,
 αὐτῷ δὲ στρεφθέντε μετὰ πρότοισι μαχέσθην.

570

Ἐνθα Πυλαιμένεα ἐλέτην ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηϊ,
 ἀρχὸν Παφλαγόνων μεγαθύμων, ἀσπιστάων·
 τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀτρείδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος
 ἐσταότ' ἔγχεϊ νύξε, κατὰ κληίδα τυχήσας·
 Ἀντίλοχος δὲ Μύδωνα βάλ', ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
 ἐσθλὸν Ἀτυμνιάδην—ὃ δ' ὑπέστρεφε μώνυχας ἵππους—
 χερμαδίῳ ἀγκῶνα τυχὼν μέσον· ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
 ἡνία λεύκ' ἐλέφαντι χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν.
 Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξας ξίφει ἤλασε κόρσην·
 αὐτὰρ ὃγ' ἀσθμαίνων εὐεργέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου
 κύμβαχος ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐπὶ βρεχμόν τε καὶ ὦμους.
 δηθὰ μάλ' ἐστήκει—τύχε γάρ ῥ' ἀμάθοιο βαθείης—
 ὄφρ' ἵππῳ πλήξαντε χαμαὶ βάλουν ἐν κονίῃσιν.
 τοὺς δ' ἵμας Ἄντίλοχος, μετὰ δὲ στρατὸν ἤλας Ἀχαιῶν.

580

Τοὺς δ' Ἐκτωρ ἐνόησε κατὰ στίχας, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτοὺς
 κεκληγώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρώων εἶποντο φάλαγγες
 καρτεραί· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν Ἄρης καὶ πότνι Ἐννώ,
 ἥ μὲν ἔχουσα Κυδοιμὸν ἀναιδέα δηϊοτῆτος,
 Ἄρης δ' ἐν παλάμῃσι πελώριον ἔγχος ἐνώμα,
 φοίτα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν πρόσθ' Ἐκτορος, ἄλλοτ' ὀπισθεν.

Τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἀπάλαμνος, ἰὼν πολέος πεδίοιο,
 στήνῃ ἐπ' ὠκυρόῳ ποταμῷ ἄλαδε προρέοντι,

Lest aught of ill befall him ; such mishap
Would beat them from the scope of all their toil.
Therefore, whilst they stood face to face with arms
And pointed spears adverse, in act to throw,
Antilochus to Menelaus' side
Forced passage, and stood there : Æneas saw
The two together, nor, though brave he was
And strong, durst then assail them ; but secure
They drew the bodies to the Achaian ranks,
Gave the two wretched brothers to the hands
Of their own men, then turn'd to war again.

And first Pylæmenes they met and slew
The Chieftain of the Paphlagonian troop.
Spear-famèd Menelaus Atreus' son
Pierced him with javelin striking in the neck ;
Whilst Nestor's Son o'erthrew the charioteer
Mygdon, Atymnius' son, a gallant wight,
Striking him, as he wheel'd his horses round,
With a huge stone upon the elbow's joint ;
The reins, with ivory bosses white their length,
Slid 'twixt his fingers to the dusty earth ;
Whilst close the other sprang and cleft his skull.
Gasping for breath and headlong to the plain
From the well-fashion'd car he dropt, yet show'd
Some short while on his shoulders and his head
Supported (for he lighted on deep sand)
Till his steeds struck and laid him flat on earth.
The steeds Antilochus drove then away.

Hector beheld them through the embattled lines
And shouting moved toward them : in whose steps
Follow'd Troy's legions strong, and at their head
Ares and Queen Enyo ; by the hand
Loud Tumult, shameless Sprite of war, She led ;
Whilst Ares brandish'd giant spear, and ranged
Now in the van of Hector, now behind.

Tydides knew him, and in awe retired ;
As when some simple peasant-drudgè afoot
Halts in a wide plain's centre on the bank

ἀφρῶ μορμύροντα ἰδὼν, ἀνά τ' ἔδραμ' ὀπίσσω,
ὥς τότε Τυδείδης ἀνεχάζετο, εἶπέ τε λαῶ·

600

“ὦ φίλοι, οἶον δὴ θαυμάζομεν Ἐκτορα δῖον
αἰχμητὴν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν.
τῷ δ' αἰεὶ πάρα εἰς γε θεῶν, ὃς λουργὸν ἀμύνει·
καὶ νῦν οἱ πάρα κείνος Ἄρης, βροτῷ ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς.
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρῶας τετραμμένοι αἰὲν ὀπίσσω
εἵκετε, μῆδὲ θεοῖς μενεαινέμεν ἱφί μάχεσθαι.”

Ἦς ἄρ' ἔφη, Τρῶες δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἤλυθον αὐτῶν.
ἐνθ' Ἐκτωρ δύο φῶτε κατέκτανεν εἰδότε χάρμης,
εἷν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἑόντε, Μενέσθην Ἀγχιάλόν τε.

Τὼ δὲ πεσόντ' ἔλέησε μέγας Τελαμωνιος Αἴας·
στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἴων, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν Ἀμφιον, Σελάγου υἱὸν, ὅς ῥ' ἐνὶ Παισῶ
ναῖε πολυκτῆμων πολυλήϊος· ἀλλὰ ἔ μοῖρα
ῆγ' ἐπικουρήσουντα μετὰ Πριάμόν τε καὶ υἱας.
τόν ῥα κατὰ ζωστήρα βάλεν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
νειαίρη δ' ἐν γαστρὶ πάγῃ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἐπέδραμε φαίδιμος Αἴας
τεύχεα συλήσων· Τρῶες δ' ἐπὶ δούρατ' ἔχευαν
ὀξέα, παμφανόοντα· σάκος δ' ἀνεδέξατο πολλά.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λαξ προσβὰς ἐκ νεκροῦ χάλκεον ἔγχος
ἐσπάσατ'· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλὰ
ῥομοῖν ἀφελέσθαι· ἐπείγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.
δεῖσε δ' ὅγ' ἀμφίβασιν κρατερὴν Τρώων ἀγερῶχων,
οἳ πολλοί τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἔγχε' ἔχοντες,
οἳ ἔ, μέγαν περ ἑόντα καὶ ἰφθιμον καὶ ἀγαυὸν,
ᾧσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμήχθη.

610

620

Ἦς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·

Of some swollen river hurrying to the main,
He sees it murmuring up with threatening foam,
And gets him well away : so Tydeus' Son
Retired, and to his host address'd him thus :

“ Marvel we often, friends, how Hector shows
Brave man-at-arms and warrior flush'd with hope :
But ever one or other of the Gods
Stands by his side and guards away the death ;
And yonder now is Ares there, in guise
Of mortal man : I bid you therefore yield ;
Retire awhile, yet facing still the foe ;
Nor venture battle with a God in arms.”

He spoke ; and nearer still the Trojans drew.

Then two together on one car fell slain
By Hector, Mnesthes and Anchialus,
Of prowess famed ; whom falling Ajax mark'd
(The son of Telamon) and pitying sped
Towards them, launching out a gleaming spear
And striking Amphius son of Selagus
Who dwelt in distant Pæsus. Rich was he
By substance, rich by booty ; yet had Fate
Brought him to war for Priam and his sons :
Whom now great Ajax son of Telamon
Struck in the girdle, and the shadowing lance
Into the belly through the navel pass'd.
His arms around him clash'd ; and to his side
Bright Ajax ran to strip him of his mail.
Then down the Trojans rain'd a shower of spears,
Sharp, glittering ; many on his shield he caught
And gain'd the corse, and stamping with his heel
Pluck'd back his own sharp spear ; but could not strip
Aught of the other armour from the slain.
So heavy bore the darts ; but fear'd himself
To be encompass'd by the many brave,
Who, spear in hand, press'd round him, and, despite
His giant mould and might and high renown,
Repell'd him, that, rough-shaken, back he fell.

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

Τληπόλεμον δ' Ἡρακλείδην, ἥνυ τε μέγαν τε,
 ὠρσεν ἐπ' ἀντιθέῳ Σαρπηδόνι μοῖρα κραταιή.
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἴοντες,
 υἱὸς θ' υἱωνός τε Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο,
 τὸν καὶ Τληπόλεμος πρότερος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν ·

630

“Σαρπηδόν, Λυκίων βουληφόρε, τίς τοι ἀνάγκη
 πτώσσειν ἐνθάδ' ἐόντι μάχης ἀδαήμονι φωτί ;
 ψευδόμενοι δέ σέ φασι Διὸς γόνον αἰγιόχοιο
 εἶναι, ἐπεὶ πολλὸν κείνων ἐπιδεύεαι ἀνδρῶν
 οἱ Διὸς ἐξεγένοντο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων,
 ἀλλ' οἷόν τινά φασι βῆναι Ἡρακλεΐην
 εἶναι, ἐμὸν πατέρα θρασυμέμοννα θυμολέοντα
 ὅς ποτε δεῦρ' ἐλθὼν ἔνεχ' ἵππων Λαομέδοντος
 ἐξ οἷης σὺν νηυσὶ καὶ ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισιν
 Ἰλίου ἐξαλώπαξε πόλιν, χήρωσε δ' ἀγνιάς ·
 σοὶ δὲ κακὸς μὲν θυμὸς, ἀποφθινύθουσιν δὲ λαοί.
 οὐδέ τί σε Τρώεσσιν ὀϊόμαι ἄλκαρ ἔσσεσθαι
 ἐλθόντ' ἐκ Λυκίης, οὐδ' εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι,
 ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἐμοὶ δμηθέντα πύλας Ἀἴδαο περήσειν.”

640

Τὸν δ' αὖ Σαρπηδὼν, Λυκίων ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ἦνδα ·
 “Τληπόλεμ', ἥτοι κείνος ἀπώλεσεν Ἰλίον ἱρὴν
 ἀνέρος ἀφραδίῃσιν ἀγαυοῦ Λαομέδοντος,
 ὅς ῥά μιν εὖ ἔρξαντα κακῶ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ,
 οὐδ' ἀπέδωχ' ἵππους, ὧν εἵνεκα τηλόθεν ἦλθεν.
 σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν
 ἐξ ἐμέθεν τεύξεσθαι, ἐμῶ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα
 εὖχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ' Ἀἴδι κλυτοπόλῳ.”

650

“Ὡς φάτο Σαρπηδὼν, ὃ δ' ἀνέσχετο μειλινον ἔγχος
 Τληπόλεμος. καὶ τῶν μὲν ἀμαρτῇ δούρατα μακρὰ
 ἐκ χειρῶν ἦϊξαν · ὃ μὲν βάλεν αὐχένα μέσσον
 Σαρπηδὼν, αἰχμὴ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἦλθ' ἀλεγεινῇ ·
 τὸν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν.

Next on the godlike Chief Sarpedon's spear
Fate, violent Fate, hurl'd brave Tlepolemus,
The giant son of far-famed Hercules :
For each approach'd the other—one, the Son,
The other, the Son's Son, of Father Zeus ;
Of whom Tlepolemus began address :

“Sarpedon, Lycia's Counsellor and King !
Why needs must thou, weak warrior as thou art,
Travel so far to show a dastard here ?
Falsely they name thee of great Zeus the son :
For much thou lack'st to be of count with those
Who in the generations of old time
From Zeus the Ægis-wielder drew their birth.
Of sort far other Rumour still speaks clear
My father Hercules, and his renown,
Strong to endure, and of a lion's heart.
He likewise came to Ilion (on behest
To gain the horses of Laomedon)
With six ships only, and a scantier host,
Yet sack'd the town and widow'd all her streets.
But thou art poor of heart ; thy people waste
Uncared for ; nor shall Troy be help'd one whit,
How strong soever thou may'st boast thyself,
By this long journey ; since by me subdued
This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass.”

Sarpedon Lycia's King made answer thus :
“Tlepolemus, thou sayest it. He destroy'd
The sacred towers of Ilion, wrought thereto
By the false folly of Laomedon,
Who with ill words requited his good deeds,
Nor render'd up the steeds for which he came.
But not to thee such triumph ; but thy death,
Death and black Fate predestined, shall be wrought
Here by my lance ; and thou shalt yield thy ghost
To horse-famed Hades, and renown to me.”

Sarpedon spoke ; the while Tlepolemus
Upraised his ashen spear. Together both
They hurl'd the heavy lances from their hands.
Sarpedon struck the neck ; the deadly point
Pass'd through the slender throat : and hideous night

Τληπόλεμος δ' ἄρα μηρὸν ἀριστερὸν ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ
βεβλήκειν, αἶχμη δὲ διέσσυτο μαιμώωσα,
ὅστέφ' ἐγχιρμφθεῖσα, πατὴρ δ' ἔτι λουγὸν ἄμυνεν.

660

Οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα δῖοι ἑταῖροι
ἐξέφερον πολέμοιο· βάρυνε δέ μιν δόρυ μακρὸν
ἐλκόμενον. τὸ μὲν οὕτις ἐπεφράσατ' οὐδ' ἐνόησεν,
μηροῦ ἐξερύσαι δόρυ μέλινον, ὄφρ' ἐπιβαλή,
σπευδόντων· τοῖον γὰρ ἔχον πόνον ἀμφιέποντες.

Τληπόλεμον δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐξέφερον πολέμοιο· νόησε δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
τλήμονα θυμὸν ἔχων, μαίμησε δὲ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ·
μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν
ἢ προτέρω Διὸς υἱὸν ἐριγδούποιο διώκοι,
ἢ ὅγε τῶν πλεόνων Λυκίων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.
οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀδυσσῇι μεγαλήτορι μόρσιμον ἦεν
ἔφθιμον Διὸς υἱὸν ἀποκτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·
τῷ ῥα κατὰ πληθὺν Λυκίων τράπε θυμὸν Ἀθήνη.
ἔνθ' ὅγε Κοίρανον εἶλεν Ἀλάστορά τε Χρομίον τε
Ἕλκαυδρόν θ' Ἀλιόν τε Νοήμονά τε Πρύτανιν τε.
καὶ νύ κ' ἔτι πλέονας Λυκίων κτάνε δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
δεῖμα φέρων Δαναοῖσι· χάρη δ' ἄρα οἱ προσιόντι
Σαρπηδὼν, Διὸς υἱὸς, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφυνδὸν ἔειπεν·

670

680

“Πριαμίδη, μὴ δὴ με ἔλωρ Δαναοῖσιν ἐάσης
κεῖσθαι, ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνον. ἔπειτά με καὶ λίποι αἰὼν
ἐν πόλει ὑμετέρῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ' ἔμελλον ἔγωγε
νοστήσας οἰκόνδε, φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
εὐφρανέειν ἄλοχόν τε φίλην καὶ νήπιον υἱόν.”

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὕτι προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ,
ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν, λεληθμένος ὄφρα τάχιστα
ῥῶσαιτ' Ἀργείους, πολέων δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα δῖοι ἑταῖροι
εἶσαν ὑπ' αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς περικαλλεῖ φηγῶ·

690

Came shower'd around his eyes. Tlepolemus
Struck the right thigh ; the point rush'd joyous through,
Grazing the bone ; his life his Father saved.

And straight the godlike Chieftain's noble train
'Gan draw him from the battle ; the long spear
Trail'd heavy from the limb ; that spear had none
Yet heeded, nor had thought from out the wound
To pluck ; but all their care was on the car
To lay him, and so hard were they bested.
So on the other side his mail'd men
'Gan bear the body of Tlepolemus.
Which things divine Odysseus saw, and kept
Steadfast his heart, though hotly burned his blood.
Standing he ponder'd in his secret soul,
Whether to press that wounded Son of Zeus,
Or of the Lycian rout to take the lives.
Not to Odysseus was the fame vouchsafed
To slay a heav'n-sprung Son of mighty Zeus ;
Whom therefore Pallas on the Lycians turn'd.
Chromius, Alastor, Cœranus, he slew,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halieus ;
And more had slaughter'd, had not Hector seen,
Great Hector of the glancing helm, and swift,
Full-arm'd in dazzling brass, through the throng strode
A terror to the Danaans. As he came
Nearer, Sarpedon saw him and was joy'd,
And faintly cried his name, and utter'd this : -

“Suffer not, Son of Priam, that I lie
Spoil to the Danaans ; save me from that shame ;
Let what will come, come after, and my life
Leave me within your city. Not for me
Return to home or to my native land,
To gladden there my wife and infant son.”

He ceased ; nor helmèd Hector spake reply,
But by him dash'd, enkindled to repel
The Argives, and to smite them hip and thigh.
The noble comrades of the Lycian chief
Then laid him 'neath the beauteous beech-tree's shade,
To Zeus, the Ægis-bearer, dedicate ;

ἐκ δ' ἄρα οἱ μηροῦ δόρυ μείλινον ὣσε θύραζε
 ἰφθίμος Πελάγων, ὅς οἱ φίλος ἦεν ἑταῖρος.
 τὸν δ' ἔλιπε ψυχὴ, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλὺς·
 αὐτὶς δ' ἀμπνύνθη, περὶ δὲ πνοὴ Βορέαο
 ζώγρει ἐπιπνείουσα κακῶς κεκαφηότα θυμόν.

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ὑπ' Ἀρηὶ καὶ Ἑκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
 οὔτε ποτὲ προτρέποντο μελαινώων ἐπὶ νηῶν
 οὔτε ποτ' ἀντεφέροντο μάχη, ἀλλ' αἶεν ὀπίσσω
 χάζονθ', ὥς ἐπύθοντο μετὰ Τρώεσσιν Ἀρηα.

Ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξαν
 Ἑκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο παῖς καὶ χάλκεος Ἄρης ;
 ἀντίθεον Τεύθραντ', ἐπὶ δὲ πλῆξιππον Ὀρέστην,
 Τρῆχόν τ' αἰχμητὴν Αἰτώλιον Οἰνόμαόν τε,
 Οἰνοπίδην θ' Ἐλεον καὶ Ὀρέσβιον αἰολομήτρην,
 ὅς ῥ' ἐν Ἰλῇ ναίεσκε μέγα πλούτοιο μεμηλώς,
 λίμνῃ κεκλιμένος Κηφισίδι· πὰρ δέ οἱ ἄλλοι
 ναῖον Βοιωτοὶ, μάλα πῖονα δῆμον ἔχοντες.

710

Τοὺς δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη
 Ἀργεῖους ὀλέκοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
 αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ὦ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
 ἦ ῥ' ἄλιον τὸν μῦθον ὑπέστημεν Μενελάῳ,
 Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
 εἰ οὕτω μαίνεσθαι ἐάσομεν οὐλον Ἀρηα.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
 ἡ μὲν ἐποιοχόμενη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους
 Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεὰ, θυγάτηρ μέγαλοιο Κρόνιοιο·
 Ἡβη δ' ἀμφ' ὀχέεσσι θοῶς βύλε καμπύλα κύκλα,
 χάλκεα ὀκτάκνημα, σιδηρέφ' ἄξονι ἀμφίς.
 τῶν ἦτοι χρυσὴ ἵτις ἄφθιτος, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν

720

And Pelagon, his brave companion dear,
Thrust through the mouthèd wound the ash-spear out ;
He swoon'd, and o'er his eyes came shower'd a mist ;
Yet he recover'd, and around him blew
A gale of Boreas, and to life refresh'd
Recall'd him, gasping, sobbing, for his breath.

Meantime, by Hector and by Ares press'd,
The Argives, neither routed tow'rd the fleet,
Nor holding firm the battle, rearward still
Withdrew them, knowing Ares with their foes.

Who first, who last, fell, done to bloody death,
'Fore brazen Ares and 'fore Priam's Son ?
Gallant Orestes, Teuthras, peer to Gods,
Trechus, a warrior from Ætolia's hills,
The Son of CEnopus, brave Helenus,
CEnomaüs, and, known by cincture bright,
Oresbius ; he with heart on riches set,
Erst dwelt in Hyle, neighbour to the lake
Cephisus, and, hard by, Bœotia's tribes
Dwelt with him, settled in a rich domain.

Herè perceived them thus by Ares slain,
And therefore to Athene turn'd, and said :
" Shame on us ! Child of Zeus, eternal born !
Void is the word we pledged to Menelas,
To throw the walls of Ilion ere return,
If thus infuriate through the field to range
We suffer Ares. Forth then, forth with me,
To show example of our olden might."
Nor azure-eyed Athene disobey'd.

First Herè, ancient Goddess, eldest-born
Of mighty Kronos, to the gold-trapp'd steeds
Turn'd and began their harness. Hebe there
Upon the iron axle 'neath the car
Slung the round wheels, eight-spoked, and wrought of brass :
Their tires were incorruptible of gold ;

χάλκε' ἐπίσσωτρα προσαρηρότα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι·
 πλημναι δ' ἀργύρου εἰσὶ περιδρομοὶ ἀμφοτέρωθεν.
 δῖφρος δὲ χρυσεῖσι καὶ ἀργυρέοισιν ἱμᾶσιν
 ἐντέταται, δοιαί δὲ περιδρομοὶ ἄντυγές εἰσιν.
 τοῦ δ' ἐξ ἀργύρεος ῥυμὸς πέλεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
 δῆσε χρύσειον καλὸν ζυγόν, ἐν δὲ λέπαδνα
 κάλ' ἔβαλε, χρύσει'· ὑπὸ δὲ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν Ἥρη
 ἵππους ὠκύποδας, μεμανῦ' ἔριδος καὶ αὐτῆς.

730

Αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κόουρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
 πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑάνον πατρὸς ἐπ' οὐδαι,
 ποικίλον, ὅν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμει χερσίν·
 ἥ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
 τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντα.
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὥμοισιν βάλετ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
 δεινὴν, ἣν περὶ μὲν πάντῃ φόβος ἐστεφάνωται,
 ἐν δ' Ἑρῆς, ἐν δ' Ἀλκῆ, ἐν δὲ κρυόεσσα Ἴωκῆ,
 ἐν δέ τε Γοργείῃ κεφαλῇ δεινοῖο πελώρου,
 δεινὴ τε σμερδνὴ τε, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραφάληρον,
 χρυσεῖν, ἑκατὸν πολίων πρυλέεσσ' ἀραρυῖαν.
 ἐς δ' ὄχεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσσετο, λάζετο δ' ἔγχος
 βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρὸν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν
 ἡρώων, τοῖσιν τε κοτέσσεται ὀβριμοπάτρη.
 Ἥρη δὲ μάλιστα θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἄρ' ἵππους·
 αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἃς ἔχον Ὀραιοί,
 τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπός τε,
 ἡμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἥδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.
 τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτῶν κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους.
 εὖρον δὲ Κρονίωνα θεῶν ἄτερ ἤμενον ἄλλων
 ἀκοοτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.

740

750

But round within the gold ran brazen rims
Apt to the spokes, a marvel to behold ;
Of silver were the boxes either side ;
By golden and by silvern thongs the car
Was hung above the axle ; round it ran
A double rail ; and thence the pole outstretch'd
Of silver, at the tip whereof she bound
A jewell'd golden yoke, and strung therein
The traces, likewise golden : 'neath the yoke
Herè herself then brought the fleetfoot steeds
Thirsting for battle and the cry to arms.

Meantime the Virgin Child of mighty Zeus
Let rippling fall upon her father's floor
The delicate robe, of cunning work and fine,
Which she had broidered and had wrought upon
With her own hand, and in the stead thereof
Made fast a corslet, and to mournful war
Arm'd her in arms of cloud-compelling Zeus.
The fringed Ægis round her shoulders first
She threw—the dreaded Ægis, all enwreath'd
With Terror ; Strife sits there enthroned, and Strength,
And chilling Rout ; and there of feature grim,
Portent of heavenly wrath, the Gorgon's head.
Golden the helm she planted o'er her head,
Four-crested, double-coned, of compass huge
For the chosen champions of a hundred towns.
Then to the fiery car she moved, and shook
The beamy spear—enormous—wherewithal
Whole ranks of human heroes she lays low,
If wroth with any, in her Father's might.

But Herè with quick ardour o'er the steeds
Leant with the lash ; heaven's gates with murmur moved
Spontaneous ; there the Hours are set in ward,
Holding Olympus and broad Heaven in charge,
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.
This way, and through these gates, they pricked their steeds.

On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak
They found Kroneion from the Gods aloof ;

ἔνθ' ἵππους στήσασα θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη
Ζῆν' ὕπατον Κρονίδην ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπεν·

“ Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίξῃ Ἄρει τάδε καρτερὰ ἔργα,
ὅσσάτιόν τε καὶ οἶον ἀπώλεσε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
μὰψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἄχος, οἱ δὲ ἔκηλοι
τέρπονται Κύπρις τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων, 760
ἄφρονα τοῦτον ἀνέντες, ὃς οὔτινα οἶδε θέμιστα ;
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά τί μοι κεχολώσεται, αἶ κεν Ἄρηα
λυγρῶς πεπληγυῖα μάχης ἐξ ἀποδίδωμαι ; ”

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
“ ἄγρει μάν οἱ ἔπορσον Ἀθηναίην ἀγελείην,
ἦ ἔ μάλιστ' εἴωθε κακῆς ὀδύνησι πελάζειν.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην
μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.
ὅσσον δ' ἡεροειδὲς ἀνὴρ ἶδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν 770
ἦμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λεύσσων ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον,
τόσσον ἐπιθρώσκουσι θεῶν ὑψηχέες ἵπποι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Τροίην ἱξον ποταμῷ τε ῥέοντε,
ἦχι ῥόας Σιμόεις συμβάλλετον ἠδὲ Σκάμανδρος,
ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη
λύσας· ἐξ ὀχέων, περὶ δ' ἡέρα πουλὺν ἔχευεν·
τοῖσιν δ' ἀμβροσίην Σιμόεις ἀνέτειλε νέμεσθαι.

Αἱ δὲ βάτην, τρήρωσι πελειάσιν ἵθμαθ' ὁμοῖαι,
ἀνδράσιν Ἀργείοισιν ἀλεξέμεναι μεμαυῖαι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἱκανον ὄθι πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι 780
ἔστασαν, ἀμφὶ βίην Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο
εἰλόμενοι, λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισιν
ἢ συστὶ κάπριοισιν, τῶντε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν,
ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἦϋσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
Στέντορι εἰσαμένη μεγαλήτορι, χαλκεοφώνῳ,
ὃς τόσον αὐδήσασχ' ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα·

“ Αἰδῶς, Ἀργεῖοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἶδος ἀγητοί·

And there the Goddess of the milkwhite arm
Staying the steeds address'd her Lord supreme :

“O Zeus, our Father ! Now on Ares' head,
Visit with indignation the foul deeds
Wherewith he has so mightily oppress'd
The Achaians, cruelly, of his own wild will,
Against all order, and in my despite !
Though Cypris haply and the Silver-bow
Sit joying to have slipp'd upon the field
This monster, recking of no reason's law.
Be not thou anger'd therefore, though I smite
And drive him with all ignominy thence !”

And thus the Ruler of the clouds replied :
“Against him take Athene, Queen of spoil,
Who oft hath neighbour'd him to deadly pain.”

He spake, nor white-arm Herè disobey'd,
But thong'd the steeds, and, nothing loth, they flew,
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky.
Far as a man upon a headland's peak
Looking across the dark wine-colour'd sea
Can ken through aery distance with his eyne,
So far one spring of those high snorting steeds.

But when they gain'd the rivers near to Troy,
Where Simois and Scamander join their streams,
There white-arm Herè stay'd them, from the yoke
Loosed them, and shed a cloud of mist around,
Whilst Simois bade them graze ambrosial herb.

But on together, wing'd like quivering doves,
Eager to battle for the Argive host,
Pallas and Herè flew, and quick arrived
Where round the manly might of Diomed
Throng'd thickest stood the bravest, like for strength
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars ;
And loudly Herè shouted, in the guise
Of Stentor, for his brazen voice renown'd,
Such voice as fifty others could not raise :

“Shame on you ! Noble to the eye alone !
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name !

ὄφρα μὲν ἐς πόλεμον πωλέσκετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
οὐδέποτε Τρῶες πρὸ πυλάων Δαρδανιῶν
οἴχυνεσκον· κείνου γὰρ ἐδείδισαν ὄβριμον ἔγχος·
νῦν δὲ ἐκὰς πόλιος κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχονται.”

790

Ὡς εἰποῦς ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.
Τυδείδῃ δ' ἐπόρουσε θεὰ, γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
εὔρε δὲ τόνγε ἄνακτα παρ' ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἔλκος ἀναψύχοντα, τό μιν βάλε Πάνδαρος ἰφ.
ιδρὼς γάρ μιν ἔτειρεν ὑπὸ πλατέος τελαμῶνος
ἀσπίδος εὐκύκλου· τῷ τείρετο, κάμνε δὲ χεῖρα,
ἄν δ' ἴσχων τελαμῶνα κελαινεφὲς αἶμ' ἀπομόργνυ.
ἵππειου δὲ θεὰ ζυγοῦ ἤψατο φώνησέν τε·

“Ἡ ὀλίγον οἱ παῖδα εἰκότα γείνατο Τυδεύς.
Τυδεύς τοι μικρὸς μὲν ἦν δέμας, ἀλλὰ μαχητῆς.
καὶ ῥ' ὅτε πέρ μιν ἐγὼ πολεμίζειν οὐκ εἶασκον
οὐδ' ἐκπαιφάσσειν, ὅτε τ' ἤλυθε νόσφιν Ἀχαιῶν
ἄγγελος ἐς Θήβας, πολέας μετὰ Καδμείωνας.
δαίνυσθαί μιν ἄνωγον ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔκηλον·
αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔχων ὃν καρτερόν, ὥς τὸ πάρος περ,
κούρους Καδμείων προκαλίζετο, πάντα δ' ἐνῆκα
[ῥηϊδίως· τοίη οἱ ἐγὼν ἐπιτάρρροθος ἦα].
σοὶ δ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼ παρά θ' ἵσταμαι ἡδὲ φυλάσσω,
καὶ σε προφρονέως κέλομαι Τρῶεσσι μάχεσθαι·
ἀλλὰ σευ ἢ κάματος πολυαῖξ γυῖα δέδυκεν,
ἢ νύ σέ που δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον· οὐ σύγ' ἔπειτα
Τυδέος ἔκγονός ἐσσι δαίφρονος Οἰνείδαο.”

800

810

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
“γιγνώσκω σε, θεὰ, θύγατερ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο·
τῷ τοι προφρονέως ἔρέω ἔπος οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω.
οὔτε τί με δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον οὔτε τις ὄκνος,
ἀλλ' ἔτι σέων μέμνημαι ἐφετμένω, ἅς ἐπέτειλας.
οὐ μ' εἰας μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἀντικρὺ μάχεσθαι
τοῖς ἄλλοις· ἀτὰρ εἴ κε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
ἔλθῃσ' ἐς πόλεμον, τήνγ' οὐτάμεν ὀξεί χαλκῇ.”

820

Of yore, when great Achilles came to war,
Never beyond the Dardan gates durst Troy
Adventure ; such the terror of his spear ;
Now from the city to your fleet they range."

She spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

But meantime to the side of Tydeus' Son
The Maiden Goddess sprang, and found the Chief
Standing hard by his horses and his car,
Cooling the sweat that Pandar's arrow gave ;
For 'neath the broad belt of the orbèd shield
The dew of his great labour pain'd him much :
It pain'd him and had wearied now his arm ,
Therefore he lifted up the belt, and stood
Staunching the black blood off. She laid her hand
Upon the horses' yoke, and spake, and said :

" Poor shows the son whom noble Tydeus gat,
Tydeus, small-limb'd and slight, but brave in heart ;
Who ev'n though I forbade him from the war
And stay'd his love of onset (then, what time
Alone in embassy he came to Thebes
Amongst the sons of Cadmus gather'd strong),
And though I bade him feast with them in peace,
Yet of his prowess and his wonted heart
Would challenge all to contest, and in all
The contests proved the victor without pain ;
Such by his side I stood, and bare him through.
And such by thee I stand, and guard thee safe,
Prompting thee, might and main, against the foe.
But either hath the labour to and fro
Foredone thee, or thy heart hath sunk with fear.
Not this the son to CENEUS' peerless Child."

To whom made gallant Diomed reply :
" I know thee, who thou art, O Child of Zeus :
And tell thee therefore all, nor aught conceal.
Not of my fear nor of misdoubt my heart
Sinks, but I mind me of thine own behests :
Who badest refrain from moving 'gainst the Gods
In battle, save one only ; but if She,
If Zeus-born Aphrodite, came to war,

τοῦνεκα νῦν αὐτός τ' ἀναχάζομαι ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλους
 Ἀργείους ἐκέλευσα ἀλήμεναι ἐνθάδε πάντας·
 γιγνώσκω γὰρ Ἀρηα μάχην ἀνὰ κοιρανέοντα·”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
 “Τυδείδῃ Διομήδῃ, ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένῃ θυμῷ,
 μήτε σύγ' Ἀρηα τόγῃ δειδίθῃ μήτε τιν' ἄλλον
 ἀθανάτων· τοίῃ τοι ἐγὼν ἐπιτάρροθός εἰμι.
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐπ' Ἀρηί πρώτῳ ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους,
 τύψον δὲ σχεδὴν μηδ' ἄζοο θοῦρον Ἀρηα
 τοῦτον μαινόμενον, τυκτὸν κακὸν, ἄλλοπρόσαλλον·
 ὃς πρῶν μὲν ἐμοί τε καὶ Ἡρῇ στεῦτ' ἀγορεύων
 Τρωσὶ μαχήσεσθαι, ἅταρ Ἀργεῖοισιν ἀρήξειν,
 νῦν δὲ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ὁμιλεῖ, τῶν δὲ λέλασται·”

83

“Ὡς φαμένη Σθένελον μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων ὥσε χαμᾶζε,
 χειρὶ πάλιν ἐρύσας· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐμπαπέως ἀπόρουσεν.
 ἡ δ' ἐς δίφρον ἔβαινε παραὶ Διομήδεα δῖον
 ἐμμεμαυῖα θεά· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε φήγινος ἄξων
 βριθοσύνη· δεινὴν γὰρ ἄγην θεὸν ἄνδρα τ' ἄριστον.
 λάζετο δὲ μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·
 αὐτίκ' ἐπ' Ἀρηϊ πρώτῳ ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν Περίφαντα πελώριον ἐξενάριζεν,
 Αἰτωλῶν ὄχ' ἄριστον, Ὀχησίου ἀγλαὸν υἱόν·
 τὸν μὲν Ἀρης ἐνάριζε μαιφόνος· αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη
 δῦν' Αἴδος κυνέην, μή μιν ἴδοι ὄβριμος Ἀρης·”

840

Ὡς δὲ ἴδε βροτολογὸς Ἀρης Διομήδεα δῖον,
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν Περίφαντα πελώριον αὐτόθ' ἔασεν
 κεῖσθαι, ὅθι πρῶτον κτείνων ἐξάλυντο θυμὸν,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰθὺς Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
 πρόσθεν Ἀρης ὠρέξαθ' ὑπὲρ ζυγὸν ἡνία θ' ἵππων
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, μεμαῶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἐλέσθαι·
 καὶ τόγῃ χειρὶ λαβοῦσα θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
 ὥσεν ὑπὲκ δίφροιο ἐτώσιον ἀχθῆναι.

850

Freely to wound her with my pointed spear.
And for this cause myself have drawn me back,
And bidden all the host in phalanx firm
Likewise withdraw them hither ; for I saw
Fierce Ares yonder in the war supreme."

And azure-eyed Athene made reply :
"Tydides, thou in whom is my delight !
Nor Ares, nor of all the Immortal race
Fear any ; loyal to thy side I cleave.
Yea, on this very Ares guide thy steeds.
Strike a homestroke upon him ; reverence not
A wild insensate Power, create of ill,
False Traitor double-dyed ! who yestermorn
To mine own self and Here pledged his faith
To aid the Argives and assail their foes,
Yet now, of this forgetful, fights for Troy."

She spoke, and by the hand drew Sthenelus
Backward from off the car ; adown he leapt
Quick as the spoken word, and up the step
The enkindled Goddess mounted to the side
Of noble Diomed. Beneath the weight
Groan'd loud the ashen axle ; for it bare
A Goddess by a Hero. Thong and rein
Athene seized and straight on Ares drave
The hoovèd horses.—He just then had slain
The giant Periphas, Ochoësius' son,
The bravest of the Ætolian men-at-arms ;
And was despoiling of the arms the corse ;
Whilst Pallas donn'd the invisible helmet dark
Of Hades, lest fierce Ares know her there.

But when the bloodstain'd Pest of men beheld
Diomed so near, he left huge Periphas
To lie where he had fall'n before his spear,
And straight against the other moved in arms.
They near'd each other on the field, and first
Across the yoke and reins fierce Ares cast
A brazen spear, infuriate for his life.
But azure-eyed Athene caught the spear
With her own hand and turn'd it off the car

δεύτερος αὖθ' ὠρμάτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
 ἔγχει χαλκείῳ· ἐπέεισε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
 νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα, ὅθι ζωννύσκετο μήτηρ·
 τῇ ῥά μιν οὔτα τυχῶν, διὰ δὲ χροά καλὸν ἔδαψεν,
 ἐκ δὲ δόρυ σπάσεν αὖτις. ὁ δ' ἔβραχε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
 ὅσσον τ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι 860
 ἄνδρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἔριδα ξυνάγοντες Ἄρης.
 τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ τρόμος εἴλεν Ἀχαιοὺς τε Τρῳάς τε
 δείσαντας· τόσον ἔβραχ' Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο.

Οἷη δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἐρεβεννὴ φαίνεται ἀήρ
 καύματος ἔξ ἀνέμοιο δυσαιέος ὀρνυμένοιο,
 τοῖος Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ χάλκεος Ἄρης
 φαίνεται ὁμοῦ νεφέεσσιν ἰὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν.
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκανε θεῶν ἔδος, αἰπὺν Ὀλυμπον,
 παρ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίῳ καθέζετο θυμὸν ἀχεύων,
 δεῖξεν δ' ἄμβροτον αἶμα καταρῥέον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς, 870
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίξῃ ὀρώων τάδε καρτερὰ ἔργα;
 αἰεὶ τοι ῥίγιστα θεοὶ τέτληότες εἰμὲν
 ἀλλήλων ἰότητι, χάριν δ' ἄνδρεσσι φέροντες.
 σοὶ πάντες μαχόμεσθα· σὺ γὰρ τέκες ἄφρονα κούρην,
 οὐλομένην, ἣ τ' αἶεν ἀήσυλα ἔργα μέμνηλεν.
 ἄλλοι μὲν γὰρ πάντες, ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,
 σοὶ τ' ἐπιπείθονται καὶ δεδμήμεσθα ἕκαστος·
 ταύτην δ' οὐτ' ἐπεῖ προτιβάλλεαι οὔτε τι ἔργῳ,
 ἀλλ' ἀνιείς, ἐπεὶ αὐτὸς ἐγείναιο παῖδ' αἰδῆλον· 880
 ἢ νῦν Τυδέος υἱὸν, ὑπερφίαλον Διομήδεα,
 μαργαίνειν ἀνέηκεν ἐπ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
 Κύπριδα μὲν πρῶτον σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτῷ μοι ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος·
 ἀλλὰ μ' ὑπήνεικαν ταχέες πόδες· ἦ τέ κε δηρὸν
 αὐτοῦ πῆματ' ἔπασχον ἐν αἰνῇσιν νεκάδεσσιν,
 ἦ κε ζῶς ἀμηνηνὸς ἔα χαλκοῖο τυπῇσιν.”

To fall wide-darted. Next with brazen lance
Brave to the battle-cry Tydides charged ;
Athene lent her strength and drave the point
Into the girdle, where the quilt is braced.
Just there she struck him, biting through the skin,
The heavenly skin, then back quick pluck'd the spear.
And loud blared Ares' bellow, loud as when
Nine thousand or ten thousand men of war
Uplift their voices in the shock of arms ;
And Trojans and Achaians, all alike,
Knew trembling ; such the roar of Ares rose.
As showeth from the clouds a thick black mist,
Bred of the vapourous heat by sultry winds,
Such brazen Ares show'd to Tydeus' Son,
All in thick clouds, ascending up to heaven.
Who straightway sought the Olympian throne of Gods,
There, sorely moaning, took his seat by Zeus,
Show'd streaming from the wound the heavenly blood,
And from a stricken heart complain'd, and said :
 "Father, beholding these fell deeds of wrong
Waxest thou not in wrath? For by the spite
We each to other bear, and by the grace
We do to man, we suffer endless harm ;
And for this cause are all adverse to thee ;
Who broughtest forth this Virgin, Fury fierce,
Insensate, studious to all impious deed.
All else, who on Olympus have their homes,
Obey thee, and are humbled to thy might ;
Her only spar'st thou from rebuke or pain
And loosest to her will ; because thyself
Begatt'st her, most pernicious, thine own child.
Now the haught son of Tydeus Diomed
Furious against Immortals hath she raised.
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist
He wounded, and hath since, as if a God,
Dared charge on me ; my swift feet bare me off,
Hidden away ; else truly had I borne,
Fell'd down amongst the bodies of the dead,
Long agonies, or lain in swoon perchance,
Alive, but stricken senseless by his spear."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
 “μή τί μοι, ἄλλοπρόσαλλε, παρεζόμενος μινύριζε.
 ἔχθιστος δέ μοι ἔσσι θεῶν οἷ’ Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν·
 αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις τε φίλη πόλεμοί τε μάχαι τε.
 μητρός τοι μένος ἔστιν ἀάσχετον, οὐκ ἐπιεικτὸν,
 Ἥρης· τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σπουδῇ δάμνημ’ ἐπέεσσιν.
 τῷ σ’ ὀίω κείνης τάδε πάσχειν ἐννεσίησιν.
 ἀλλ’ οὐ μάν σ’ ἔτι δηρὸν ἀνέξομαι ἄλγε’ ἔχοντα·
 ἐκ γὰρ ἐμεῦ γένος ἔσσι, ἐμοὶ δέ σε γείνατο μήτηρ.
 εἰ δέ τευ ἐξ ἄλλου γε θεῶν γένευε ὧδ’ ἄλδῃλος,
 καὶ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἦσθα ἐνέρτερος Οὐραυνίωνων.”

890

Ὡς φάτο, καὶ Παιήον’ ἀνώγειν ἰήσασθαι.
 τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατα φάρμακα πάσσων
 ἠκέσας· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνητός γ’ ἐτέτυκτο.
 ὥς δ’ ὅτ’ ὀπὸς γάλα λευκὸν ἐπείγόμενος συνέπηξεν
 ὑγρὸν ἐόν, μάλα δ’ ὠκα περιστρέφεται κυκώωντι,
 ὥς ἄρα καρπαλίμως ἰήσατο θοῦρον Ἄρηα.
 τὸν δ’ Ἥβη λοῦσεν, χαρίεντα δὲ εἴματα ἔσσεν.
 παρ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίῳνι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίῳν.

900

Αἱ δ’ αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς μεγάλοιο νέοντο,
 Ἥρη τ’ Ἀργεῖη καὶ Ἀχαλκομενῆς Ἀθήνη,
 παύσασαι βροτολογιγὸν Ἄρη’ ἀνδροκτασιάων.

To whom with stern-set brow his Father said ,
" Make not thy moan, false Traitor ! at my side.
Most of the Olympians loathe I thee, whose care
Is all of blood and battle, strife and death.
On thee thy mother's mood accursed hath fallen,
Still stubborn, insupportable, untamed,
Whom scarce by hardest words can I subdue :
Yea, in thy suffering I behold her work.
Yet will I bear not that thy anguish last ;
My Child thou art, and of thy mother mine ;
Hadst thou been son of any other God,
Long-since such ruinous Pest had fallen from Heaven."

He spoke, and bade Païæon tend his wounds ;
Who spread his pain-beguiling balms, and heal'd
His anguish ; not for Death was He create.
As when within a vessel of white milk
A juice is stirr'd and makes coagulate
The liquid, by the mingling fast congeal'd ;
So quickly were the wounds of Ares closed.

And Hebe laved him, and in bright array
Clothed him, who then by great Kroneion's side,
Exultant of his glory, sate enthroned.

Likewise those others, Herè, Argos' Queen,
And Athenaiè Alalcomenis,
Returning sate them in the hall of Zeus,
After the let of Ares from the war.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ζ'.



Ἔκτορος καὶ Ἀνδρομάχης ὁμιλία.

Τρώων δ' οἰώθη καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπις αἰνή·
πολλὰ δ' ἄρ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθ' ἵθυσε μάχη πεδίοιο,
ἀλλήλων ἰθυνομένων χαλκήρεα δοῦρα,
μεσσηγὺς Σιμόεντος ἰδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων.

Αἶας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος, ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν,
Τρώων ῥῆξε φάλαγγα, φόως δ' ἐτάροισιν ἔθηκεν,
ἄνδρα βαλὼν ὃς ἄριστος ἐνὶ Θρήκεσσι τέτυκτο,
υἷον Ἐϋσσώρου, Ἀκάμαντ' ἦν τε μέγαν τε.
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλε πρῶτος κόρυθος φάλον ἵπποδασείης,
ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ πῆξε, πέρησε δ' ἄρ' ὁστέον εἷσω
αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.

10

Ἄξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε βοὴν ἀγαθος Διομήδης
Τευθρανίδην, ὃς ἔναιεν ἐϋκτιμένη ἐν Ἀρίσβῃ
ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισιν·
πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν ὁδῶ ἔπι οἰκία ναίων.
ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτις τῶνγε τότ' ἤρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον
πρόσθεν ὑπαντιάσας, ἀλλ' ἄμφω θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα Καλήσιον, ὃς ῥα τόθ' ἵππων
ἔσκεν ὑφηνίοχος· τὼ δ' ἄμφω γαῖαν ἐδύτην.

Δρῆσον δ' Εὐρύαλος καὶ Ὀφέλτιον ἐξενάριξεν·
βῆ δὲ μετ' Αἴσηπον καὶ Πήδασον, οὓς ποτε νύμφη
νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρέῃ τέκ' ἀμύμονι Βουκολίῳ.

20

ILIAD VI.

THUS was the field abandon'd of the Gods,
The ringing battle left to mortal men.
And hither, thither, o'er the plain, betwixt
The streams of Simois and Xanthus, sway'd
The tide of war ; and each on each aim'd fierce
His brass-spiked spear. But giant Ajax first
Up-towering brake the array of hostile Troy,
Brake Troy, but cheer'd the hearts of his own men,
Smiting a hero noblest born in Thrace
The son of Eussorus, Acamas,
A mighty man-at-arms. But him he smote
Full on the vizor of the horse-plumed helm ;
Piercing the brow and crashing through the skull
Pass'd the brass-point ; and darkness veil'd his eyes.

And Diomed slew Axylus ; he the son
Of Teuthranus, and in Arisbe dwelt,
Rich of much substance, and beloved by merr :
Who had his house upon the roadside built,
And welcomed all, who would, to enter there :
But now was none to guard dark death away,
Or take that onset off him ; both fell slain,
He, and his chariot's driver at his side,
The brave Calesius—both by Diomed,
And both together sinking to their graves.

Nor less Euryalus laid Dresus low
And Ophelt, and thence turn'd to Pegasus
And Æsep, brethren twins, whom of old time
The Naiad-nymph Abarbareia bare
Her offspring unto King Bucolion

Βουκολίων δ' ἦν υἱὸς ἀγαυοῦ Λαομέδοντος
 πρεσβύτατος γενεῇ, σκότιον δέ ἐ γείνατο μήτηρ·
 ποιμαίνων δ' ἐπ' ὅεσσι μίγῃ φιλότῃτι καὶ εὐνῇ,
 ἥ δ' ὑποकुσαμένη διδυμάονε γείνατο παῖδε.
 καὶ μὲν τῶν ὑπέλυσε μένος καὶ φαίδιμα γυῖα
 Μηκιστηϊάδης καὶ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα.

Ἄστυάλων δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης·
 Πιδύτην δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς Περκώσιον ἐξενάριξεν
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, Τεῦκρος δ' Ἀρετάονα δῖον.
 Ἄντιλόχος δ' Ἄβληρον ἐνήρατο δουρὶ φαεινῷ
 Νεστορίδης, Ἐλατον δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 ναῖε δὲ Σατυριέντος εὐρῥείταο παρ' ὄχθας
 Πήδασον αἰπεινήν. Φύλακον δ' ἔλε Λήϊτος ἥρως
 φεύγοντ'. Εὐρύπυλος δὲ Μελάνθιον ἐξεनάριξεν.

30

Ἄδρηστον δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα βοῆν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος
 ζῶν ἔλ'. Ἴππῳ γάρ οἱ ἀτυζομένῳ πεδίῳιο,
 ὄζῳ ἐνὶ βλαφθέντε μυρικίνῳ, ἀγκύλον ἄρμα
 ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥυμῷ· αὐτὸν μὲν ἐβήτην
 πρὸς πόλιν, ἥπερ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο,
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη
 πρηνῆς ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐπὶ στόμα. πὰρ δέ οἱ ἔστη
 Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος, ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.
 Ἄδρηστος δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα λαβὼν ἐλλίσσετο γούνων·

40

“Ζώγρει, Ἀτρέος υἱέ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα.
 πολλὰ δ' ἐν ἀφνειοῦ πατρὸς κειμήλια κεῖται,
 χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,
 τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιο πατὴρ ὑπερείσι' ἄποινα,
 εἴ κεν ἐμὲ ζῶν πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.”

50

Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν.

(Bucolion, whom his mother bastard bare,
In secret, eldest to Laomedon).
To him amongst his flocks the Naiad came,
Met him, and yielded, and conceivèd twins.
Yet now their noble children's bright-mail'd limbs
Were loosed beneath them by Mekistus' Son,
Who straight 'gan strip the armour off the slain.

Likewise by warlike Polypœtes struck,
Perish'd Astyalus ; and Pidytes
Of Percos by Odysseus' brazen spear,
And royal Aretaon by the hand
Of Teucer ; whilst Antilochus the son
Of Nestor fell'd Ablerus with bright lance,
And Agamemnon cast down Elatus
(Who came from rocky Pedasus, beside
The banks of Satnoeis' smooth gliding streams);
And Hero Leïtus o'ertook the flight
Of Phylax, and destroy'd him : also fell
Melanthius, smitten by Eurypylus.

Then gallant Menelaus captive took
Adrastus, for, distraught upon the plain,
His steeds had dash'd against a tamarisk-trunk,
And snapt the pole short on the curvèd car,
And loose had gallop'd, whither all the host
Were fleeing of their panic, toward the town.
But from his seat their lord beside the wheel
Lay headlong hurl'd, face downward in the dust ;
O'er whom Atrides Menelaus stood,
And cast the shadow of his spear upon him ;
Adrastus clasp'd his knees and pray'd, and cried :
“ Spare me, O Son of Atreus, spare my life !
And take of my redemption ample price ;
Great substance hath my father, in whose halls
Wrought iron and brass and gold are storèd up :
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee,
Then when he knows me captive in the fleet.”

His prayer was winning path into the heart
Of Menelaus, who perchance had given

καὶ δὴ μιν τάχ' ἔμελλε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
δῶσειν ᾧ θεράποντι καταξέμεν· ἀλλ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων, καὶ ὁμοκλήσας ἔπος ἠΐδα·

“ὦ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε, τίη δὲ σὺ κήδεαι οὕτως
ἀνδρῶν; ἦ σοὶ ἄριστα πεποίηται κατὰ οἶκον
πρὸς Τρώων· τῶν μήτις ὑπεκφύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον
χείράς θ' ἡμετέρας, μηδ' ὄντινα γαστέρι μήτηρ
κοῦρον ἐόντα φέροι, μηδ' ὅς φύγοι, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
Ἴλίου ἐξαπολοίατ' ἀκήδεστοι καὶ ἄφαντοι.”

60

Ἦς εἰπὼν ἔτρεψεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως,
αἴσιμα παρειπών. ὁ δ' ἀπὸ ἔθεν ὥσατο χειρὶ
ἥρῳ Ἀδρηστον· τὸν δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
οὔτα κατὰ λαπάρην· ὁ δ' ἀνετράπετ', Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ
λάξ ἐν στήθεσι βὰς ἐξέσπασε μέλινον ἔγχος.
Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὖσας·

“ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἄρῃος,
μή τις νῦν ἐνάρων ἐπιβαλλόμενος μετόπισθεν
μιμνέτω, ὥς κεν πλεῖστά φέρων ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηται,
ἀλλ' ἄνδρας κτείνωμεν· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὰ ἔκηλοι
νεκροὺς ἅμ πεδίου συλήσετε τεθνηῶτας.”

70

Ἦς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.
ἐνθα κεν αὖτε Τρῶες ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσανέβησαν, ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντες,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Αἰνεία τε καὶ Ἑκτορι εἶπε παραστάς
Πριαμίδης Ἑλένος, οἰωνοπόλων ὅχ' ἄριστος·

“Αἰνεία τε καὶ Ἑκτορ, ἐπὶ πόνος ὕμμι μάλιστα
Τρώων καὶ Λυκίων ἐγκέκλιται, οὔνεκ' ἄριστοι
πᾶσαν ἐπ' ἰθύν ἐστε μάχεσθαί τε φρονέειν τε,
στήτ' αὐτοῦ, καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκετε πρὸ πυλάων

80

The captive to his squire to lead alive
Back to the harbour of Achaia's barks ;
But Agamemnon saw, and swiftly came
Before him, and with shout upbraiding spake :

“Sparest thou the Trojans? Menelaus, thou
My brother ! Suits it thee to show this ruth ?
They dealt by thee forsooth so graciously,
Thou needs must thus reward them ! Nay, let none
Escape the bloody ruin that we bring ;
Fighting or fleeing, perish all alike ;
Mothers, and infants in the womb unborn !
Perish from off the earth the accursèd race,
Uncoffin'd, swallow'd up in endless night !”

Thus chode the King, and turn'd his brother's heart
By right dissuasion ; with his hand he thrust
The brave Adrastus off him, whom the King
Smote thro' the flank, and backward dead he fell.
Then, with heel stamp'd full on the dead man's chest
The King pluck'd back his weapon.

Next rose loud

The voice of Nestor calling on the host :

“Heroes, my comrades, ye, who love the work
Of Ares ! Now let no one lag to lay
Hands on the spoil, or bear it to the fleet,
To win a costlier portion to himself.
Slay, slay ! so likewise shall ye reap the spoil,
Gather'd, without disturb, from off the dead.”

He spoke, and quicken'd every heart to war.

Thus had all Troy, with failing strength o'erborne,
Once more up Ilion's steep before the host
Of Argos' warrior-sons fled headlong driven,
Had not the son of Priam, Helenus,
Greatest of all her prophets, ta'en his stand
By Hector and Æneas, thus to speak :

“Æneas! Hector ! ye, the twain on whom
The burthen of the commonweal of Troy
And Lycia heaviest hangs ; for ye, of all
And through all haps, are best in word and deed ;
Halt now, and moving quick throughout the line,

πάντῃ ἐποιχόμενοι, πρὶν αὖτ' ἐν χερσὶ γυναικῶν
 φεύγοντας πεσέειν, δηίοισι δὲ χάρμα γενέσθαι.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κε φάλαγγας ἐποτρύνητον ἀπάσας,
 ἡμεῖς μὲν Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμεθ' αὐθι μένοντες,
 καὶ μάλα τειρόμενοί περ· ἀναγκαίη γὰρ ἐπείγει·
 "Ἐκτορ, ἀτὰρ σὺ πόλινδε μετέρχεο, εἰπὲ δ' ἔπειτα
 μητέρει σῇ καὶ ἐμῇ· ἡ δὲ ξυνάγουσα γεραιὰς
 νηὸν Ἀθηναίης γλαυκώπιδος ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ,
 οἷξασα κληίδι θύρας ἱεροῖο δόμοιο,
 πέπλον, ὃ οἱ δοκέει χαριέστατος ἡδὲ μέγιστος
 εἶναι ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ καὶ οἱ πολλὸν φίλτατος αὐτῇ,
 θείναι Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἠυκόμοιο,
 καὶ οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῷ
 ἥνις ἡκέστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἷ κ' ἐλεήσῃ
 ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα,
 αἷ κεν Τυδέος υἷὸν ἀπόσχῃ Ἰλίου ἱρήs,
 ἄγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο,
 δν δὴ ἐγὼ κάρτιστον Ἀχαιῶν φημὶ γενέσθαι.
 οὐδ' Ἀχιλλῆά ποθ' ᾧδὲ γ' ἐδείδιμεν, ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν,
 ὄνπερ φασὶ θεᾶς ἐξ ἔμμεναι. ἀλλ' ὅδε λίην
 μαίνεται, οὐδέ τίς οἱ δύναται μένος ἰσοφαρίζειν."

90

100

"Ὡς ἔφαθ', Ἐκτωρ δ' οὔτι κασιγνήτῳ ἀπίθησεν.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,
 πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρα κατὰ στρατὸν ὄχετο πάντῃ,
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνῆν.
 οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἕσταν Ἀχαιῶν·
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπεχώρησαν, λῆξαν δὲ φόνοιο,
 φὰν δέ τιν' ἀθανάτων ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος
 Τρωσὶν ἀλεξήσουντα κατελθέμεν· ὥς ἐλελίχθεν.
 Ἐκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὔσας·

110

"Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι,
 ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνῆσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆs,
 ὅφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ βεῖω προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡδὲ γέρουσιν

Here rally ye the people as they pause
Before the city gates, or e'er their flight
Cast them pell-mell into their mothers' arms,
The mockery and the laughter of their foes.
But, when ye so have quicken'd every rank,
We still will wage the battle as we may,
Worn though we be to death ; for sore the need.
But go thou, Hector, to the city ; there
Seek her, who is my mother and thine own ;
And bid her gather in Acropolis
A train of noble matrons to the shrine
Of spoil-bestowing Pallas, there to ope
With sacred key the sacred door, and lay
Across fair-hair'd Athene's knee the robe
That is of amplest fold amongst her hoard,
Most precious, and most prized by her own self ;
Likewise there in that holy shrine to vow
Blood-offering of twelve yearling heifer kine,
Unbroken to the yoke ; so may She show
Her mercy on our city, and our wives
And children, and withhold from Ilion's towers
This wondrous, ruthless, terrible-handed foe ;
Mightiest I deem him of Achaia's sons ;
For not Achilles' self, whom goddess-born
They boast, and prince of men, e'er fill'd our souls
With panic like This Man, whose spirit flames
Infuriate, nor in battle finds he peer."

Nor Hector disobey'd his brother's word ;
Lightly from car to earth full-arm'd he leapt,
And, waving two sharp spears, throughout the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved :
They rallied and against their foe stood firm ;
The foe recoil'd and stay'd their hands from blood ;
So marvellous in their eyes that rally show'd,
Their thought was, that some God from starry heav'n
Had dropt to rescue Troy. But Hector, ere
Departure, shouted loud with cry to all :

"Now show ye of what mettle ye are bred !
Stand fast ; be men ; mind ye of all your might ;
The while I go to Ilion, there to bid

εἴπω βουλευτῆσι καὶ ἡμετέρῃς ἀλόχοισιν
δαίμοσιν ἀρήσασθαι, ὑπεσχέσθαι δ' ἑκατόμβας.”

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινὸν,
ἄντυξ ἣ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης.

Γλαῦκος δ', Ἴππολόχοιο παῖς καὶ Τυδεὸς υἱὸς
εἰς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι. 120
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“Τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε, καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων;
οὐ μὲν γάρ ποτ' ὅπωπα μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
τὸ πρὶν· ἀτὰρ μὲν νῦν γε πολλὴ προβέβηκας ἀπάντων
σῶ θάρσει, ὅτ' ἐμὸν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχεος ἔμεινας.
δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιώσιν.
εἰ δέ τις ἀθανάτων γε κατ' οὐρανοῦ εἰλήλουθας,
οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε θεοῖσιν ἐπουρανίοισι μαχοίμην.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ Δρύαντος υἱὸς, κρατερὸς Λυκόοργος, 130
δὴν ἦν, ὅς ῥα θεοῖσιν ἐπουρανίοισιν ἔριζεν·
ὅς ποτε μαινομένοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας
σεῦε κατ' ἡγάθεον Νυσηΐον· αἱ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
θύσθλα χαμαὶ κατέχευαν, ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνοιο Λυκούργου
θεινόμεναι βουπλήγι· Διώνυσος δὲ φοβηθεὶς
δύσεθ' ἀλὸς κατὰ κῦμα, Θέτις δ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ
δειδιότα· κρατερὸς γὰρ ἔχε τρόμος ἀνδρὸς ὀμοκλή.
τῷ μὲν ἔπειτ' ὀδύσαντο θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζῶοντες,
καὶ μιν τυφλὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν 140
ἦν, ἐπεὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἀπήχθετο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν.
οὐδ' ἂν ἐγὼ μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἐθέλοιμι μάχεσθαι.
εἰ δέ τις ἐσσι βροτῶν, οἳ ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν,
ἄσσουν ἴθ', ὥς κεν θᾶσσουν ὀλέθρου πεῖραθ' ἔκηαι.”

The elders of the council and our wives
Pray for us, and vow hecatombs to heaven."

Speaking, the hero of the glancing helm
Departed ; at his ankles and his neck
The black-tann'd hide, that ran the outward rim
Round his orb'd shield, struck rattling as he sped.

Meantime the son of famed Hippolochus,
Glaucus, and Diomed great Tydeus' son
Met midway 'twixt the hosts ; and either knew
His blood run burning in him for the fray.
And each had near'd the other on the field,
When Tydeus' Son address'd his dauntless foe :

"Who of all mortals mayst thou boast to be ?
Whom till this moment I have ne'er beheld,
Where men seek glory, in the van of war ;
Yet now thy heart hath lifted thee beyond
All others, who hast dared to bide my spear.
Children of the unhappy of this world
Those whom their Fates have brought across my wrath.
But, if thou hast descended down from heaven,
Against the Powers of heaven I will not war.
Not ev'n great Lycaorgus, Dryas' son
Might live for long, when he had striven with Gods.
He drave in fearful rout adown the dells
Of steep Nyseia's mount the Mænad maids
Who nurtured Dionysus ; each and all
They tearing shed their garlands to the earth,
Tormented by their deadly hunter's lash ;
And infant Dionysus all dismay'd
And trembling (though the threat was but of man),
Deep in the sea sought refuge on the lap
Of Thetis, who received him from his fall.
Wherefore the Gods, who dwell in bliss above,
Were wroth for him ; and Zeus, great Kronos' son,
Struck blind their enemy's eyes, nor long might live
Who thus became the hate of all the Gods.
Loth were I therefore to encounter these.
But, if thy food is of the fruits of earth,
Come nearer, draw thee quicker to thy death !"

Τὸν δ' αὖθ' Ἴππολόχοιο προσηύδα φαίδιμος υἱός·
 « Τυδείδη μεγάθυμε, τίη γενεὴν ἐρεΐνεις ;
 οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
 φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δέ θ' ὕλη
 τηλεθώσασα φύει, ἕαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·
 ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ ἢ μὲν φύει, ἢ δ' ἀπολήγει.
 εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ ταῦτα δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῆς
 ἡμετέρην γενεὴν, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασιν·
 ἔστι πόλις Ἐφύρη μυχῶ Ἀργεος ἵπποβότοιο,
 ἔνθα δὲ Σίσυφος ἔσκειν, ὃ κέρδιστος γένετ' ἀνδρῶν,
 Σίσυφος Αἰολίδης· ὃ δ' ἄρα Γλαῦκον τέκεθ' υἱόν,
 αὐτὰρ Γλαῦκος ἔτικτεν ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην·
 τῷ δὲ θεοὶ κάλλος τε καὶ ἡνορέην ἐρατεινὴν
 ὥπασαν. αὐτὰρ οἱ Προῖτος κακὰ μήσατο θυμῷ,
 ὅς ῥ' ἐκ δήμου ἔλασσεν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦεν,
 Ἀργείων· Ζεὺς γάρ οἱ ὑπὸ σκῆπτρῳ ἐδάμασσεν.
 τῷ δὲ γυνὴ Προίτου ἐπεμήνατο, δι' Ἄντεια,
 κρυπταδίῃ φιλότῃ μιγήμεναι· ἀλλὰ τὸν οὔτι
 πεῖθ' ἀγαθὰ φρονέοντα, δαΐφρονα Βελλεροφόντην.
 ἢ δὲ ψευσαμένη Προῖτον βασιλῆα προσηύδα·
 ' τεθναίης, ὦ Προῖτ', ἢ κάκτανε Βελλεροφόντην,
 ὅς μ' ἔθελεν φιλότῃ μιγήμεναι, οὐκ ἐθελούσῃ·'
 ὡς φατο, τὸν δὲ ἄνακτα χόλος λάβεν, οἷον ἄκουσεν·
 κτεῖναι μὲν ῥ' ἀλέεινε, σεβάσσατο γὰρ τόγε θυμῷ,
 πέμπε δέ μιν Λυκίηνδε, πόρεν δ' ὅγε σήματα λυγρὰ,
 γράψας ἐν πίνακι πτυκτῷ θυμοφθόρα πολλὰ,
 δεῖξαι δ' ἠνώγειν ᾧ πενθερῷ, ὄφρ' ἀτόλοιτο.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ Λυκίηνδε θεῶν ὑπ' ἀμύμονι πομπῇ.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Λυκίην ἵξε Ξάνθον τε ρέοντα,
 προφρονέως μιν τίεν ἄναξ Λυκίης εὐρείης.
 ἐννήμαρ ξείνισσε καὶ ἐννέα βοῦς ἰέρυσεν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτῃ ἐφάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,
 καὶ τότε μιν ἐρέεινε καὶ ἥτεε σῆμα ἰδέσθαι,
 ὅττι ῥά οἱ γαμβροῖο πάρα Προίτοιο φέροιτο.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ σῆμα κακὸν παρεδέξατο γαμβροῦ,

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To whom the Son of famed Hippolochus :
“Why would Tydides of my birth enquire ?
The race of man is ev’n as the race of leaves ;
The wind sheds some to the ground ; but others bud
Fresh on the tree, and multiply at spring ;
So some fair lives bud fresh, but others die.
But, wouldst thou have this knowledge, hear, and learn
The famous generation of my race.
In horse-abounding Argos stands withdrawn
The town of Ephyrè : and there was bred
Sisyphus, of the race of Æolids,
The sagest of mankind ; who gat a son,
Glaucus ; and he begat Bellerophon ;
Bellerophon, the peerless, and endow’d
With a most perfect manhood by the Gods ;
But Proetus, being the mightier in those days,
And throned in Argos by the hand of Zeus,
Wrought him much hurt, and drove him from the land :
Whose lovely wife Anteia had cast her eyes
On the fair youth, and woo’d him to her lust ;
Yet might not so beguile Bellerophon :
Wherefore with feignèd lips she spake, and said :
*‘Die, Prætus, thine own self, or slay this youth,
Who hath desired thy wife, to lie with her.’*
She spoke ; and anger at the thing he heard
Possess’d the King : who nathless then refrained
From slaying—this for reverence he forbore—
But sent him thence to Lycia and procured
A folded tablet, written o’er with signs
Of evil, many tokens meaning death,
The which he order’d him to bear and show
To his wife’s father, that he so might die.
He went, but under heavenly conduct safe.
And when he came to Lycia’s streams, the King
There gave him welcome, and for nine full days
Held feast, and in his honour slew nine bulls ;
Till, when the tenth rose-finger’d morning came,
He question’d him, and craved to read, if aught
Of tidings from Anteia’s spouse he bare ;
In answer he received the evil scroll :

πρῶτον μὲν ῥα Χίμαιραν ἀμαιμακέτην ἐκέλευσεν
 πεφνέμεν. ἥ δ' ἄρ' ἔην θεῖον γένος οὐδ' ἀνθρώπων, 180
 πρόσθε λέων, ὕπιθεν δὲ δράκων, μέσση δὲ χίμαιρα,
 δεινὸν ἀποπνεύουσα πυρὸς μένος αἰθομένοιο.
 καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέπεφνε θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας,
 δεύτερον αὖ Σολυμοισι μαχήσατο κυδαλίμοισιν·
 καρτίστην δὴ τήνγε μάχην φάτο δύμεναι ἀνδρῶν.
 τὸ τρίτον αὖ κατέπεφνεν Ἀμαζόνας ἀντιανείρας.
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνερχομένῳ πυκινὸν δόλον ἄλλον ὕφαινεν·
 κρίνας ἐκ Λυκίης εὐρείης φώτας ἀρίστους
 εἶσε λόχον· τοὶ δ' οὔτι πάλιν οἰκόνδε νέοντο·
 πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνεν ἀμύμων Βελλεροφόντης 190
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίγνωσκε θεοῦ γόνον ἦν ἐόντα,
 αὐτοῦ μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ' ὄγε θυγατέρα ἦν,
 δῶκε δέ οἱ τιμῆς βασιληίδος ἥμισυ πάσης·
 καὶ μὲν οἱ Λύκιοι τέμενος τάμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
 καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης, ὄφρα νέμοιτο.
 ἥ δ' ἔτεκε τρία τέκνα δαΐφρονι Βελλεροφόντῃ,
 Ἴσανδρόν τε καὶ Ἴππόλοχον καὶ Λαοδάμειαν.
 Λαοδαμείῃ παρελέξατο μητίετα Ζεὺς,
 ἥ δ' ἔτεκε ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα χαλκοκορυστήν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ κεῖνος ἀπήχθετο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν, 200
 ἦτοι ὁ καὶ πεδίου τὸ Ἀλήιον οἶος ἀλᾶτο,
 δν θυμὸν κατέδων, πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων,
 Ἴσανδρον δέ οἱ υἱὸν Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο
 μαρνάμενον Σολύμοισι κατέκτανε κυδαλίμοισιν,
 τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη χρυσήνιος Ἄρτεμις ἔκτα.
 Ἴππόλοχος δέ μ' ἔτικτε, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ φημὶ γενέσθαι·
 πέμπε δέ μ' ἐς Τροίην, καί μοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλεν,

Whereat he bade him first go forth to slay
The fell Chimæra ; she no breed of earth,
But a goat's body, and a lion's head,
And dragon from her waist ; and from her lips
The breath was as the blast of flaming fire ;
Whom yet with heavenly signs he met and slew.
Then, in fulfilment of a second task,
He fought the far-renowned Solymi ;
The fiercest of his battles (so he said)
With men encounter'd : then the Amazons,
For the third task, he vanquish'd in their war.
Yet wove the King another web of guile
About him thence returning, and selected
The bravest in broad Lycia to be laid
In ambush on the road whereby he went ;
Of whom not one return'd to tell the tale ;
Peerless in arms Bellerophon slew all.
Then the King knew him sprung of Gods, his might
Divine, and held him there, and gave to him
His daughter, with her, half his realm and state ;
Whose people portion'd out a rich demesne,
Land of their best and vintage—there to dwell.
Three children to her warlike lord she bare,
Laodamia and Hippolochus,
And brave Isander. Wise far-seeing Zeus
Lay with Laodamia ; and she bore
Sarpedon, now broad Lycia's helmèd Chief.
Yet ev'n Bellerophon before his death
Grew hateful to the Gods ; and thenceforth driven
Desolate, and away from human path,
And eating out his heart, he roam'd the waste
Named of his wanderings to this day. Whose son,
Isander, fell by Ares' bloody scourge
In battle with the glorious Solymi ;
And the fair sister perish'd by the wrath
Of golden-quiver'd Artemis transpierced.
Sole of the race Hippolochus survives,
And of his loins I boast me to be sprung ;
Who oft, what time he sent me forth to Troy,
Would charge me, how my birth lays most on me,

αἶεν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
 μηδὲ γένος πατέρων αἰσχυνέμεν, οἳ μέγ' ἄριστοι
 ἔν τ' Ἐφύρῃ ἐγίνοντο καὶ ἐν Λυκίῃ εὐρέϊη.
 ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὖχομαι εἶναι.”

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Ὡς φάτο, γήθησεν δὲ βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
 ἔγχος μὲν κατέπηξεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μελιχίοισι προσηύδα ποιμένα λαῶν·

“Ἡ ῥά νύ μοι ξείνος πατρώϊός ἐσσι παλαιός·
 Οἶνεὺς γάρ ποτε δῖος ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην
 ξείνισ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐείκοσιν ἡματ' ἐρύξας·
 οἱ δὲ καὶ ἀλλήλοισι πόρον ξεινήϊα καλὰ·
 Οἶνεὺς μὲν ζωστήρα δίδου φοίνικι φαεινὸν,
 Βελλεροφόντης δὲ χρύσειον δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον,
 καὶ μιν ἐγὼ κατέλειπον ἰὼν ἐν δώμασ' ἐμοῖσιν.
 Τυδεία δ' οὐ μέμνημαι, ἐπεὶ μ' ἔτι τυτθὸν ἐόντα
 κάλλιψ', ὅτ' ἐν Θηβησιν ἀπώλετο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν.
 τῷ νῦν σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ ξείνος φίλος Ἀργεῖ μέσσω
 εἰμὶ, σὺ δ' ἐν Λυκίῃ, ὅτε κεν τῶν δῆμον ἴκωμαι.
 ἔγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δι' ὀμίλου·
 πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι,
 κτείνειν ὅν κε θεός γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κιχέω,
 πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ, ἐναιρέμεν ὃν κε δύνηαι.
 τεύχεα δ' ἀλλήλοισι ἐπαμείψομεν, ὄφρα καὶ οἶδε
 γνῶσιν ὅτι ξεῖνοι πατρώϊοι εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.”

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Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσαντες, καθ' ἕκαστον ἀΐξαντες,
 χεῖράς τ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην καὶ πιστώσαντο.
 ἔνθ' αὖτε Γλαύκῳ Κρονίδης φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς,
 ὃς πρὸς Τυδείδῃν Διομήδεα τεύχε' ἄμειβεν
 χρύσεια χαλκείων, ἐκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.

Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἴκανε,
 αἰμφ' ἄρα μιν Τρώων ἄλοχοι θεὸν ἠδὲ θύγατρως

Still to outshine all others, and excel ;
And still to keep unshamed the old renown
Of my great fathers, peerless through the breadth
Of Lycia, and in Ephyre of yore.
Such is my lineage ; this the blood I boast."

He spoke, and gladden'd Diomed, who heard,
And, hearing, pitch'd his spear erect in earth,
And gently thus to Lycia's Chief replied :

"By old hereditary right I claim
Thee friend to me ; for CENEUS of old time
With welcome entertain'd within his halls
Bellerophon, the peerless, twenty days.
Fair pledge of hospitable tie they took
Each from the other : CENEUS gave a belt
Radiant of purple tinct ; Bellerophon
A golden chalice with a double cup,
Safe still within my palace, ere I left.
But Tydeus I remember not, nor knew ;
He left me infant when Achaia's sons
Perish'd at Thebes. I therefore am to thee
Thy rightful host in Argos, if thou come,
And thou art mine in Lycia. Likewise here
Let us avoid each other in the throng.
Many the Trojans or their famed allies
Whom, if a God expose them, or my feet
O'ertake them, I can slay without a pang ;
Many the Argives whom thou too mayst slay.
Rather, that all men here may also know
We boast betwixt us still our father's tie,
Let us exchange our armour, mine for thine."

Thus spake those two, and springing to the ground
Each grasp'd the other's hand and pledged his faith.
So blind was Glaucus, witless for the while,
Stricken by father Zeus, he changed away
To Diomed his armour—gold for brass ;
A hundred oxen worth, for worth of nine !

Meantime great Hector on his hest had pass'd
The beech-tree, and up through the Scæan gates ;
Round whom the wives and daughters of the host

εἰρόμεναι παῖδάς τε κασιγνήτους τε ἕτας τε
καὶ πόσιος· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα θεοῖς εὐχέσθαι ἀνώγει 240
πάσας ἐξείης· πολλῇσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπητο.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πριάμοιο δόμον περικαλλέ' ἵκανεν
ξεστῆς αἰθούσῃσι τετυγμένον—αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
πεντήκοντ' ἔνεσαν θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο,
πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδμημένοι· ἔνθα δὲ παῖδες
κοιμῶντο Πριάμοιο παρὰ μνηστῆς ἀλόχοισιν.
κουράων δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐναντίοι ἐνδοθεν αὐλῆς
δῶδεκ' ἔσαν τέγροι θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο,
πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδμημένοι· ἔνθα δὲ γαμβροὶ 250
κοιμῶντο Πριάμοιο παρ' αἰδοίης ἀλόχοισιν
ἔνθα οἱ ἡπιόδωρος ἐναντίῃ ἤλυθε μήτηρ
Λαοδίκην ἐσάγουσα, θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην·
ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“ Τέκνον, τίπτε λιπὼν πόλεμον θρασὺν εἰλήλουθας;
ἦ μάλα δὴ τείρουσι δυσώνυμοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν
μαρνάμενοι περὶ ἄστν· σὲ δ' ἐνθάδε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν
ἐλθόντ' ἐξ ἄκρης πόλιος Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχεῖν.
ἀλλὰ μέν', ὄφρα κέ τοι μελιθεῖα οἶνον ἐνείκω,
ὥς σπείσης Διὶ πατρὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸς ὀνήσῃαι, αἶ κε πῆλυσθα. 260
ἀνδρὶ δὲ κεκμηῶτι μένος μέγα οἶνος ἀέξει,
ὥς τύνῃ κέκμηκας ἀμύνων σοῖσιν ἔτησιν.”

Τὴν δ' ἡμέριβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ
“ μή μοι οἶνον ἄειρε μελίφρονα, πότνια μήτηρ,
μή μ' ἀπογνιώσῃς, μένεος δ' ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι·
χερσὶ δ' ἀνίπτοισιν Διὶ λείβειν αἴθοπα οἶνον
ἄζομαι· οὐδέ πῃ ἔστι κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
αἵματι καὶ λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένον εὐχετάασθαι.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νηὸν Ἀθηναίης ἀγελεῖς
ἔρχεο σὺν θυέεσσιν, ἀολλίσσασα γεραιάς· 270
πέπλον δ', ὅστις τοι χαριέστατος ἦδὲ μέγιστος

Ran, asking of their husbands or their sons,
Their brethren or their kindred ; each in turn
He told, and bade her pray for them to heaven.
Many were they, on whom some sorrow had fallen.
But quick he sought the palace of the King,
Porch'd with smooth pillars and exceeding fair.
In it were fifty chambers, roof to roof,
Built close of polish'd stone, where with their wives
The fifty sons of Priam wont to lie ;
And face to face with these were other twelve
Built close of polish'd stone within the court
For the King's daughters ; there were wont to lie
Their husbands by the daughters of the King ;
Thence came his gentle mother forth to greet him,
And led with her Laodicè, of all
Her house the fairest : there she met her son,
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :
 " Why com'st thou thus, my child, and leav'st the fray ?
Well know I that Achaia's baneful sons
Press ye around the city nigh to death.
Perchance thy heart hath prompted thee to come,
And off the summit of the citadel
Lift high thy hands in prayer to Father Zeus.
Yet for a while here tarry, till I bring
Sweet draught of wine ; that thereof thou mayst pour
Libation unto all the Powers of heaven,
And, after, drink thyself, and be refresh'd ;
For wine is strength unto a wearied man,
And thou art wearied for thy brethren's sake."
 To her the Hero of the glancing helm :
 " My mother, not for me draw tempting wine ;
Lest I be slacken'd through my limbs and nerve.
Nor durst I with unwashen hands pour forth
Libation of bright wine to Father Zeus.
From me, thus spatter'd o'er with dust and blood,
No worship may proceed to his high throne !
But thou go up with all thine aged train
Of matrons bearing incense to the shrine
Of spoil-bestowing Pallas ; and, what robe
May be of amplest fold amongst thy hoard,

ἔστιν ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ καὶ τοι πολὺ φίλτατος αὐτῇ,
 τὸν θεὸς Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἡὔκόμοιο,
 καὶ οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῶ
 ἧνις ἡκέστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἶ κ' ἐλεήσῃ
 ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα,
 αἶ κεν Τυδέος υἱὸν ἀπόσχη' Ἰλίου ἱρήσ,
 ἄγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερόν μῆστωρα φόβοιο.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νηὸν Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης
 ἔρχευ, ἐγὼ δὲ Πάριον μετελεύσομαι, ὅφρα καλέσω, 280
 αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃς' εἰπόντος ἀκουέμεν. ὥς κέ οἱ αἰθι
 γαῖα χάνοι· μέγα γάρ μιν Ὀλύμπιος ἔτρεφε πῆμα
 Τρωσὶ τε καὶ Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι τοιό τε παισίν.
 εἰ κείνόν γε ἴδοιμι κατελθόντ' Ἀίδος εἴσω,
 φαίην κε φρέν' ἀτέρπου διζύος ἐκκλεαθέσθαι."

"Ὡς ἔφαθ', ἥ δὲ μολοῦσα ποτὶ μέγαρ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν
 κέκλετο· ταὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀόλλισσαν κατὰ ἄστυ γεραιας.
 αὐτὴ δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσετο κηῶντα,
 ἐνθ' ἔσαν οἱ πέπλοι παμποϊκίλοι, ἔργα γυναικῶν
 Σιδονίων, τὰς αὐτὰς Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς 290
 ἤγαγε Σιδονίηθεν, ἐπιπλῶς εὐρέα πόντον,
 τὴν ὁδὸν ἦν Ἑλένην περ ἀνήγαγεν εὐπατέρειαν.
 τῶν ἔν' ἀειραμένη Ἑκάβη φέρε δῶρον Ἀθήνῃ,
 ὃς κάλλιστος ἦν ποικίλμασιν ἠδὲ μέγιστος,
 ἀστὴρ δ' ὥς ἀπέλαμπεν· ἔκειτο δὲ νεῖατος ἄλλων.
 βῆ δ' ἵεναι, πολλαὶ δὲ μετεσσεύοντο γεραιαί.

Αἶ δ' ὅτε νηὸν ἵκανον Ἀθήνης ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ,
 τῇσι θύρας ὥλιξε Θεανῶ καλλιπάρῃος,
 Κισσηῖς, ἄλοχος Ἀντήνορος ἵπποδάμοιο·
 τὴν γὰρ Τρῶες ἔθικαν Ἀθηναίης ἰέριαν. 300
 αἶ δ' ὀλολυγῇ πᾶσαι Ἀθήνῃ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον.
 ἥ δ' ἄρα πέπλον ἐλοῦσα Θεανῶ καλλιπάρῃος
 θῆκεν Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἡὔκόμοιο,
 εὐχομένη δ' ἥρᾶτο Διὸς κούρῃ μεγάλῳ·

“Πότνι' Ἀθηναίη, ἔρυσίπτολι, δῖα θεάων,

Most precious and most prized by thine own self,
That lay across bright-hair'd Athene's knee ;
Likewise make vow to offer heifers twelve,
Yearlings, to yoke unbroken ; so may She
Have mercy on the city and our wives
And children, and withhold from Ilion's towers
This ruthless terrible kindler of dismay.
Do thou thus take thee to Athene's shrine,
Whilst I will seek and summon to the war
Paris, if haply he will hear my call ;
For whom I would that earth would ope her jaws,
And take him in for ever ; rear'd by heaven
To be a deadly ruin to all Troy,
To great-heart Priam and to Priam's sons !
Could I behold him down to Hades gone,
These joyless sorrows might my heart forget."

He ceased ; she went again within and call'd
Her handmaids, and they, hasting through the town,
Summon'd a crowd of matrons ; but herself
Enter'd the fragrant closet, where were stored
Fair robes of rich embroidery, enwrought
By women of soft Sidon, ravish'd thence
By Paris in his voyage o'er the seas
With lofty-father'd Helen. One of these,
Largest, and loveliest by its broideries,
Glittering amongst its fellows like a star,
The newest of the wardrobe, Hecuba
Lifted, a gift to Pallas, and bare forth,
With many matrons hurrying after her.
They gain'd the upper city and the shrine ;
To whom fair-faced Theano oped the doors,
Theano, brave Antenor's wife, and born
In Cisse, priestess now ordain'd in Troy.
There all in lamentation rais'd their hands
Before the Goddess ; but the priestess took
And laid across Athene's knee the robe,
And pray'd the mighty daughter of high Zeus :
" O Thou, who savest cities, hear, oh hear !
Athene, Queen of Heaven, most adored !

ἄξον δὴ ἔγχος Διομήδεος, ἥδ' ἐκ αὐτὸν
 πρηνέα δὸς πεσέειν Σκαιῶν προπάροιθε πυλάων,
 ὄφρα τοι αὐτίκα νῦν δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῶ,
 ἥνις ἡκέστας ἱερεύσομεν, αἶ κ' ἐλεήσης
 ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα.”

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Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχομένη, ἀνένευε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
 ὥς αἰ μὲν ῥ' εὐχοντο Διὸς κούρη μέγαλοιο,
 Ἐκτωρ δὲ πρὸς δώματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο βεβήκει
 καλὰ, τὰ ῥ' αὐτὸς ἔτευξε σὺν ἀνδράσιν οἱ τότε ἄριστοι
 ἦσαν ἐνὶ Τροίῃ ἐριβόλακι τέκτονες ἄνδρες,
 οἳ οἳ ἐποίησαν θάλαμον καὶ δῶμα καὶ αὐλὴν
 ἐγγύθι τε Πριάμοιο καὶ Ἐκτορος, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ.
 ἔνθ' Ἐκτωρ εἰσῆλθε δίφιλος, ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ
 ἔγχος ἔχ' ἐνδεκάπηχυν· πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρὸς
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης.
 τὸν δ' εὖρ' ἐν θαλάμῳ περικαλλέα τεύχε' ἔποντα,
 ἀσπίδα καὶ θώρηκα καὶ ἀγκύλα τόξ' ἀφώοντα·
 Ἀργεῖή δ' Ἑλένη μετ' ἄρα δμῶησι γυναιξὶν
 ἦστο, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι περικλυτὰ ἔργα κέλευεν.
 τὸν δ' Ἐκτωρ νείκεσσεν ἰδὼν αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν·

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“Δαιμόνι, οὐ μὲν καλὰ χόλον τόνδ' ἐνθεο θυμῷ.
 λαοὶ μὲν φθινύθουσι περὶ πτόλιν αἰπύ τε τεῖχος
 μαρνάμενοι· σέο δ' εἵνεκ' αὐτὴ τε πτόλεμός τε
 ἄστυ τόδ' ἀμφιδέδηε· σὺ δ' ἂν μαχέσαιο καὶ ἄλλω,
 οὔτιν' ἀ ποὺ μεθιέντα ἴδοις στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο.
 ἀλλ' ἄνα, μὴ τάχα ἄστυ πυρὸς δηΐοιο θέρηται.”

330

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·
 “Ἐκτορ, ἐπεὶ με κατ' αἶσαν ἐνείκεσας οὐδ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν,
 τοῦνεκά τοι ἐρέω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο καὶ μεν ἄκουσον,
 οὔτοι ἐγὼ Τρώων τόσσον χόλῳ οὐδὲ νεμέσει
 ἤμην ἐν θαλάμῳ, ἔθελον δ' ἄχρ' προτραπέσθαι.

And break the spear of Diomed, and grant
Before the Scæan gates his utter fall :
So vow we at thine altar heifers twelve,
Yearlings, to yoke unbroken ; so but Thou
Have mercy on our children and our homes.”
They spake ; but Pallas wrathful frown'd, unmoved.

And, whilst the matrons and their queen made prayer,
Hector had gain'd the shining palace, rear'd
By Alexander with the artificers
Most cunning of their craft in wealthy Troy.
There had they built fair chamber, hall, and court,
For dwelling of their prince, i' the upper town,
Hard by the homes of Hector and the King.
And there the hero much beloved of Zeus
Now enter'd ; in his hand a spear he held
Of length eleven ells, and far the point
Before him gleam'd, of brass, but where it join'd
The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.
He found him studying in his home secure
The beauty of his mail, and brightening gay
The shield and hauberk, and his bended bow ;
While midmost of her maidens Helen sate
There with him, ordering all their lovely tasks.
Hector beheld and bitter spake reproach :

“ Up, up, my brother ! shame on this thy mood !
Lo round the city all beneath the walls
The people perish, battling for thy sake.
For thee, for thee are all these ringing cries.
I well believe that, if thou e'er beheld
Another skulking thus from mortal fray,
Thyself wouldst strike him down. Up, then, and help
Lest Troy soon know the scorch of flaming fire ! ”

Whom godlike Alexander answer'd thus :
“ My brother, just thy chide, nor passeth bounds ;
I therefore too will open out my heart,
But ponder what I say and hear me fair ;
'Tis not of sullen mood or temper high,
Or shame of Troy, that here I sit withdrawn ;
But that I may awhile give grief full way.

νῦν δέ με παρειπούσ' ἄλοχος μαλακοῖς ἐπέεσσιν
 ὥρμησ' ἐς πόλεμον· δοκέει δέ μοι ὧδε καὶ αὐτῷ
 λώιον ἔσσεσθαι· νίκη δ' ἐπαμείβεται ἄνδρας.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐπίμεινον, Ἀρήϊα τεύχεα δύω·
 ἢ ἴθ', ἐγὼ δὲ μέτειμι· κιχήσεσθαι δέ σ' ὀίω."

340

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὔτι προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ·
 τὸν δ' Ἑλένη μύθοισι προσηύδα μελιχίοισιν·

“Δαερ ἐμεῖο, κυνὸς κακομηχίνου, ὀκρυόεσσης,
 ὥς μ' ὄφελ' ἤματι τῷ ὅτε με πρῶτον τέκε μήτηρ
 οἴχεσθαι προφέρουσα κακὴ ἀνέμοιο θύελλα
 εἰς ὅρος ἢ εἰς κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
 ἔνθα με κῦμ' ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἔργα γενέσθαι.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάδε γ' ὧδε θεοὶ κακὰ τεκμήραντο,
 ἀνδρὸς ἔπειτ' ὥφελλον ἀμείνονος εἶναι ἄκριτις,
 ὃς ἤδη νέμεσίν τε καὶ αἵσχεα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων.
 τούτῳ δ' οὔτ' ἄρ νῦν φρένες ἔμπεδοι οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω
 ἔσσονται· τῷ καὶ μιν ἐπαυρήσεσθαι ὀίω.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν εἵσελθε καὶ ἕξο τῷδ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ,
 δαερ, ἐπεὶ σε μάλιστα πόνος φρένας ἀμφιβέβηκεν
 εἴνεκ' ἐμεῖο κυνὸς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἔνεκ' ἄτης,
 οἷσιν ἐπὶ Ζεὺς θῆκε κακὸν μόρον, ὥς καὶ ὀπίσσω
 ἀνθρώποισι πελώμεθ' αἰόιδιμοι ἐσσομένοισιν.”

350

Τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ·
 “μὴ με κάθιζ', Ἑλένη, φιλέουσά περ· οὐδέ με πείσεις.
 ἤδη γάρ μοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὄφρ' ἐπαμύνω
 Τρώεσσ', οἳ μὲν ἐμεῖο ποθὴν ἀπεόντος ἔχουσιν.
 ἀλλὰ συγ' ὄρνυθι τοῦτον, ἐπειγέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς,
 ὥς κεν ἔμ' ἔντοσθεν πόλιος καταμάρψῃ ἔοντα.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν οἰκόνδ' ἐσελεύσομαι, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι
 οἰκῆας ἄλοχόν τε φίλην καὶ νήπιον υἱόν.
 οὐ γάρ τ' οἶδ' ἢ ἔτι σφιν ὑπότροπος ἴξομαι αἰττις,
 ἢ ἤδη μ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ θεοὶ δαμόωσιν Ἀχαιῶν.”

360

And now my wife had turn'd me from these thoughts
With gentle words, and bade me forth to war ;
Which likewise seems to me the better part,
For victory shifteth oft from man to man.
Then tarry, till I don my warlike mail ;
Or go ; I follow and shall quick o'ertake."

He spoke : whom Hector answer'd not at all ;
But Helen then with sweet address began :

" O Brother ! shamèd woman that I am !
Outcast and loathed of men, and pest to all !
Would, would that, when my mother gave me birth,
Some whirling wind had swept me far away
Naked upon a hill, or plunged me deep
Into the roaring waves, and there a wave
Had drown'd me, ere these woes could come to pass !
Or, if indeed the Gods ordain'd these ills
To fall upon my life, yet would a man
Of nobler sort had found me—one with heart
To feel the shame and all the wide dishonour ;
But this man's soul not now continueth,
Nor ever will continue on one stay ;
Yet may he have some day his own reward.
But enter thou, my brother ; on this seat
Rest thee ; for still of all the heaviest care
Hath compass'd thee with sorrows for the sake
Of shamèd Helen, and the lust accursed.
So sad the fate that Zeus hath laid upon us,
'Twill serve undying song to after times."

To her bright-helmèd Hector gave reply :
" Loving thou art, fair Helen, and of love
Thine offer ; but thou mov'st me not to rest.
My heart is in the battle with my host,
Who now have longing of mine absent arm.
Rather do thou uprouse thy mate, that he
May likewise haste, and quick o'ertake my step,
Or e'er I leave the city. For I first
Shall go to mine own home, that I may see
My dearest—with my infant son my wife.
For how know I, that I shall e'er return,
Nor fall, of Gods o'erwhelm'd by Argive hand ?"

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ.
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκανε δόμους εὐναιετάρχοντας,
 οὐδ' εὖρ' Ἀνδρομάχην λευκώλενον ἐν μεγάροισιν,
 ἀλλ' ἦγε ξὺν παιδὶ καὶ ἀμφιπόλῳ εὐπέπλῳ
 πύργῳ ἐφ'esτήκει γούωσά τε μυρομένη τε.
 Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς οὐκ ἔνδον ἀμύμονα τέτμεν ἄκοιτιν,
 ἔστη ἐπ' οὐδὸν ἰὼν, μετὰ δὲ δμῳῇσιν ἔειπεν·

370

“Εἰ δ' ἄγε μοι δμῳαί, νημερτέα μυθήσασθε
 πῇ ἔβη Ἀνδρομάχῃ λευκώλενος ἐκ μεγάροιο·
 ἥέ πῃ ἐς γαλόων, ἥ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,
 ἥ ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἐξοίχεται, ἔνθα περ ἄλλαι
 Τρῳαὶ εὐπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεὸν ἰλάσκονται;”

380

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' ὀτρυνὴ ταμὶν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
 “Ἐκτορ, ἐπεὶ μάλ' ἄνωγας ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι,
 οὔτε πῃ ἐς γαλόων οὔτ' εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων
 οὔτ' ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἐξοίχεται, ἔνθα περ ἄλλαι
 Τρῳαὶ εὐπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεὸν ἰλάσκονται,
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πύργῳ ἔβη μέγαν Ἴλιου, οὐνεκ' ἄκουσεν
 τείρεσθαι Τρῶας, μέγα δὲ κράτος εἶναι Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἥ μὲν δὴ πρὸς τεῖχος ἐπειγομένη ἀφικάνει,
 μαινομένη εἰκυῖα· φέρει δ' ἅμα παῖδα τιθήνη.”

Ἡ ῥα γυνὴ ταμίν, ὃ δ' ἀπέσσυτο δώματος Ἐκτωρ
 τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν αὖτις εὐκτιμένας κατ' ἀγνιάς.
 εἴτε πύλας ἵκανε διερχόμενος μέγα ἄστνυ,
 Σκαιάς—τῇ γὰρ ἔμελλε διεξιμέναι πεδίουδῃ—
 ἐνθ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος ἐναντίῃ ἦλθε θέουσα
 Ἀνδρομάχῃ, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἡετίωνος,
 Ἡετίων, ὃς ἔναιεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑλῆεσση,
 Θήβῃ Ὑποπλακίῃ, Κιλίκεσσ' ἄνδρεςσιν ἀνάσσων·
 τοῦπερ δὴ θυγάτηρ ἔχεθ' Ἐκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ.
 ἥ οἱ ἔπειτ' ἦντησ', ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολος κίεν αὐτῇ

390

Speaking, the hero left her and regain'd
Swiftly his home and numerous household there,
But sought white-arm'd Andromache in vain ;
For with her babe and one rich-robèd maid
High on the watch-tower had she taken her stand,
Sobbing the while, and breaking into tears ;
But when he found not there his spotless wife,
He went and stood upon the threshold stone
And spake amongst her handmaids :

“ Tell me true,

Ye maidens, on what quest Andromache
Went forth from home : on visit to the house
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife ?
Or wending to the shrine where other dames
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power ? ”

To whom the matron of the maids replied :
“ O Hector, for thou bidd'st us tell thee true,
Know, that nor on a visit to the house
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife,
Nor wending to the shrine where other dames
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power,
But straight to Ilion's watch-tower hath she sped ;
For that she heard that Troy was pressèd hard,
And great the mastery of Achaia's sons ;
Therefore she rush'd forth to the battlements,
Most like a Mænad, with a bursting heart ;
And with her went the nurse, and bare the child.”

The matron spoke ; and Hector straight rush'd back
By the same road, adown the well-built streets,
Till thridding all the city he arrived
Before the Scæan gates, through which his path
Would be anon to battle on the plain.
But there his wife came hasting back to greet him,
Andromache, the daughter dowried rich
By her brave father, ev'n Eëtion
Who 'neath the wooded hill of Placos ruled
O'er the Cilicians in Cilician Thebes ;
His daughter helmèd Hector had to wife.

She met him ; with her moved a maid, and bare

παῖδ' ἐπὶ κόλπῳ ἔχουσ' ἀταλάφρονα, νήπιον αὐτῶς, 400
 Ἐκτορίδην ἀγαπητὸν, ἀλγίγκιον ἀστέρι καλῶ,
 τὸν ῥ' Ἐκτωρ καλέεσκε Σκαμάνδριον, αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
 Ἀστυάνακτ'· οἷος γὰρ ἐρύετο Ἴλιον Ἐκτωρ.
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν μείδησεν ἰδὼν ἐς παῖδα σιωπῇ·
 Ἀνδρομάχῃ δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο δακρυχέουσα,
 ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος οὐδ' ἐλεαίρεις
 παῖδά τε νηπιάχον καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον, ἢ τάχα χήρῃ
 σεῦ ἔσομαι· τάχα γὰρ σε κατακτανέουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ
 πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες· ἐμοὶ δέ κε κέρδιον εἶη 410
 σεῦ ἀφαρμαρτούσῃ χθόνα δύμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη
 ἔσται θαλπωρὴ, ἐπεὶ ἂν σύγῃ πότμον ἐπίσπῃς,
 ἀλλ' ἄχ'· οὐδέ μοι ἐστι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
 ἦτοι γὰρ πατέρ' ἀμὸν ἀπέκτανε διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,
 ἐκ δὲ πόλιν πέρσεν Κιλικῶν εὐναιετώωσαν,
 Θήβην ὑψίπυλον· κατὰ δ' ἔκτανεν Ἡετίωνα,
 οὐδέ μιν ἐξενάριξε, σεβάσσατο γὰρ τόγῃ θυμῶ,
 ἀλλ' ἄρα μιν κατέκῃ σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν
 ἠδ' ἐπὶ σῆμ' ἔχρεν· περὶ δὲ πτελέας ἐφύτευσαν
 νύμφαι ὀρεστιάδες, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο. 420
 οἱ δέ μοι ἑπτὰ κασίγνητοι ἔσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν,
 οἱ μὲν πάντες ἰφ' κίον ἡματι Ἄϊδος εἴσω·
 πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνε ποδάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,
 βουσὶν ἐπ' εἰλιπόδεσσι καὶ ἀργεννῆς ὀϊέσσιν.
 μητέρα δ', ἢ βασίλευεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑλήεσση,
 τὴν ἐπεὶ ἄρ' δεῦρ' ἤγαγ' ἄμ' ἄλλοισι κτεάτεσσιν,
 ἄψ' ὅγῃ τὴν ἀπέλυσε λαβὼν ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
 πατρὸς δ' ἐν μεγάροισι βάλ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχάειρα.
 Ἐκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἔσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης, 430
 ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐλέαιρε καὶ αὐτοῦ μίμν' ἐπὶ πύργῳ,
 μὴ παῖδ' ὀρφανικὸν θήῃς χήρην τε γυναῖκα·

The infant son of Hector, babe in arms,
His only child, fair as a single star ;
Whom first his father named Scamandrius,
But all the people call'd Astyanax,
“ *Prince of the City* ;” for by Hector stood
Ilion, by him alone, else soon to fall.
Silent, he gazed, and smiling on his child ;
But near him, all in tears, Andromache
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :
“ Hector ! This daring needs must be thy death ;
Nor tak'st thou thought of this thine infant son,
Nor me, thy wife ill-fated, soon to be
Thy widow ; for the foe shall soon assail
And slay thee at some vantage. Oh for me,
Better, forlorn of thee, to die forthwith !
For, when thou on thyself hast brought thy fate,
No other comfort can be in this world.
Neither my father nor dear mother live ;
Achilles slew my father, when he sack'd
Cilicia's city, lofty-gated Thebes ;
He slew Eëtion there, yet stript not off
His armour—(this for reverence he forbore)—
But burn'd him in his dædal arms, and heap'd
A mound above him ; and the Zeus-born nymphs,
The heavenly Oreads, set elms around.
Seven brothers once were in my home ; but all
That day departed, whence is no return ;
There, mid their slow-paced herds and fleecy flocks,
Together by the fleetfoot hero slain.
My mother, late the queen of all that lies
Under wild Placos' hill, he bore away
With other booty hither, yet anon
For some rich ransom set her vainly free :—
Struck by a dart from arrowy Artemis,
She perish'd after in her father's house.
But, Hector, all in thee they yet survive ;
Father, and mother, and brethren, thou to me,
All, more than all—the husband of my heart !
Have pity, therefore, and remain within ;
Lest this thy child thou render fatherless,

λαὸν δὲ στῆσον παρ' ἐρινεὸν, ἔνθα μάλιστα
 ἀμβατός ἐστι πόλις καὶ ἐπιδρομον ἔπλετο τείχος.
 τρὶς γὰρ τῇγ' ἐλθόντες ἐπειρήσανθ' οἱ ἄριστοι
 ἀμφ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ ἀγακλυτὸν Ἴδομενῆα
 ἡδ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρεΐδας καὶ Τυδέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν·
 ἢ πού τίς σφιν ἐνισπε θεοπροπίων εὖ εἰδώς,
 ἢ νυ καὶ αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει.”

Τῇν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ· 440
 “ἦ καὶ ἐμοὶ τάδε πάντα μέλει, γύναι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
 αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους,
 αἳ κε κακὸς ὥς νόσφιν ἀλυσκάζω πολέμοιο·
 οὐδέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἔμμεναι ἐσθλὸς
 αἰεὶ καὶ πρώτοισι μετὰ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
 ἱρνύμενος πατρός τε μέγα κλέος ἡδ' ἐμὸν αὐτοῦ.
 εὖ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν
 ἔσσεται ἡμαρ ὅτ' ἂν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρή
 καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς ἐυμμελίω Πριάμοιο. 450
 ἀλλ' οὐ μοι Τρώων τόσσον μέλει ἄλγος ὀπίσσω,
 οὐτ' αὐτῆς Ἑκάβης οὔτε Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος,
 οὔτε κασιγνήτων, οἳ κεν πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
 ἐν κονίῃσι πέσοιεν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν,
 ὅσσον σεῦ, ὅτε κέν τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων
 δακρυόεσσαν ἄγῃται, ἑλεύθερον ἡμαρ ἀπούρας.
 καὶ κεν ἐν Ἀργεὶ ἐοῦσα πρὸς ἄλλης ἰστὸν ὑφαίνοις,
 καὶ κεν ὕδωρ φορέοις Μεσσηίδος ἢ Ὑπερείης
 πόλλ' ἀεκαζομένη, κρατερὴ δ' ἐπικείσεται ἀνάγκη
 καὶ ποτέ τις εἴπῃσιν ἰδὼν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσας· 460
 “Ἐκτορος ἦδε γυνή, ὅς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι
 Τρώων ἵπποδάμων, ὅτε Ἴλιον ἀμφεμάχοντο.
 ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· σοὶ δ' αὖ νέον ἔσσεται ἄλγος.
 χήτεϊ τοιοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς, ἀμύνειν δούλιον ἡμαρ.
 ἀλλὰ με τεθνηῶτα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτοι,
 πρίν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἑλκηθμοῖο πυθέσθαι.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν οὗ παιδὸς ὀρέξατο φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ.
 ἀψ' δ' ὁ πάϊς πρὸς κόλπον ἐϋζώνοιο τιθήνης
 ἐκλίνθη ἰάχων, πατρός φίλου ὅψιν ἀτυχθεὶς,
 ταρβήσας χαλκὸν τε ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,

And me thy wife a widow. Nay—behind
 Yon figtree, where th' ascent with lowest wall
 Slopes gentlest, there now station thine array.
 Thrice hath the flower o' their force assail'd thee there.
 Idomeneus, and either Ajax brave,
 And Atreus' sons, and gallant Diomed,
 Know and have led against it—taught the spot,
 Or by wise seer, or by their own brave hearts."

To her the hero of the glancing helm :
 "Yea, wife ; and all thy cares are mine. But shame—
 Women and men alike would cry me shame,
 If I recoil'd a craven from the war.
 Nor doth my heart so prompt me. Rather have I
 Train'd myself ever to be foremost, brave
 Amongst the bravest, so as to keep unstain'd
 My father's glorious name, and win mine own.
 But, oh, too well and deeply I forebode !
 The day must come, when Ilion's sacred towers,
 Priam, and Priam's kingdom, needs must fall.
 Woe then to Troy ! woe, woe to Hecuba !
 And to my father and my brethren brave,
 'Trampled in dust beneath their foes ! yet not
 The thought of all their woe so weigheth on me
 As thought of thee, when freedom's day shall end,
 And some mailfrock'd Achaian take thee off
 Weeping to Argos, where thou wilt be set
 To labour on some other woman's loom,
 Or to fetch water from Messeia's spring
 Or Hypereia—much against thy will—
 But on thee sore necessity will lie :
 And seeing tear upon thy cheek, some churl
 May taunt thee—'*Lo, the wife of Hector, erst
 Bravest of all Troy's chiefs, when battle raged
 Round Ilion !*'—and upon his taunt thy tears
 Shall flow afresh, to think that thou are lorn
 Of him who should have saved thy slavery ;
 For oh, may I be fathoms deep in clay,
 Or e'er I hear thy cries, or know thee torn away !"

He ceased, and stretch'd his arms to take his child,
 But, startled by the dazzle of his mail,

δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νεύοντα νοήσας. 470
 ἐκ δ' ἐγέλασσε πατὴρ τε φίλος καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
 αὐτὶκ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς κόρυθ' εἴλετο φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ,
 καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παμφανόωσαν·
 αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ὃν φίλον υἷὸν ἐπεὶ κύσε πῆλε τε χερσὶν,
 εἶπεν ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ τ' ἄλλοισιν τε θεοῖσιν·

“Ζεῦ ἄλλοι τε θεοὶ, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι
 παῖδ' ἐμὸν, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρώεσσιν,
 ὧδε βίην τ' ἀγαθὸν καὶ Ἴλιου ἱφί ἀνάσσειν·
 καὶ ποτέ τις εἴπησι πατρός γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων”
 ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα 480
 κτείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖν δὲ φρένα μήτηρ.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκεν
 παῖδ' ἐόν· ἢ δ' ἄρα μιν κηῶδει δέξατο κόλπῳ
 δακρυόεν γελάσασα· πύσις δ' ἐλέησε νοήσας,
 χεὶρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Δαιμονίη, μή μοί τι λίην ἀκαχίζεο θυμῷ·
 οὐ γάρ τις μ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν ἀνὴρ Ἀἶδι προιάψει·
 μοῖραν δ' οὐτινὰ φημι πεφυγμένον ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
 οὐ κακὸν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸν, ἐπὴν τὰ πρῶτα γένηται.
 ἀλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἰούσα τὰ σ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε, 490
 ἱστὸν τ' ἡλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
 ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι· πόλεμος δ' ἀνδρεσσι μελήσει
 πᾶσιν, ἐμοὶ δὲ μάλιστα, τοὶ Ἰλῖω ἡγγεγιάσιν.”

“Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας κόρυθ' εἴλετο φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ
 ἵππουριν· ἄλοχος δὲ φίλῃ οἰκόνδε βεβήκει
 ἐντροπαλιζομένη, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα.
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἴκανε δόμους εὐναιετάοντας
 Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο, κιχήσατο δ' ἐνδοθὶ πολλὰς
 ἀμφιπόλους, τῆσιν δὲ γόον πάσῃσιν ἐνῶρσεν.
 αἶ μὲν ἔτι ζῶν γόον Ἑκτορα ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ· 500
 οὐ γάρ μιν ἔτ' ἔφαντο ὑπότροπον ἐκ πολέμοιο
 ἵξεσθαι, προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν.

Οὐδὲ Πάρις δῆθυνεν ἐν ὑψηλοῖσι δόμοισιν,
 ἀλλ' ὄγ', ἐπεὶ τ' ἐδυ κλυτὰ τεύχεα, ποικίλα χαλκῷ,

And frightened by the horsehair plumes above,
Nodding terrific from the helmet's crest,
The babe shrank nestling backward with a cry.
Father and mother into laughter broke ;
But Hector quickly bared his head and laid
The glittering helm upon the ground, then took
The child, and tossed him to and fro, and pray'd :

‘Grant to me, all ye heavenly Powers, that this
My child may be, as I, far famed and strong,
To rule like me all Ilion by his might ;
That all may cry when he returns from war—
‘The son is nobler than the sire ;’ and he,
Bearing the blood-stain'd spoils of warriors slain,
May make his mother's heart to leap for joy.’

He spoke, and gave the infant to the hands
Of his loved wife. She to her fragrant bosom
Press'd it, and smiled betwixt her tears ; but pity
Fell upon Hector watching her ; he laid
A gentle hand upon her, saying soft :

‘My dearest, mourn not for me overmuch.
My span of life hath been allotted me ;
Of this be sure, no man can cut it short.
But never breathed, or be he brave or base,
Who 'scaped the death ordain'd him from his birth.
But go thou home ; there occupy thy thought
With old familiar duty, distaff, loom,
And lay their daily tasks upon thy maids.
Man's duty still is war ; and, of all men
Troy-born, that duty lies on me supreme.”

Speaking, the hero lifted from the earth
The horse-plumed helm, whilst homeward moved his wife
With oft reverted eyes, and shedding tears.
She gained her home and handmaids, and in all
Awoke the spirit of grief. He lived ; yet there
In his own house, they mourn'd as he were dead,
So little hope had they within their hearts,
That from that battle he could e'er return.

Nor Paris in his palace tarried long ;
But clad himself in bright enamell'd arms

σεύατ' ἔπειτ' ἀνὰ ἄστν, ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
 δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θεῖῃ πεδίλοιο κροαίνων,
 εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐν ῥέειο ποταμοῖο,
 κυδιόων· ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
 ὤμοις αἴσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαίῃφι πεποιθώς,
 ῥίμφα ἔγούνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἥθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·
 ὥς υἱὸς Πριάμοιο Πάρις κατὰ Περγάμον ἄκρης,
 τεύχεσι παμφαίνων ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ, ἐβεβήκει
 καγχαλῶν, ταχέες δὲ πόδες φέρον. αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα
 Ἔκτορα δῖον ἔτετμεν ἀδελφεὸν, εὖτ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν
 στρέψεσθ' ἐκ χώρας, ὅθι ἦ δάριζε γυναικί.
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·

510

“Ἥθει', ἦ μάλα δὴ σε καὶ ἐσσύμενον κατερύκω
 δηθύνων, οὐδ' ἦλθον ἐναίσιμον, ὥς ἐκέλευες.”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ· 520
 “δαιμόνι', οὐκ ἄν τις τοι ἀνὴρ, ὃς ἐναίσιμος εἴη,
 ἔργον ἀτιμήσειε μάχης, ἐπεὶ ἄλκιμός ἐσσι·
 ἀλλὰ ἐκὼν μεθειῖς τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεις· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κῆρ
 ἄχνηται ἐν θυμῷ, ὅθ' ὑπὲρ σέθεν αἴσχε' ἀκούω
 πρὸς Τρώων, οἳ ἔχουσι πολὺν πόνον εἵνεκα σεῖο.
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· τὰ δ' ὅπισθεν ἀρεσσόμεθ', αἶ κέ ποθι Ζεὺς
 δώῃ ἐπουρανόισι θεοῖσι αἰετιγενέτησιν
 κρητῆρα στήσασθαι ἐλεύθερον ἐν μεγάροισιν,
 ἐκ Τροίης ἐλάσαντας ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς.”

And paced the city, proud of step and speed.
As, when a stallèd horse hath snapt his bonds,
Fresh from the manger, pawing earth, and wont
To bathe him in the flowing river near,
He scours the plain, with head uptoss'd and proud
Prance ; and his mane streams from his shoulder ; while
With sense of his own beauty, swift he speeds
Straight to the haunts and pastures of the mares ;
So Paris down the steep of Pergamus
Ran fleet, full-arm'd, far blazing like the sun,
Laughing aloud for joy and pride ; and came
Sudden on Hector, turning from the spot
Where he but now had bid his wife farewell ;
Whom Paris, graceful as a God, address'd :
 “ Pardon me, brother ; I have held thee here,
 Burning to go, nor hasten'd as thou bad'st.”
To whom the hero of the glancing helm :
“ Brother, thou hast the gift of strength ; nor may
Just judge deem lightly of thy deeds in war.
Thou failest only in the will, and much
My heart is anguish'd when I hear in Troy
Reproach of thee, sole source of all our woe.
But let us forth ; and, if in after-days
Zeus grant that in our temples unënsled
We still may place wine-offering to the Gods—
When we have chased Achaians far from Troy—
Then these things also shall be set at rest.”

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Η΄.



Ἕκτορος καὶ Αἴαντος μονομαχία.
Νεκρῶν ἀναίρεσις.

Ἦς εἰπὼν πυλέων ἐξέσσυτο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
τῷ δ' ἄμ' Ἀλέξανδρος κί' ἀδελφεός· ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ
ἀμφότεροι μέμασαν πολεμίζειν ἥδ' ἐ μάχεσθαι.
ὥς δὲ θεὸς ναύτησιν ἐλδομένοισιν ἔδωκεν
οὔρον, ἐπεὶ κε κάμωσιν ἐυξέστης ἐλάτῃσιν
πόντον ἐλαύνοντες, καμάτῳ δ' ὑπὸ γυῖα λέλυνται,
ὥς ἄρα τῷ Τρώεσσιν ἐλδομένοισι φανήτην.

Ἐνθ' ἐλέτην ὁ μὲν υἱὸν Ἀρηιθόοιο ἄνακτος,
Ἄρην ναιετάοντα Μενέσθιον, ὃν κορυνήτης,
γείνατ' Ἀρηιθόος καὶ Φυλομέδουσα βοῶπις·
Ἕκτωρ δ' Ἡιονῆα βάλ' ἔγχει ὀξυόεντι
αὐχέν' ὑπὸ στεφάνῃς εὐχάλκου, λύσε δὲ γυῖα.
Γλαῦκος δ', Ἴππολόχοιο πάϊς, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν.
Ἴφινόου βάλ' ἐ δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνῃ
Δεξιάδην, ἵππων ἐπιάλμενον ὠκειάων,
ὦμον· ὁ δ' ἐξ ἵππων χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυῖα.

10

Τοὺς δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
Ἀργείους ὀλέκοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
βῆ ῥα κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα
Ἴλιον εἰς ἱερήν. τῇ δ' ἀντίος ὤρυντ' Ἀπόλλων
Περγάμου ἐκ κατιδῶν, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην.
ἀλλήλοισι δὲ τῶγε συναντέσθην παρὰ φηγῶ.
τὴν πρότερος προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

20

“Τίπτε σὺ δ' αἶ μεμαυῖα, Διὸς θύγατερ μεγάληοι,
ἦλθες ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο, μέγας δὲ σε θυμὸς ἀνήκεν ;

ILIAD VII.



So speaking, bright-arm'd Hector lightly sprang,
And Alexander with him, through the gates ;
And either's heart was burning to the war.
As unto seamen, sick with hope, and spent
With weariness of labour on the oar,
Lashing the deep, and fainting with fatigue,—
Fair falls the breeze, at last by heaven vouchsafed ;
So to the Trojans, sick with hope, came these.

Who slew—first Paris slew Menesthius, whom
Broadbrow'd Philomedusa bare her son
Unto Areithous, for his mace renown'd,
In Arnè, where they dwelt and he was king.
But Hector struck Æeion in the nape,
Under the brasswrought rim around his helm,
Loosening his limbs ; whilst Glaucus Lycia's chief
Son of Hippolochus smote Dexius' son
Iphinous in the rout, as up his car
He leapt, and pierced his shoulder ; from the car
Prone on the earth with loosen'd limbs he dropt.

But azure-eyed Athene saw them thus
Destroying in the fight the Argive host,
Nor tarried, but to Ilion's sacred towers
Descended from Olympus ; not unmark'd
By Phœbus, who to meet her left the place
Whereon he sate in Pergamus, and gazed
Across the field, and will'd success to Troy.
Under the beech-tree each the other met,
And Zeus-born Phœbus first address'd her thus :
“Hast thou again, O Child of Zeus most high,
Descended from Olympus in this haste

ἦ ἴνα δὴ Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἑτεραλκεία νίκην
 δῶς ; ἐπεὶ οὔτι Τρῶας ἀπολλυμένους ἐλαίρεις.
 ἀλλ' εἴ μοί τι πίθοιο, τὸ κεν πολὺν κέρδιον εἶη.
 νῦν μὲν παύσωμεν πόλεμον καὶ δηϊοτῆτα
 σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχήσονται, εἰσόκε τέκμωρ
 Ἰλίου εὖρωσιν, ἐπεὶ ὥς φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ
 ὑμῖν ἀθανάτησι, διαπραθέειν τὸδε ἄστυ.”

30

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
 “ὦδ' ἔστω, ἐκάεργε· τὰ γὰρ φρονέουσα καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἦλθον ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, πῶς μέμονας πόλεμον καταπαυσέμεν ἀνδρῶν ;”

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων
 “Ἐκτορος ὄρσωμεν κρατερὸν μένος ἵπποδάμοιο,
 ἦν τινά που Δαναῶν προκαλέσsetαι οἴσθεν οἶος
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῇτι,
 οἱ δέ κ' ἀγασσάμενοι χαλκοκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
 οἶον ἐπόρσειαν πολεμίζειν” Ἐκτορι δίφ.”

40

“ὦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
 τῶν δ' Ἑλένος, Πριάμοιο φίλος παῖς, σύνθετο θυμῷ
 βουλὴν, ἣ ῥα θεοῖσιν ἐφήνδανε μητιόωσιν·
 στῆ δὲ παρ' Ἐκτορ' ἰὼν καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“Ἐκτορ, υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε,
 ἦ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο ; κασίγνητος δέ τοί εἰμι·
 ἄλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 αὐτὸς δὲ προκαλέσσαι Ἀχαιῶν ὅστις ἄριστος
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῇτι·
 οὐ γάρ πώ τοι μοῖρα θανεῖν καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.
 ὥς γάρ ἐγὼν ὅπ' ἄκουσα θεῶν αἰειγενετάων.”

50

“ὦς ἔφαθ', Ἐκτωρ δ' αὖτ' ἐχάρη μέγα μῦθον ἀκούσας,
 καὶ ῥ' ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας,
 μέσσου δουρὸς ἐλών· τοὶ δ' ἰδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.
 καδ' δ' Ἀγαμέμνων εἷσεν ἔκκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.
 καδ' δ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
 ἐξέσθην, ὄρνισιν ἐοικότες αἰγυπιοῖσιν,

And of thine own fierce longing to incline
The triumph to the Danaans? Well I know
Thou feel'st no ruth for all the deaths of Troy.
Yet take this better counsel from my lips ;
Consent we yet for one day more to stay
This battle and this bloodshed ; though thenceforth
(Since to you Goddesses it seems so dear
To wipe fair Ilion clean from off the earth)
They cease not, till the end of Troy be found."

Whom azure-eyed Athene answer'd thus :
" Let it be so, Farsmiting Power of heaven !
For with the selfsame thought myself have come
Descending from Olympus. Speak, and say,
Therefore ; how wouldst thou that we stay the war?"

And Zeus-born Phœbus spake in answer thus :
" If we arouse in noble Hector's heart
A spirit to challenge the Danaans, man by man,
In single fight against him to the death,
Indignant then their mailfrock'd host will send
A champion forth to meet him in the lists."

Nor azure-eyed Athene made dissent.

Then Helenus, King Priam's son, the seer,
Had knowledge in his heart of that device
Which pleased the Gods in council ; therefore straight
Approach'd brave Hector and address'd him thus :

" Hector, for wisdom peer to very Zeus !
I pray thee, Priam's son, to hark my word,
Thy brother's word. I bid thee make all else,
Troy and Achaia, seat them down alike ;
But challenge thou the bravest of their host
Against thee to the death, and hand to hand ;
For not to thee 'tis fated yet to fall ;
This from the voice of heavenly Gods I heard."

He spoke ; and Hector's heart leapt high for joy :
Into the centre 'twixt the hosts he push'd
With spear grasp'd half-way down the staff, and check'd
The Trojans, till they all had sate them down.
The Achaians to the hest of Atreus' Son
Likewise took seat : whilst on the lofty tree

φηγῶ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγινόχοιο, 60
 ἀνδράσι τερπόμενοι· τῶν δὲ στίχες εἴατο πυκναὶ,
 ἀσπίσι καὶ κορύθεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσι πεφρικυῖαι.
 οἷη δὲ Ζεφύροιο ἐχεύατο πόντον ἐπι φρήξ
 ὀρνυμένοιο νέον, μελάνει δέ τε πόντος ὑπ' αὐτῆς,
 τοῖαι ἄρα στίχες εἴατ' Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε
 ἐν πεδίῳ· Ἔκτωρ δὲ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔειπεν·

“Κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ ἑὺκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
 ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
 ὄρκια μὲν Κρονίδης ὑφίζυγος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν,
 ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέων τεκμαίρεται ἀμφοτέροισιν, 70
 εἰσόκεν ἢ ὑμεῖς Τροίην εὐπυργον ἔλῃτε,
 ἢ αὐτοὶ παρὰ νηυσὶ δαμείετε ποντοπόροισιν.
 ὑμῖν δ' ἐν γὰρ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν·
 τῶν νῦν ὄντινα θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
 δεῦρ' ἴτω ἐκ πάντων πρόμος ἔμμεναι Ἐκτορι δῖῳ.
 ὦδε δὲ μυθέομαι, Ζεὺς δ' ἄμμ' ἐπιμάρτυρος ἔστω
 εἰ μὲν κεν ἐμὲ κείνος ἔλῃ ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ,
 τεύχεα συλήσας φερέτω κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας,
 σῶμα δὲ οἴκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με 80
 Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα.
 εἰ δέ κ' ἐγὼ τὸν ἔλω, δώῃ δέ μοι εὖχος Ἀπόλλων,
 τεύχεα συλήσας οἴσω προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
 καὶ κρεμώω προτὶ νηὸν Ἀπόλλωνος ἐκάτοιο,
 τὸν δὲ νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆας εὐσσέλμους ἀποδώσω,
 ὄφρα ἐ ταρχύσωσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί,
 σῆμά τέ οἱ χεύουσιν ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ·
 καὶ ποτέ τις εἴπῃσι καὶ ὀφριγόνων ἀνθρώπων,
 νηὲ πολυκλήϊδι πλέων ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον,

ἄνδρὸς μὲν τόδε σῆμα πάλαι κατατεθνηῶτος,

ὃν ποτ' ἀριστεύοντα κατέκτανε φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ· 90
 ὥς ποτέ τις ἑρέει· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κλέος οὐ ποτ' ὀλεῖται.”

(The beech-tree dedicate to Father Zeus),
Even as crookbeaked birds on branches perch,
Athene and the Bender of the bow
Sate, in the sight delighting. Thick the hosts,
With shivering edge of shield and plume and spear ;
When zephyr rises fresh, like shiver runs
Along the face of Ocean, but the depths
Lie blackening thick below it : such those ranks,
The legions of Achaia and of Troy,
Show'd sitting ; whilst befewt them Hector spake :
“ Hear me, O Trojans ; hear me, ye our foes ;
As my heart bids within me, so I speak.
Not to our wish hath great Kroneion wrought ;
But ill he works to both, and ill will show
Constant, till ye have ta'en the towers of Troy,
Or fallen beside your galleys whelm'd by us.
There stand amongst you the best men-at-arms
Throughout Achaia ; let who will of these,
Whose heart soever ventures to this call,
Come forth, and meet the might of Hector here :
And Zeus be witness to the terms we make ;
If his spear prove victorious, let him strip
My armour off, and bear it to the fleet,
But render back my body to my home,
That there the Trojans and their long-robed wives
May grant the dues of funeral to the dead.
Or, if Apollo grant to me the boast
To slay him, in like manner I will strip
And bear his arms to Ilion's sacred towers,
To hang them trophied in Apollo's shrine ;
But in like manner also shall his corse
Be render'd up, and carried to the fleet,
There to receive its funeral at the hands
Of Argos' fair-hair'd chieftains : who perchance
Shall heap a mound ; and it shall show afar
O'er the broad Hellespont ; and men shall sail
Hereafter those wine-colour'd waves, and say :
‘ *Yonder an Argive hero lies, of old
Their bravest, and by glorious Hector slain.*’
So be it ; and my fame shall never die.”

Ἦς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ·
 αἶδεσθην μὲν ἀνήνασθαι, δείσαν δ' ὑποδέχθαι.
 ὁψέ δ' ἐδὴ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν
 νείκει ὀνειδίζων, μέγα δὲ θτεναχίζετο θυμῷ·

“ὦ μοι, ἀπειλητῆρες, Ἀχαιῖδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοί·
 ἦ μὲν δὴ λώβῃ τάδε γ' ἔσσεται αἰνόθεν αἰνῶς,
 εἰ μὴ τις Δαναῶν νῦν Ἑκτορος ἀντίος εἴσιν.
 ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα γένοισθε,
 ἡμεῖνοι αὖθι ἐκαστοὶ ἀκῆριοι, ἀκλεῆς αὐτῶς·
 τῷδε δ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς θωρήξομαι· αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεὺς
 νίκης πείρατ' ἔχονται ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.”

100

Ἦς ἄρα φωνήσας κατεδύσετο τεύχεα καλά.
 ἔνθα κέ τοι, Μενέλαε, φάνη βιότοιο τελευτῇ
 Ἑκτορος ἐν παλάμῃσιν, ἐπεὶ πολὺν φέρτερος ἦεν,
 εἰ μὴ ἀναίξαντες ἔλον βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν·
 αὐτὸς τ' Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
 δεξιτερῆς ἔλε χειρὸς ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Ἀφραίνεις, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
 ταύτης ἀφροσύνης· ἀνὰ δ' ἴσχεο, κηδόμενός περ,
 μηδ' ἔθελ' ἐξ ἔριδος σῆϋ ἀμείνονι φωτὶ μάχεσθαι,
 Ἑκτορι Πριαμίδῃ, τόντε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι.
 καὶ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς τούτῳ γε μάχῃ ἐνὶ κυδιανείρῃ
 ἔρριγ' ἀντιβολῆσαι, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν ἴζευ ἰὼν μετὰ ἔθνος ἐταίρων,
 τούτῳ δὲ πρόμον ἄλλον ἀναστήσουσιν Ἀχαιοί.
 εἴπερ ἀδείης τ' ἐστὶ καὶ εἰ μόθου ἔστ' ἀκόρητος,
 φημί μιν ἀσπασίως γόνυ κάμψειν, αἶ κε φύγησιν
 δῆϊτόν ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊότητος.”

110

Ἦς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως,
 αἷσιμα παρειπών· ὁ δ' ἐπείθετο· τοῦ μὲν ἔπειτα
 γηθόσσυνοι θεράποντες ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλοντο.
 Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

120

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιῖδα γαῖαν ἰκάνει·

He spoke ; but all awhile in silence sate,
Blush'd to decline, and yet the challenge fear'd ;
Till Menelaus rose at last, and heaved
A bitter groan, and thus reproachful spake :

“ Alas, word-valiant ! women, men no more !
Shame be upon us, if no Danaan rise
To meet the call of Hector to this field.
Pests on you ! Be your blood to water turn'd,
Your bones to dust be rotted, where ye sit,
Faint-hearted dastards, void of honour all !
Myself will arm against him ; for the ends
Of battle lie above in Heavenly hands.”

He ended ; and began to don his mail.

Thereafter, Menelaus, had the close
Of thy dear life been manifestly shown
By arm of Hector, mightier much than thou ;
Had not the chieftains starting to their feet
Withheld thee there, and Agamemnon first,
Thy brother, ev'n the sovran Atreus' Son,
Caught thy right hand, and spake thy name, and said :

“ Thou ravest, Menelaus ; not to thee
Belongs such folly. Rather hide the chafe
In thine own heart, nor of the start of spleen
Seek to encounter in a single fight
Great Priam's Son, a mightier far than thou.
The greatest, even Achilles, stronger much
Than thou art, shudder when they encounter him.
Withdraw thee therefore, seat thee in the ranks ;
For Hector other champion soon will show.
Dauntless, and sateless though he be in arms,
Yet shall he rest at eve a wearied limb
Most blithely, if with life at all he escapes
The fierce encounter of this perilous day.”

The Hero spoke, and turn'd his brother's heart
By admonition apt ; and he obey'd,
From whom his followers gladly took the arms.

Then Nestor rose amongst the host, and said :

“ Oh, shame ! Affliction heavy on the land !

ἦ κε μέγ' οἰμώξειε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς,
 ἔσθλός Μυρμιδόνων βουληφόρος ἦδ' ἀγορητής,
 ὅς ποτέ μ' εἰρόμενος μέγ' ἐγήθεεν ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ,
 πάντων Ἀργείων ἐρέων γενεήν τε τόκον τε.
 τοὺς νῦν εἰ πτώσσοντας ὕψ' Ἑκτορι πάντας ἀκούσαι,
 πολλά κεν ἀθανάτοισι φίλας ἀνὰ χεῖρας αἰείραι, 130
 θυμὸν ἀπὸ μελέων δύναι δόμον Ἀϊδος εἴσω.
 αἶ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπολλων,
 ἡβῶμ' ὥς ὅτ' ἐπ' ὠκυρόφῳ Κελεύδοντι μάχοντο
 ἀγρόμενοι Πύλλιοί τε καὶ Ἀρκάδες ἐγχεσίμωροι,
 Φειᾶς παρ τείχεσσιν, Ἰαρδάνου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα.
 τοῖσι δ' Ἐρευθαλίων πρόμος ἵστατο, ἰσόθεος φῶς,
 τεύχε' ἔχων ὅμοισιν Ἀρηιθόοιο ἄνακτος,
 δίου Ἀρηιθόου, τὸν ἐπὶ κλησιν κορυνήτην
 ἄνδρες κίκλησκον καλλιζωνοὶ τε γυναικες,
 οὔνεκ' ἄρ' οὐ τόξοισι μαχέσκετο δουρὶ τε μακρῷ, 140
 ἀλλὰ σιδηρεῖη κορύνη ῥήγνυσκε φάλαγγας.
 τὸν Λυκόοργος ἔπεφνε δόλῳ, οὔτι κράτει γε,
 στενωπῷ ἐν ὁδῷ, ὅθ' ἄρ' οὐ κορύνη οἱ ὄλεθρον
 χραῖσμε σιδηρεῖη· πρὶν γὰρ Λυκόοργος ὑποφθὰς
 δουρὶ μέσον περόνησεν, ὃ δ' ὑπτίος οὔδεις ἐρείσθη·
 τεύχεα δ' ἐξενάριξε, τά οἱ πόρε χάλκεος Ἄρης.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἔπειτ' ἐφόρει μετὰ μῶλον Ἄρης.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Λυκόοργος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐγήρα,
 δῶκε δ' Ἐρευθαλίῳ, φίλῳ θεράποντι, φορῆναι·
 τοῦ ὅγε τεύχε' ἔχων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους. 150
 οἱ δὲ μάλ' ἐπρόμεον καὶ ἐδείδισαν οὐδέ τις ἔτλη·
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἀνῆκε πολυτλήμων πολεμίζειν
 θάρσει ᾧ· γενεῇ δὲ νεώτατος ἔσκον ἀπάντων·
 καὶ μαχόμεν οἱ ἐγὼ, δῶκεν δέ μοι εὖχος Ἀθήνη.
 τὸν δὴ μήκιστον καὶ κάρτιστον κτάνουν ἄνδρα·

Deeply would this the agèd Peleus grieve,
Of Myrmidonia Counsellor and King,
Who one day in his palace question'd me
Asking the generation of the birth
Of all these Chiefs, and joy'd in my recount ;
Yet, if he knew them flutter'd thus by fear
Of Hector, straight would spread his hands to heaven,
Praying that he might yield his ghost forthwith.
Hear me, Athene, Phœbus, Father Zeus !
Would I were young, as when upon the banks
Of rapid Celadon, beside the walls
Of Pheia, near the stream Iordanus,
The Pyliaus with the Arcadian spearmen fought.
The godlike Ereuthalion then came forth,
Arcadia's champion, and about him bare
The armour of the King Areithous.
The men and well-girt women of old time
Gave to Areithous the name renown'd
Mace-wielder, for his mace ; for not with bow
Nor flying javelin, but with iron club
He wont to fight, and break his foes' array :
Yet Lycoorgus slew him at the last,
By guile, not strength at all ; who fell upon him
In a straight pathway, where the iron club
Avail'd not to defend him ; there he met,
ForeSTALL'd him, and tranfix'd him through the waist
With a long spear, that prone on earth he lay.
So first he gain'd those splendid arms his spoil,
The gift of brazen Ares.—Long in war
He bore them, and, when waxing old himself,
Gave them by Ereuthalion to be borne
His dear attendant. And therein array'd
Did Ereuthalion then take stand before us,
And challenged forth our bravest ; yet for fear
All trembled, nor durst any make reply,
Till mine own steadfast spirit raised me up
To stand against his daring ; though in years
I was the youngest there, yet in fair fight
I met him, and Athene bare me through.
Strongest and tallest of the sons of men,

πολλὸς γάρ τις ἔκειτο παρήγορος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
εἴθ' ὥς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη·
τῷ κε τάχ' ἀντήσσει μάχης κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ.
ὑμέων δ' οἵπερ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
οὐδ' οἱ προφθοονέως μέμαθ' Ἐκτορος ἀντίον ἐλθεῖν.”

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ᾠς νείκεσσ' ὁ γέρων, οἱ δ' ἐννέα πάντες ἀνέστην.
ᾠρτο πολὺ πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδης ᾠρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἄλκην,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἴδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἴδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνναλίῳ ἀνδρεϊφόντῃ,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,
ὃν δὲ Θόας Ἀνδραϊμονίδης καὶ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς·
πάντες ἄρ' οἶγ' ἔθελον πολεμίζειν Ἐκτορι δίῳ.
τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·

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“Κλήρῳ νῦν πεπάλασθε διαμπερὲς, ὅς κε λάχῃσιν·
οὗτος γὰρ δὴ ὀνήσει ἐκκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς·
καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ὃν θυμὸν ὀνήσεται, αἶ κε φύγησιν
δηῖου ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηιοτήτος.”

ᾠς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ κλῆρον ἐσημήναντο ἕκαστος,
ἐν δ' ἔβαλον κυνέῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
λαοὶ δ' ἡρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον·
ὧδε δέ τις εἵπεσκεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἧ Αἴαντα λαχεῖν, ἧ Τυδέος υἱόν,
ἧ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκλήνης.”

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ᾠς ἄρ' ἔφην, πάλλεν δὲ Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ,
ἐκ δ' ἔθορε κλῆρος κυνέης, ὃν ἄρ' ἤθελον αὐτοὶ,
Αἴαντος· κήρυξ δὲ φέρων ἀν' ὄμιλον ἀπάντη
δεῖξ' ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
οἱ δ' οὐ γινώσκοντες ἀπηνῆναντο ἕκαστος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸν ἴκανε φέρων ἀν' ὄμιλον ἀπάντη,
ὅς μιν ἐπιγράψας κυνέῃ βάλε, φαίδιμος Αἴας,
ἧτοι ὑπέσχεθε χεῖρ', ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔμβαλεν ἄγχι παραστὰς,
γινῶ δὲ κλήρου σῆμα ἰδὼν, γήθησε δὲ θυμῷ.
τὸν μὲν παρ πόδ' ἐὼν χαμάδις βάλε φώνησέν τε·

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“ᾠ φίλοι, ἧτοι κλῆρος ἐμὸς, χαίρω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
θυμῷ, ἐπεὶ δοκέω νικησέμεν Ἐκτορα δίον.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', ὅφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ πολεμήϊα τεύχεα δύω,

A bulk surpassing measure—prone he lay.
Oh for that youth, that olden strength, once more,
Not long should helmèd Hector lack his foe !
The bravest of Achaia all are here ;
Hath none among you heart to meet this man ? ”

The Elder chode ; and nine in all arose :
Of whom was Agamemnon first, the King ;
Next unto him was Diomed, Tydeus' son ;
Then either Ajax in their raiment of strength ;
Idomeneus the fifth ; and, Ares-like,
Rose with Idomeneus Meriones ;
With these Eurypilus, Evemon's son,
Ætolian Thoas, and brave Odysseus.
To noble Hector nine would fain have gone,
When thus Gerenian Nestor spoke anew :

‘ By lot be chosen, who shall gain the day ;
And much shall he delight this mailèd host
And much his own brave heart, if safe he comes
From out this bloody battle's grievous strife.’

He spoke ; and on his lot each put his mark,
And threw it into Agamemnon's casque ;
The while with outspread hands the people pray'd,
And men uplooking to broad heaven would say :

“ Vouchsafe, O Father Zeus, to Tydeus' Son,
Or Ajax, or Mycenæ's King, the lot.”

They spoke ; whilst agèd Nestor shook the helm,
And out the lot according to their wish
Leapt, ev'n the lot of Ajax. Through the throng
A herald bare it, and from right to left
Display'd it to the chieftains ; one by one
Refused it, knowing not the mark thereon :
But, when in passage through the throng he gain'd
Him who had mark'd it ere 'twas in the helm,
Great Ajax held outstretch'd an open palm ;
Into his palm the herald threw the lot ;
He look'd, and knew his mark, and, much rejoiced,
Threw it to earth beside his foot, and spake :

‘ Friends, friends ! The lot is mine, and blithe am I,
Who think to vanquish Hector in these lists.
But while I clothe me in my mail of war,

τόφρ' ὑμεῖς εὔχεσθε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι
 σιγῇ ἐφ' ὑμείων, ἵνα μὴ Τρῳῆς γε πύθωνται,
 ἢ καὶ ἀμφοδίην, ἐπεὶ οὐτινα δειδίμεν ἔμπης·
 οὐ γάρ τις με βίῃ γε ἐκὼν ἀέκοντα δίηται,
 οὐδέ τι ἰδρεῖη, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ νῆϊδά γ' οὕτως
 ἔλπομαι ἐν Σαλαμῖνι γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' εὔχοντο Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι·
 ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἰδῆθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε, μέγιστε,
 δὸς νίκην Αἴαντι καὶ ἀγλαὸν εὖχος ἀρέσθαι·
 εἰ δὲ καὶ Ἑκτορά περ φιλέεις καὶ κῆδεαι αὐτοῦ,
 ἵσσην ἀμφοτέροισι βίην καὶ κῦδος ὅπασσον.”

“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφην, Αἴας δὲ κορύσσετο νώροπι χαλκῷ.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντα περὶ χροὶ ἔσσατο τεύχη,
 *σεύατ' ἐπειθ' οἷός τε πελῳριος ἔρχεται Ἄρης,
 ὅστ' εἴσιν πόλεμόνδε μετ' ἀνέρας, οὔστε Κρονίων
 θυμοβόρου ἔριδος μένει ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι.

τοῖος ἄρ' Αἴας ὦρτο πελῳριος, ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν,
 μειδιῶν βλοσυροῖσι προσώπασι· νέρθε δὲ ποσσὶν
 ἦϊε μακρὰ βιβὰς, κραδάων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.

τὸν δὲ καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μὲν ἐγήθεον εἰσορόωντες,
 Τρῳᾶς δὲ τρόμος αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἕκαστον,
 “Ἑκτορί τ' αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι πάτασεν·

ἀλλ' οὐ πῶς ἔτι εἶχεν ὑποτρέσαι οὐδ' ἀναδύναι
 ἀψ' λαῶν ἐς ὄμιλον, ἐπεὶ προκαλέσσατο χάρμη.

Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἥντε πύργον,
 χάλκεον ἑπταβόειον, ὃ οἱ Τυχίος κάμε τεύχων,

σκυτοτόμων ὅχ' ἄριστος, “Ἰλῆ ἐνὶ οἰκίᾳ ναίων·
 ὃς οἱ ἐποίησεν σάκος αἰόλον ἑπταβόειον,

ταύρων ζατρεφών, ἐπὶ δ' ὄγδοον ἦλασε χαλκόν.

τὸ πρόσθε στέρνοιο φέρων Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
 στῆ ῥα μάλ' Ἑκτορος ἐγγὺς, ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσηύδα·

“Ἑκτορ, νῦν μὲν δὴ σάφα εἶσεαι οἰόθεν οἶος

Offer ye up your prayers to Kronos' Son,
Silently, in your hearts, lest Troy should hear—
Or loudly all—what fear have we of men?
There breathes no man, whœ, through his greater strength
Or my own lack of skill, can beat me back.
I was not born, I trow, nor rear'd in arms
At Salamis, to show unpractis'd here !”

He spoke ; to Father Zeus they made their prayers,
And men, uplooking to broad heaven, would say :

“ O Thou, who rul'st in Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious ! Grant, we beg, this day
Victory to Ajax and a noble name :
Or, if for Hector be thy love so great,
Like strength, like glory, be on both bestow'd.”

They spoke ; whilst Ajax arm'd him in bright brass.

Who soon with dazzling mail around him girt
Uprose, gigantic, vast, as Ares looms
Striding to war with feeble men, whom Zeus
Hath hurl'd together in the rage for strife ;
So dread and vast and towerlike Ajax loom'd,
Smiling with visage grim, and striding on
With step gigantic, shaking beamy spear.
The Argives joy'd, beholding him so strong
Their champion ; but the Trojans felt each man
Tremble his limbs, and even in Hector's breast
The heart 'gan flutter ; nathless then retire
He could not, nor withdraw within the ranks,
Who gave himself the challenge. Nearer yet
Drew Ajax, and advanced in front his shield,
Plated of brass, and of seven stout bull-hides wrought
A tower of strength, by Tychius built of old ;
Tychius, who dwelt in Hyle, and than whom
None fashion'd better shields ; and this he made
Wieldy and light, yet solid with the hides
Of seven high-mettled bulls and o'er the seventh
He laid an eighth, of brass : and this that day
Did giant Ajax bear before his breast
Approaching, and to Hector threatening cried :
“ Now, Hector, standing sole for single fight

οἶοι καὶ Δαναοῖσιν ἀριστῆες μετέασιν,
καὶ μετ' Ἀχιλλῆα ῥηξήνορα θυμολέοντα.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν νήεσσι κορωνίσιν ποντοπόροισιν
κεῖτ' ἀπομηνίσας Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν·
ἡμεῖς δ' εἰμὲν τοιοὶ οἱ ἂν σέθεν ἀντιάσαιμεν,
καὶ πολέες. ἀλλ' ἄρχε μάχης ἡδὲ πτολέμοιο."

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Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ·
"Αἴαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
μήτι μεν ἤντε παιδὸς ἀφαιρουῖ πειρήτιζε
ἢ ἐ γυναικὸς, ἢ οὐκ οἶδεν πολεμήϊα ἔργα.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν εὖ οἶδα μάχας τ' ἀνδροκτασίας τε·
οἶδ' ἐπὶ δεξιᾷ, οἶδ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ νωμῆσαι βῶν
ἄζαλέην, τό μοι ἐστί ταλαύρινον πολεμίζειν·
οἶδα δ' ἐπαίξαι μόθον ἵππων ὠκειάων·
οἶδα δ' ἐνὶ σταδῇ δηῖω μέλπεσθαι Ἀρηί.
ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ σ' ἐθέλω βαλέειν τοιοῦτον ἔοντα
λάβρην ὅπιπτεύσας, ἀλλ' ἀμφαδὸν, αἶ κε τύχωμι."

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Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν Αἴαντος δεινὸν σάκος ἑπταβόειον
ἀκρότατον κατὰ χαλκόν, ὃς ὄγδοος ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
ἔξ δὲ διὰ πτύχας ἦλθε δαίζων χαλκὸς ἀτειρής·
ἐν τῇ δ' ἐβδομάτῃ ῥινῷ σχέτο. δεύτερος αὖτε
Αἴας διογενὲς προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἵσην.
διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαιεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαϊδάλου ἡρήρειστο·
ἀντικρὺ δὲ παρὰ λαπάρην διάμησε χιτῶνα
ἔγχος· ὁ δ' ἐκλίνθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν.
τῷ δ' ἐκσπασσασμένῳ δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἄμ' ἄμφω
σύν ῥ' ἔπεσον, λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισιν
ἢ συσι κάπροισιν, τῶντε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν.
Πριαμίδης μὲν ἔπειτα μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ,
οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκόν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμή.
Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπάλμενος· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ
ἦλυθεν ἐγχέη, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα,

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Needs must thou learn what manner of men are they,
Who show amongst the Danaans best in arms
(Next after one, the great Destroyer of men,
Achilles of the lion-heart, unpeer'd ;
Who now amongst his longbeak'd ships in wrath
With sovran Agamemnon, sits aloof) :
But we without him, and many a one of us,
May well meet thee ; delay the fight no more."

To him the hero of the glancing helm :
" Ajax, Zeus-nurtured Telamon's son, and lord
Of many nations ! Deal not so with me,
As with a woman or a feeble child,
Witless of warlike practice. Well I know
The arts of battle, how to slay my man ;
Or to the right or to the left to shift
My dry-tann'd buckler, so to last in fight ;
In close encounter to advance a foot
Attuned to Ares' music, or to guide
My steeds and chariot through the mellay straight.
Great though thou art, I would not, as in fear,
Stealthily strike thee, but with open blow."

He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear,
And struck that terrible seven-hided shield
Upon its outmost plate, the eighth, of brass.
Through six folds cleaving went the point unfray'd,
But in the seventh it rested. Then, in turn,
Sent Zeus-born Ajax his long-shadowing spear,
And struck on the orbèd shield of Priam's Son.
Through the bright targe the forceful javelin went,
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven
Pierced even the under-tunic by his hip ;
Yet, sideways writhing, he escaped the death.
Together back both pluck'd their spears, and like
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars
(No weaklings they in battle upon the field)
Each fell upon the other. And Hector struck
Again the shield, nor broke the brass, but bent
His own point blunted. Ajax leaping near
Smote also his enemy's shield, but drave the lance,
So that it dash'd him in his onset back,

τμήδην δ' αὐχέν' ἐπήλθε, μέλαν δ' ἀνεκῆκειεν αἷμα.
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπέληγε μάχης κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ,
 ἀλλ' ἀναχασσάμενος λίθον εἴλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ
 κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ, μέλανα, τρηχύν τε μέγαν τε·
 τῷ βάλεν Αἴαντος δεινὸν σάκος ἑπταβόειον
 μέσσον ἐπομφάλιον· περιήχησεν δ' ἄρα χαλκός.
 δεύτερος αὖτ' Αἴας πολὺ μείζονα λᾶαν αἰέρας
 ἦκ' ἐπιδιδήσας, ἐπέεισε δὲ ἴν' ἀπέλεθρον,
 εἶσω δ' ἀσπίδ' ἔαξε βαλὼν μυλοειδέϊ πέτρῳ, 270
 βλάβη δέ οἱ φίλα γούναθ'· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἔξετανύσθη
 ἀσπίδ' ἐνιχριμφθείς· τὸν δ' αἰψ' ὤρθωσεν Ἀπόλλων
 καὶ νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ' αὐτοσχεδὸν οὐτάζοντο,
 εἰ μὴ κήρυκες, Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
 ἦλθον, ὁ μὲν Τρώων, ὁ δ' Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
 Ταλθύβιός τε καὶ Ἰδαῖος, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω·
 μέσσω δ' ἀμφοτέρων σκῆπτρα σχέθον, εἶπέ τε μῦθον
 κῆρυξ Ἰδαῖος, πεπνυμένα μῆδεα εἰδώς·

“Μηκέτι, παῖδε φίλω, πολεμίζετε, μηδὲ μάχεσθον·
 ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ σφῶϊ φιλεῖ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς· 280
 ἄμφω δ' αἰχμητά· τόγε δὴ καὶ ἴδμεν ἅπαντες.
 νῦξ δ' ἤδη τελέθει· ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι.”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
 “Ἰδαῖ, Ἑκτορα ταῦτα κελεύετε μυθήσασθαι·
 αὐτὸς γὰρ χάρμη προκαλέσσατο πάντας ἀρίστους.
 ἀρχέτω· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μάλα πείσομαι ἥπερ ἂν οὗτος.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ·
 “Αἴαν, ἐπεὶ τοι δῶκε θεὸς μέγεθός τε βίην τε
 καὶ πινυτήν, περὶ δ' ἔγχει Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατός ἐσσι,
 νῦν μὲν πανσώμεσθα μάχης καὶ δηϊοτήτος 290
 σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχησόμεθ' εἰσόκε δαίμων
 ἄμμε διακρίνη, δώῃ δ' ἐτέροισί γε νίκην·
 νῦξ δ' ἤδη τελέθει· ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι·
 ὥς σύ τ' ἐϋφρήνης πάντας παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιοὺς,
 σοὺς τε μάλιστα ἔτας καὶ ἑταίρους, οἳ τοι ἔασιν·
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κατὰ ἄστρ' ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος

And reach'd and grazed his neck, and drew the blood
But Hector, daunted not thereby, withdrew
Some little space, and raised from where it lay
Upon the field, black, jagged, and immense,
A stone, and therewith struck that shield again,
That terrible seven-hided shield once more,
Full on the boss ; loud round it rang the brass.
But far more huge the stone that Ajax then
In turn uplifted, and with whirl aloft,
Lending a strength resistless to the hurl,
Sent forth, wherewith he struck and crush'd the shield
Inwards (for with a millstone's weight it fell),
And loosed great Hector's knees, that down he dropt
Prostrate across the buckler : whom his God
Apollo nathless quick upraised again.
And hand to hand they then had drawn their swords,
Had not the messengers of Zeus and man,
The sacred heralds, rush'd from either side
(Thalhybius of Achaia, and of Troy
Idæus, elders both), and thrust their staves
Betwixt them, whilst Idæus spake, and said :
" Children, belovèd, be this battle closed ;
Alike is either dear to father Zeus,
And brave alike ; this all have witness'd here.
The night is falling ; yield ye unto night."

And giant Ajax spake in answer thus :
" Idæus, bid ye Hector proffer this ;
'Twas he who gave the challenge. Let him speak ;
I gladly list your voice, if he will list."

And thus the hero of the glancing helm :
" Since, Ajax, such thy might and giant mould,
And such the gallant heart the Gods have given,
That all Achaia thou excell'st in arms,
Let this be so ; and be the battle closed,
Yet to be fought hereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory.
The night is falling ; yield we unto night.
Depart in peace ; and cheer Achaia's host,
Thine own kin and thy comrades, most of all.
I too within King Priam's citadel

Τρώας ἐϋφρανέω καὶ Τρωάδας ἐκλεσιπέπλους,
αἵτε μοι εὐχόμεναι θείον δύσονται ἀγῶνα.

δῶρα δ' ἄγ' ἀλλήλοισι περικλυτὰ δώομεν ἄμφω,
ὄφρα τις ὧδ' εἴπησιν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε

300

ἥμην ἐμαρνάσθην ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο,
ἦδ' αὖτ' ἐν φιλότῃ διέτμαγεν ἀρθμήσαντε·”

ὦς ἄρα φωνήσας δῶκε ζῖφος ἀργυρόηλον,
σὺν κολεῷ τε φέρων καὶ ἐϋτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι·

Αἴας δὲ ζωστήρα δίδου φοίνικι φαεινόν.

τὼ δὲ διακρινθέντε ὁ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
ἦϊ, ὁ δ' ἐς Τρώων ὄμαδον κίε. τοὶ δ' ἐχάρησαν,

ὥς εἶδον ζῶν τε καὶ ἀρτεμέα προσιόντα,

Αἴαντος προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους·
καὶ ῥ' ἦγον προτὶ ἄστυ, ἀελπτέοντες σόον εἶναι.

310

Αἴαντ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ

εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον ἄγον, κεχαρηότα νίκη.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίῃσιν ἐν Ἀτρεΐδαο γέγοντο,
τοῖσι δὲ βοῦν ἱέρευσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
ἄρσενα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενέϊ Κρονίῳ.

τὸν δέρον ἀμφί θ' ἔπον, καὶ μιν διέχευαν ἅπαντα,
μίστυλλον τ' ἄρ' ἐπιστᾶμένως πεῖράν τ' ὀβελόισιν,
ὥπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα,
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐτίσης.

320

νότοισιν δ' Αἴαντα διηνεκέεσσι γέραιρεν

ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
τοῖς ὁ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαίνειν ἥρχετο μῆτιν,
Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή·
ὁ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
πολλοὶ γὰρ τεθνᾶσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί.

τῶν νῦν αἶμα κελαινὸν ἐϋῤῥοον ἀμφὶ Σκάμανδρον
ἐσκέδασ' ὄξυς Ἀρης, ψυχὰς δ' Ἀϊδῶσδε κατήλθον·

330

Will cheer the Trojans, and their long-robed wives,
Who now are thronging for my sake their shrines.
But let us give each other gifts of mark,
That men in either host may see, and say :
*' They fought together with a grievous strife,
' Like friends at eve they parted, and in peace.'* ”
He spoke, and gave his silverhilted sword,
A scabbard and good baldric therewithal ;
Whilst Ajax gave his scarlet belt bright-dyed.

•

So were they parted, Ajax to the ranks
Of Argos, Hector to the throng of Troy ;
And much the Trojans joy'd, beholding home
Returning, rescued scathless from the arm
Of mighty Ajax, whom they ne'er had hoped
To welcome back, and led him tow'rd their town.
Whilst into royal Agamemnon's tent
Ajax exultant in his victory pass'd
Led by Achaia's chieftains. There the King
Made to the majesty of Kronos' Son
Bloodoffering of a five-year bull entire.
This first they flay'd, intent upon their work ;
Then sever'd limb from limb, and sliced the flesh ;
Spitted the slices, and with careful hands
Roasted them all, and drew them off again.
This task being ended and the feast prepared,
They ate ; nor any lacked his equal mess ;
But Atreus' Son the King to Ajax most
Gave honour by long slices from the chine.

When all desire of drink and meat had gone,
First He, whose rede of late was sagest shown,
Nestor, 'gan weave again his counsel's web,
Address'd them with wise words, and spake, and said :
“ Hear me, Achaia's Chiefs, and Thou, their King !
Full many our dear and gallant warriors fallen :
Whose blood hath Ares pour'd like water forth
Upon Scamander's meadows ; and their ghosts
Have sunk to Hades down. Wherefore, O King,

•

τῷ σε χρὴ πόλεμον μὲν ἄμ' ἡοὶ παῦσαι Ἀχαιῶν,
 αὐτοὶ δ' ἀγρόμενοι κυκλήσομεν ἐνθάδε νεκροὺς
 βουσι καὶ ἡμίονοισιν· ἀτὰρ κατακήμεν αὐτοὺς
 τυτθὸν ἀποπρὸ νεῶν, ὥς κ' ὅστέα παισὶν ἕκαστος
 οἴκαδ' ἄγῃ, ὅτ' ἂν αὐτε νεώμεθα πατρίδα γαίαν.
 τύμβον δ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν ἔνα χεύομεν ἐξαγαγόντες
 ἄκριτον ἐκ πεδίου· ποτὶ δ' αὐτὸν δείμομεν ὦκα
 πύργους ὑψηλοὺς, εἰλαρ νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν,
 ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσι πύλας ποιήσομεν εὖ ἀραρυίας,
 ὄφρα δι' αὐτῶν ἱππηλασίῃ ὁδὸς εἴῃ.
 ἔκτοσθεν δὲ βαθεῖαν ὀρύξομεν ἐγγύθι τάφρον,
 ἥ χ' ἵππους καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκοι ἀμφὶς εὐῶσα,
 μὴ ποτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ πόλεμος Τρώων ἀγερώχων.”

340

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆες.
 Τρώων αὐτ' ἀγορὴ γένετ' Ἰλίου ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ,
 δεινὴ, τετρηχυῖα, παρὰ Πριάμοιο θύρῃσιν.
 τοῖσιν δ' Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν·

“Κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἡδ' ἐπίκουροι,
 ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
 δεῦτ' ἄγετ', Ἀργεῖνῃ Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ' ἄμ' αὐτῇ
 δώομεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἄγειν· νῦν δ' ὄρκια πιστὰ
 ψευδάμενοι μαχόμεσθα· τῷ οὐ νύ τι κέρδιον ἡμῖν
 [ἔλπομαι ἐκτελέεσθαι, ἵνα μὴ ῥέξομεν ὧδε].”

350

“Ἦτοι ὄγ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο· τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
 δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἡυκόμοιο,
 ὃς μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ἀντήνωρ, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·
 οἴσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.
 εἰ δ' ἔτεδον δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις,
 ἐξ ἄρα δὴ τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὤλεσαν αὐτοί.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τρῶεσσι μεθ' ἵπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω.
 ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπόφῃμι, γυναιῖκα μὲν οὐκ ἀποδώσω·
 κτήματα δ' ὅσσ' ἀγόμενῃ ξέξ' Ἀργεος ἡμέτερον δῶ
 πάντ' ἐθέλω δόμεναι καὶ ἔτ' οἴκοθεν ἄλλ' ἐπιθεῖναι.”

360

It now behoves thee with to-morrow's dawn
To make a truce of battle. Then on wains
With mules and oxen gathering up our dead,
We will convey them hither, and will make
Some short way off the fleet their funeral-pyres,
So on return to our dear native land
To bear their ashes to their children home.
But o'er the place of burning will we raise
Clear on the plain before our galleys' front
One mound for all, without distinction heap'd ;
And in the van of this with speed uprear,
A bulwark to our galleys and our lives,
A line of lofty towers, and in the line
Pierce gates, that path may be for chariots forth ;
And nigh beyond it be a trench deep-dug,
To fence the steeds and army round about,
Lest the haught force of Troy wax now supreme."
He spoke, and to his word the Chiefs acclaim'd.

Meantime at Ilion, in the upper town
And near King Priam's gates, the people met
Fluttering, in dread confusion, trouble-tost ;
And first Antenor spoke discreet, and said :
" Dardans, and ye of Troy, and Troy's Allies !
As the heart bids within me, so I speak.
Let us now render up to Atreus' Sons
The Argive Helen and her wealth withal ;
For, warring on, we make our faith a lie :
Wherefore I hope not good to come to pass,
Unless, as I have spoken, so we do."

He ceased and sate him down ; to whom in wrath
The lord of lovely Helen, Paris, rose,
And answer'd him, and spake these wingèd words :

" Antenor, things unwelcome most to me
Thou utterest ; better things are thine to say ;
Or, if thou speak'st from out thy very heart,
Truly the Gods have reft thee of thy sense.
Here in the face of all haught Troy I make
Mine answer, and deny thee flat. My wife
I will not yield ; but all the wealth I brought,
That will I yield, and of my stores add more."

Ἦτοι ὄγ' ὥς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο· τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
 Δαρδανίδης Πριάμος, θεόφιν μῆστωρ ἀτάλαντος,
 ὃ σφιν ἐυφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἡδ' ἐπικούροι,
 ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
 νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἔλεσθε κατὰ πτόλιν, ὥς τὸ πάρος περ, 370
 καὶ φυλακῆς μνήσασθε καὶ ἐργήγορθε ἕκαστος·
 ἡῶθεν δ' Ἰδαῖος ἵτω κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
 εἰπέμεν Ἀτρείδης, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
 μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν·
 καὶ δὲ τόδ' εἰπέμεναι πυκινὸν ἔπος, αἶ κ' ἐθέλωσιν
 παύσασθαι πολέμοιο δυσσηχέος, εἰσόκε νεκροὺς
 κήομεν· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχηςόμεθ', εἰσόκε δαίμων
 ἄμμε διακρίνη, δῶη δ' ἐτέροισί γε νίκην.”

Ἦς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἡδ' ἐπίθοντο,
 [δόρπον ἡπειθ' εἶλοντο κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν·] 380
 ἡῶθεν δ' Ἰδαῖος ἔβη κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
 τοὺς δ' εὖρ' εἰν ἀγορῇ Δαναοὺς, θεράποντας Ἀρης
 νηὶ πάρα πρύμνῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν
 στὰς ἐν μέσσοισιν μετεφώνεεν ἡπύτα κήρυξ·

“Ἀτρείδῃ τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
 ἡνώγει Πριάμος τε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγαυοὶ
 εἰπεῖν, αἶ κέ περ ὕμμι φίλον καὶ ἡδὺ γένοιτο,
 μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν·
 κτήματα μὲν ὅς' Ἀλέξανδρος κοίλῃς ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
 ἡγάγετο Τροίηνδ'—ὥς πρὶν ὥφελλ' ἀπολέσθαι— 390
 πάντ' ἐθέλει δόμεναι καὶ ἔτ' οἴκοθεν ἄλλ' ἐπιθεῖναι·
 κουριδίην δ' ἄλοχον Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
 οὐ φησιν δώσειν· ἥ μὲν Τρῶές γε κέλονται.
 καὶ δὲ τόδ' ἡνώγειν εἰπεῖν ἔπος, αἶ κ' ἐθέλητε
 παύσασθαι πολέμοιο δυσσηχέος, εἰσόκε νεκροὺς
 κήομεν· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχηςόμεθ', εἰσόκε δαίμων
 ἄμμε διακρίνη, δῶη δ' ἐτέροισί γε νίκην.”

Ἦς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
 ὃψ' ἐ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“Μήτ' ἄρ τις νῦν κτήματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεχέσθω 400

He ceased, and sate him down : to whom then rose,
Counsellor like a God, the Dardan King,
Address'd them with wise words, and spake, and said :

“Dardans, and ye of Troy, and Troy's Allies !
As the heart bids within me, so I speak.
Take ye repast according to your wont
Within the city, mindful of the watch
And wakeful all ; but with to-morrow's dawn
Forth to their galleys let Idæus go,
To bear to Atreus' Sons the brother-chiefs
The word of Alexander ; since by him
This war first rose ; there likewise to agree
To stay this baleful battle, if they will,
Till we have burn'd our dead on funeral-pyres ;
Though fight we on thereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory.”

He spoke ; they gladly hearken'd, and obey'd ;
In line along the walls they made repast ;
And with the morrow's dawn Idæus went.

Who found the chieftains of the Danaan race
Gather'd in council round Atrides' ship :
Near them the clear-voiced herald came, and spake :

“Chiefs of Achaia's host, and thou, their King !
King Priam and his elders send me forth
To tell, if so it pleaseth ye to hear,
The word of Alexander ; since by him
This war first rose. The wealth, that on his bark
He brought to Troy (would he had perish'd first !),
This will he yield, and of his stores add more.
But noble Menelaus' wedded wife
He still refuses back, though, verily,
The Trojans urge him strongly. This beside,
They bade me counsel, if ye will, to stay
This evil battle, whilst we burn our dead ;
Though we fight on thereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory.”

He ceased ; and all awhile in silence sate,
Till gallant Diomed brake it, and began :

“Nor Alexander's wealth will we accept

μήθ' Ἑλένην· γνωτὸν δὲ, καὶ ὃς μάλα νηπίός ἐστιν,
ὥς ἤδη Τρώεσσιν ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἐφῆπται·”

Ἦς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντας ἐπίαχον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.
καὶ τότε ἄρ' Ἰδαίου προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·

“Ἰδαί', ἦτοι μῦθον Ἀχαιῶν αὐτὸς ἀκούεις,
ὥς τοι ὑποκρίνονται· ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπιανδάνει οὕτως.
ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖσιν κατακαίμεν οὔτι μεγαίρω·
οὐ γάρ τις φειδὼ νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων
γίγνεται, ἐπεὶ κε θάνωσι, πυρὸς μειλισσέμεν ὦκα. 410
ὄρκια δὲ Ζεὺς ἴστω, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης.”

Ἦς εἰπὼν τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνέσχεθε πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,
ἄψορβρον δ' Ἰδαῖος ἔβη προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
οἱ δ' ἔατ' εἰν ἀγορῇ Τρῶες καὶ Δαρδανίωνες,
πάντες ὁμηγερέες, ποτιδέγμενοι ὀππότ' ἄρ' ἔλθοι
Ἰδαῖος· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἦλθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπέειπεν·
στὰς ἐν μέσσοισιν, τοὶ δ' ὠπλίζοντο μάλ' ὦκα,
ἀμφότερον, νέκυάς τ' ἀγέμεν, ἕτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην·
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν εὐσφέλμων ἀπὸ νηῶν
ὠτρύνοντο νέκυσ τ' ἀγέμεν, ἕτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην. 420

Ἡἑλίος μὲν ἔπειτα νέον προσέβαλλεν ἀρούρας,
ἐξ ἀκαλαρῥείταο βαθυρῥόου Ὀκεανοῖο
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιών· οἱ δ' ἦντεον ἀλλήλοισιν.
ἔνθα διαγνῶναι χαλεπὴς ἦν ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·
ἀλλ' ὕδατι νίζοντες ἀπο βρότου αἵματόεντα,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέοντες, ἀμαξάων ἐπάειραν.
οὐδ' εἶα κλαίειν Πρίαμος μέγας· οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ
νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήνεον ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ,
ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
ὥς δ' αὐτως ἐτέρωθεν εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήνεον ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ,
ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

Nor Helen's self ; a child might hence discern
How near her fall is pending now to Troy."

He spoke, to whom the others gave acclaim,
Honouring the word of gallant Diomed :
And Agamemnon to Idæus turn'd :

"With thine own ears, Idæus, hast thou heard
The answer that Achaia sends you back.
Me too, their King, this pleaseth. For the dead—
I grudge not that ye make their funeral due :
Past are the dead ; and whō from harmless shades
Would hinder the sweet offices of fire ?
Let then the Lord of thunder, Zeus supreme,
Herè's great spouse, be witness to our truce."

He spoke, and lifted up his staff, in face
Of all the Gods : whence back Idæus went
To sacred Ilion. Still in council sate
Dardans and Trojans, waiting his return :
Who came, and gave his message to their throng :
Whereat with utmost speed they gat them up,
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

Likewise the Argives hasted from their ships,
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

From the deep soft-flowing ocean-stream the Sun
Was mounting into heaven and smiting earth
With his first beams, when on the plain the hosts
Each met the other gathering up their dead.
Hardly might they distinguish man from man :
Yet with clear water cleansing off the blood,
Shedding hot tears, they raised them to the wains.
Priam forbade the Trojans from lament ;
Therefore in silence, mourning in their hearts,
They piled the corses on a pinewood pyre,
Burnt them with fire, and moved to Ilion home.

So likewise on the other side the host
Of mailed Achaia, mourning in their hearts,
Piled up the corses on a pinewood pyre,
Burnt them with fire, and to their fleet return'd.

Ἦμος δ' οὐτ' ἄρ πω ἦώς, ἔτι δ' ἀμφιλύκη νύξ,
 τῆμος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν κριτὸς ἔγρετο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν,
 τύμβον δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὴν ἕνα ποίεον ἐξαγαγόντες
 ἄκριτον ἐκ πεδίου, ποτὶ δ' αὐτὸν τεῖχος ἔδειμαν
 πύργους θ' ὑψηλοὺς, εἴλαρ νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν.
 ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσι πύλας ἐνεποίεον εὖ ἀραρυίας,
 ὄφρα δι' αὐτάων ἱππηλασίῃ ὁδὸς εἴη·
 ἔκτοσθεν δὲ βαθείαν ἐπ' αὐτῷ τάφρον ὄρυξαν,
 εὐρεῖαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξαν.

440

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί·
 οἱ δὲ θεοὶ παρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἀστεροπητῇ
 θηεῦντο μέγα ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἥ ῥά τίς ἐστι βροτῶν ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν
 ὅστις ἔτ' ἀθανάτοισι νόον καὶ μῆτιν ἐνίψει;
 οὐχ ὀράας ὅτι δ' αὖτε κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
 τεῖχος ἐτειχίσσαντο νεῶν ὑπὲρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον
 ἤλασαν, οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτὰς ἐκατόμβας;
 τοῦ δ' ἦτοι κλέος ἔσται ὅσον τ' ἐπικίδνεται ἦώς·
 τοῦ δ' ἐπιλήσονται τὸ ἐγὼ καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
 ἥρω Λαομέδοντι πολίσσαμεν ἀθλήσαντε.”

450

Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
 “ὦ πόποι, ἐνοσίγαι' εὐρυσθενὲς, οἶον ἔειπες;
 ἄλλος κέν τις τοῦτο θεῶν δείσειε νόημα,
 ὃς σέο πολλὸν ἀφαιρότερος χεῖράς τε μένος τε·
 σὺν δ' ἦτοι κλέος ἔσται ὅσον τ' ἐπικίδνεται ἦώς.
 ἄγρει μᾶν, ὅτ' ἂν αὖτε κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
 οἴχωνται σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
 τεῖχος ἀναρρήξας τὸ μὲν εἰς ἄλλα πᾶν καταχεῦαι,
 αὐτίς δ' ἠϊόνα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι καλύψαι,
 ὥς κέν τοι μέγα τεῖχος ἀμαλδύνηται Ἀχαιῶν.”

460

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.
 δύσετο δ' ἠέλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

Then in the twilight, ere the dawn was day,
A chosen band of Argives round their pyre
Was gather'd, and above it piled a cairn,
Without distinction, one huge mound for all ;
And in the front of this a rampart rear'd,
A bulwark to their galleys and their lives,
A line of lofty towers, and in the line
Pierced gates, that path might be for chariots forth :
And nigh beyond it dug a trench, profound,
Large, broad, and fix'd therein a stake-stockade.

Such was the labour of Achaia's host ;
But where with thunder-wielding Zeus the Gods
Sate gather'd, they beheld amazed that work
Ascending by the toil of mail-frock'd men ;
And Poseidaion Lord of ocean spake :

“ O Father Zeus ! From end to end of earth
Is there of mortals left who lays the thought
And counsel of his heart before high heaven ?
Seest thou how yonder host of Argos' Sons
Build them a rampart, round it draw a trench,
Yet give not to a God a hecatomb ?
Wide as the morning shall its glory spread ;
And men shall be forgetful clean of all
Which mine own self and Phœbus of old time
Rear'd, toiling there for King Laomedon.”

The Ruler of the clouds heaved sigh, and spake :
“ Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near !
What saying this ? Such fear some other Gods,
Feebler than thou, might haply entertain ;
Wide as the morning still thy glory spreads ;
And, when these long-hair'd warriors far have gone
Aboard their galleys to their native land,
Then crumble up this bulwark ; in the sea
Scatter it all ; again envelop quite
The spacious shore in sands, that not a sign
Of their great work be visible on earth.”

Such was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

The Sun sank, and the rampart stood uprear'd.

βουφόνεον δὲ κατὰ κλισίας καὶ δόρπον ἔλοντο.
 νῆες δ' ἐκ Λήμνοιο παρέστασαν οἶνον ἄγουσαι
 πολλαί, τὰς προέηκεν Ἰησονίδης Εὐνῆος,
 τὸν ῥ' ἔτεχ' Ὑψιπύλη ὑπ' Ἰήσωνι, ποιμένι λαῶν.
 χωρὶς δ' Ἀτρεΐδης, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
 δῶκεν Ἰησονίδης ἀγέμεν μέθυ, χίλια μέτρα.
 ἔνθεν ἄρ' οἰνίζοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
 ἄλλοι μὲν χαλκῷ, ἄλλοι δ' αἶθωνι σιδήρῳ,
 ἄλλοι δὲ ῥινοῖς, ἄλλοι δ' αὐτῇσι βόεσσιν,
 ἄλλοι δ' ἀνδραπόδεσσι· τίθεντο δὲ δαῖτα θάλειαν.
 παννύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
 δαίνυντο, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ πτόλιν ἡδ' ἐπίκουροι·
 παννύχιος δὲ σφιν κακὰ μῆδετο μητίετα Ζεὺς
 σμερδαλέα κτυπέων· τοὺς δὲ χλωρὸν δέος ἥρει·
 οἶνον δ' ἐκ δεπῶων χαμάδις χέον, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
 πρὶν πιέειν, πρὶν λείψαι ὑπερμενεί Κρονίωνι.
 κοιμήσαντ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

470

480

The Achaians then slew oxen through their camp,
And made repast. From Lemnos galleys stood
In harbour, fraught with wine, which Jason's son
Evenus (born of fair Hypsipyle
To Jason, shepherd of his people) sent.
A thousand measures had he set apart
Unto the Sons of Atreus for a gift.
And thence those long-hair'd warriors bought them wine ;
Some bought with brass, and some with sparkling steel,
And some with hides, and some with cattle live,
And some with slaves ; all made them plenteous feast.

So all night long they feasted, either host,
The Achaians, and the Trojans in their town :
And all night long great Zeus portended ill
By dreadful signs of thunder o'er their heads ;
And ashly fear possess'd them ; from their cups
They shed the wine, nor any there durst drink,
Ere his libation had been pour'd to Zeus.
Thereafter all partook the boon of sleep.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ΄.



Κόλος μάχη.

Ἦὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,
Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος
ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.
αὐτὸς δέ σφ' ἀγόρευε, θεοὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάντες ἄκουον·

“Κέκλυτέ μευ, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέαιναι,
ὄφρ' εἵπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
μήτε τις οὖν θήλειά θεὸς τόγε μήτε τις ἄρσῃν
πειράτω διακέρσαι ἐμὸν ἔπος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
αἰνεῖτ', ὄφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.
ὃν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοήσω
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν,
πληγεῖς οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὐλύμπόνδε·
ἢ μιν ἐλὼν ῥίψω ἐς Τάρταρον ἡρόεντα,
τῆλε μάλ', ἥχι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,
ἐνθα σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδὸς,
τόσσον ἔνερθ' Αἶδεω ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης·
γνώσεται ἔπειθ' ὅσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.
εἰ δ' ἄγε πειρήσασθε, θεοὶ, ἵνα εἴδετε πάντες·
σειρὴν χρυσεῖην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες
πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέαιναι·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίοιινδε
Ζῆν', ὕπατον μῆστωρ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθέλοισι ἐρύσσαι,
αὐτῇ κεν γαίῃ ἐρύσαιμ' αὐτῇ τε θαλάσῃ·
σειρὴν μὲν κεν ἔπειτα περὶ ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο
δησαίμην, τὰ δέ κ' αὖτε μεθήορα πάντα γένοιτο.

I L I A D V I I I.



AND saffron-robed Morn was scattering light
Wide o'er the world, when Zeus, loud-thundering Zeus,
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak
Made to himself a council of the Gods,
And spoke, whilst all the Gods below him heard :

“Hear me, O Gods, and ye, O Goddesses !
I speak the inmost bidding of my heart.
Let neither God nor Goddess dare attempt
To minish this my word, but full consent
Yield me, that earlier I may end the strife.
Whom moving from amongst you I descry
Whether to aid the Danaans or their foes,
Scourged to Olympus in disorder foul
He shall return, or I will hurl him down
With mine own hands to misty Tartarus
Where are the deep abysses under earth,
The brazen threshold, and the iron gates,
Far as the heavens are o'er the earth, so far
Below the realm of Hades—there to lie
And late to learn me mightiest of the Gods.
Nay, put me to the proof, if so ye list :
Suspend from heaven a golden chain, and lay,
Gods, Goddesses, together, hands thereon ;
Not with your utmost labour shall ye draw
The Lord of counsel earthward from the skies :
But, let me will to draw it strenuously,
I draw it up, and with it earth and sea,
Enwind it round Olympus' pillar fast,
And all the world suspended hangs in air.

τόσσον ἐγὼ περὶ τ' εἰμὶ θεῶν περὶ τ' εἴμ' ἀνθρώπων.”

Ἦς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
μῦθον ἄγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.
ὁψέ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·

30

“ὦ πάτερ ἡμέτερε Κρονίδη, ὕπατε κρείοντων,
εἴ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἐπικεκτόν·
ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητῶν,
οἳ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται.
ἀλλ' ἦτοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμμεθ', ὥς σὺ κελεύεις·
βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἥτις ὀνήσει,
ὥς μὴ πάντες ὄλωνται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τεοῖο.”

Τὴν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
“θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὐ νύ τι θυμῷ
πρόφρονι μυθήομαι· ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἥπιος εἶναι.”

40

Ἦς εἰπὼν ὑπ' ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ἵππῳ,
ὠκυπέτα, χρυσέησιν ἐθείρησιν κομόωντε,
χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροῖ, γέντο δ' ἱμάσθλην
χρυσείην εὐτυκτον, ἐοῦ δ' ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου.
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην
μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.
Ἴδην δ' ἵκανε πολυπίδρακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
Γάργαραν· ἔνθα δέ οἱ τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις.
ἐνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἡέρα πουλὺν ἔχευεν.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων,
εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

50

Οἱ δ' ἄρα δεῖπνον ἔλοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ρίμφα κατὰ κλισίας, ἀπὸ δ' αὐτοῦ θωρήσσοντο.
Τρώες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὠπλίζοντο,
παυρότεροι· μέμασαν δὲ καὶ ὥς ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι,
χρειοὶ ἀναγκαίῃ, πρό τε παίδων καὶ πρὸ γυναικῶν.
πᾶσαι δ' ὠὔγνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ' ἔσσυτο λαὸς,
πεζοὶ θ' ἱππῆές τε· πολλὺς δ' ὀρμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἓνα ξυνιόντες ἵκοντο,
σὺν ῥ' ἔβαλον ῥινοὺς, σὺν δ' ἔγχεα καὶ μένε' ἀνδρῶν

60

So far o'er God and man I rise supreme."

He spoke ; dumb-stricken all awhile they sate,
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words ;
At last blue-eyed Athene gave reply :

"Kroneion, Father, God supreme of Gods !
Ourselves we know, resistless is thy might.
Yet must we mourn the gallant Danaan men,
Who perish for fulfilment of this doom.
Howbeit, as thou hast bidden us, we refrain :
Only will we put wisdom in their hearts,
Lest all the nation perish by thy wrath."

To Her, well pleased, the Ruler of the clouds :
"My child, Tritógeneia ! From my heart
I spake not, and would fain show grace to thee."

He ended, and beneath his chariot drew
Fast-flying horses golden-maned, and girt
Round him a garb of gold, and took a goad
Golden, well-wrought ; so sprang upon the seat
And thong'd them onward. Nothing loth they flew
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky,
Till many-fountain'd Ida's dens of prey
And Gargarus he gain'd, where stand his shrine
And fragrant altar. There the sire supreme
Stay'd and unharness'd from the car the steeds
And shower'd thick mist about them : but himself,
Rejoicing in lone glory took his seat
Amongst the mountain's summits, looking down
On Priam's city and Achaia's fleet.

Hurriedly through their tents Achaia's host
Had ta'en repast, and, after, donn'd their mail :
So too the Trojans arm'd them in their town,
The scantier number, yet not ardent less
To enter battle ; sore on them the need
To fight for their dear children and their wives.
Their width the gates flew ope, and from them stream'd
The people forth ; on chariot and on foot,
All streamèd out ; loud rose the din of war.
Anon they charged and met ; together clash'd
Spears, bucklers, and the might of mailèd men.

χαλκεοθωρήκων· ἀτὰρ ἄσπιδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι
ἔπληντ' ἀλλήλησι, πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.
ἔνθα δ' αἶμ' οἰμωγή τε καὶ εὐχολὴ πέλεν ἀνδρῶν
ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα.

“Ὅφρα μὲν ἤως ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός.
ἦμος δ' Ἥλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,
καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατήρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα·
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος-θανάτοιο,
Τρώων θ' ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἔλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβῶν, ῥέπε δ' αἷσιμον ἦμαρ Ἀχαιῶν.
[αἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν κῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ
ἔξεσθην, Τρώων δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἄερθεν.]
αὐτὸς δ' ἐξ Ἰδης μεγάλ' ἔκτυπε, δαιόμενον δὲ
ἦκε σέλας μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
θάμβησαν, καὶ πάντας ὑπὸ χλωρὸν δέος εἶλεν.

70

“Εὐθ' οὕτ' Ἰδομενεὺς τλῆ μίμνειν οὕτ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὕτε δὺ Αἴαντες μενέτην, θεράποντες Ἄρηος·
Νέστωρ οἶος ἔμιμνε Γερήνιος, οὔρος Ἀχαιῶν,
οὔτι ἐκὼν, ἀλλ' ἵππος ἐτείρετο, τὸν βάλεν ἰφί-
διος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλένης πόσις ἡὔκόμοιο,
ἄκρην κακ κορυφὴν, ὅθι τε πρῶται τρίχες ἵππων
κρανίῳ ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καίριόν ἐστιν.
ἀλγήσας δ' ἀνέπαλτο, βέλος δ' εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δῦ,
σὺν δ' ἵππους ἐτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκῷ.
ὄφρ' ὁ γέρων ἵπποιο παρηγορίας ἀπέταμεν
φασγάνῳ αἵσσων, τόφρ' Ἐκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἦλθον ἀν' ἰωχμὸν, θρασὺν ἡνίοχον φορέοντες
Ἐκτορα. καὶ νύ κεν εὐθ' ὁ γέρων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσεν,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
σμερδαλέον δ' ἐβόησεν ἐποτρύνων Ὀδυσῆα·

80

90

“Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
πῇ φεύγεις μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν, κακὸς ὧς ἐν ὁμίλῳ ;
μή τίς τοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῃ ἐν δόρῳ πῆξῃ.
ἀλλὰ μέν', ὄφρα γέροντος ἀπώσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα.”

Smote each on each the bosses of the shields ;
Rose loud the roar of onset ; vaunt and prayer,
The cries of dying men and of their slayers,
Alike were there ; and the earth ran with blood.

And while 'twas morn and sacred day wax'd on,
Darts flew, and warriors fell, to either side ;
But, when the sun had rounded the mid-sky,
Then held the Father forth his golden scales
And laid two weights therein—in *this*, defeat
To mailed Achaia, and in *that*, to Troy—
And poised the balance even : down, down sank
Achaia's doom, yea, settled low on earth,
While Troy's light fates went lifted to broad heaven.

Himself then thunder'd from the hill, and sent
A flaming flash amidst Achaia's ranks :
Awe-stricken they beheld it ; ashy fear
Seized all ; nor either Ajax then stood firm,
Nor Agamemnon, nor Idomeneus,
How brave so'er their wont : Gerene's chief
Nestor alone, Achaia's Elder, stood ;
For Princely Alexander, Helen's lord,
Had pierced his steed with arrow through the crest
Where grow the foremost locks—most mortal spot :
Uprear'd the horse for anguish, but the point
Press'd to his brain, and o'er the shaft he fell
A cumbrance to his fellows in the yoke :
There, therefore, was the Chieftain stay'd perforce,
Cutting the traces with his falchion clear,
Whilst through the rout came Hector's fleetfoot steeds
Bearing their lord, brave Hector, all too near.
So had the Elder been bereft of life,
Had not Tydides mark'd his jeopardy,
And loudly on Odysseus call'd and said :
“Odysseus, heavenly-born, Laertes' Son !
Whither like any craven in the rout
Fleest thou with face dishonourably turn'd ?
The spear were in the back that smote thee now.
Nay, turn, and from this Savage save our sire.”

Ἦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἐσάκουσε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Τυδείδης δ', αὐτός περ ἐὼν, προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη,
στῇ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Νηληιάδαο γέροντος,
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

100

“ὦ γέρον, ἦ μάλα δὴ σε νέοι τείρουσι μαχηταί,
σὴ δὲ βίη λέλυται, χαλεπὸν δέ σε γῆρας ὀπάξει,
ἠπεδανὸς δέ νύ τοι θεράπων, βραδέες δέ τοι ἵπποι.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσσο, ὄφρα ἴδῃαι
οἶοι Τρώϊοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο
κραιπνὰ μάλ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα διωκόμεν ἠδὲ φέβεσθαι,
οὓς ποτ' ἀπ' Αἰνείαν ἐλόμην, μήστωρα φόβοιο.
τούτῳ μὲν θεράποντε κομείτων, τώδε δὲ νῶϊ
Τρῶσιν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοις ἰθύνομεν, ὄφρα καὶ Ἑκτορ
εἴσεται ἢ καὶ ἐμὸν δόρυ μαίνεται ἐν παλάμῃσιν.”

110

Ἦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
Νεστορέας μὲν ἔπειθ' ἵππους θεράποντε κομείτην
ἰφθιμοί, Σθένελός τε καὶ Εὐρυμέδων ἀγαπήνῳρ.
τὼ δ' εἰς ἀμφοτέρῳ Διομήδεος ἄρματα βήτην·
Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χεῖρεσσι λῆβ' ἡνία συγαλέοντα,
μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους· τάχα δ' Ἑκτορος ἄγχι γένοντο.
τοῦ δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτος ἀκόντισε Τυδέος υἱός.
καὶ τοῦ μὲν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὁ δ' ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
υἱὸν ὑπερθύμου Θηβαίου, Ἥνιοπῆα,
ἵππων ἡνὶ ἔχοντα βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.
ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε.
Ἑκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἡνίοχοιο.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἶασε, καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,
κεῖσθαι, ὁ δ' ἡνίοχον μέθεπε θρασύν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν
ἵπῳ δευέσθην σημάντορος· αἶψα γὰρ εὔρεν
Ἴφιδίδην Ἀρχεπτόλεμον θρασύν, ὃν ῥα τόθ' ἵπῳ
ὠκυπόδων ἐπέβησε, δίδου δέ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.

120

He spoke, whom yet Odysseus hearken'd not,
But by him tow'rd the hollow galleys pass'd.

Tydidēs then, though vanmost there alone,
Took stand before the car of Neleus' Son,
And thus with wing'd words address'd the chief :

“ My Father ! Younger men press sore on thee,
And Age thy hard companion slacks thy strength ;
Likewise thy steeds are slow, thy driver weak.
Mount therefore to my chariot, and behold
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro
To skim the field for charge or for pursuit
These steeds of Troy, these breathers of dismay,
From brave Æneas won my latest spoil.
Thine let our followers tend, and mount with me ;
Seated together we will drive them straight
Upon the foe ; and soon shall Hector feel
That *my* lance too hath fury in my hands.”

He spoke ; Gerenè's Chieftain blithe obey'd.
Therefore the steeds of Nestor two strong squires,
Sthenelus and the kind Eurymedon,
Tended ; whilst on the car of Diomed
The two together mounting—Nestor took
The purple reins in hand and thong'd the steeds
And soon near'd Hector ; then, as Hector charged
Direct upon them, Diomed threw his spear,
But err'd, yet struck the driver by his side,
Cœniopeus, renown'd Thebæus' son,
Holding the reins, and pierced him through the breast.
Down from the car he dropp'd ; the fleetfoot steeds
Rear'd ; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.
Thick o'er the soul of Hector came the cloud
Of sorrow for his comrade ; yet perforce
He left him where he lay, and to and fro
Ranged, seeking some brave warrior to his reins ;
Nor long his horses lack'd a guiding arm ;
For Archeptolemus the gallant son
Of Iphitus he found, and o'er the steeds
Set him, and gave the reins into his hands.

"Ενθα κε λαιγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο, 130
 καὶ νύ κε σήκασθεν κατὰ Ἴλιον ἥύτε ἄρνες,
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὄξυν νόησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.
 βροντήσας δ' ἄρα δεινὸν ἀφήκε' ἀργήτα κεραυνὸν,
 καδ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Διομήδεος ἦκε χαμάζε·
 δεινὴ δὲ φλόξ ὄρτο θεοῖο καιομένοιο,
 τὼ δ' ἵππω δείσαντε καταπτῆτην ὑπ' ὄχρεσφιν.
 Νέστορα δ' ἐκ χειρῶν φύγον ἥνία σιγαλόεντα·
 δέισε δ' ὄγ' ἐν θυμῷ, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν·

"Τυδείδην, ἄγε δ' αὖτε φόβονδ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.
 ἦ οὐ γινώσκεις ὅ τοι ἐκ Διὸς οὐχ' ἔπετ' ἀλκή; 140
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ τούτῳ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάξει,
 σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε καὶ ἡμῖν, αἶ κ' ἐθέλησιν,
 δώσει· ἀνὴρ δέ κεν οὔτι Διὸς νόον εἰρύσσαιτο,
 οὐδὲ μάλ' ἴφθιμος, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν."

Τὸν δ' ἡμέμβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
 "ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·
 ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει·
 "Ἐκτωρ γάρ ποτε φήσει ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ' ἀγορεύων
 'Τυδείδης ὑπ' ἐμείο φοβεύμενος ἔκετο νῆας.'
 ὥς ποτ' ἀπειλήσει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθῶν." 150

Τὸν δ' ἡμέμβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·
 "ὦ μοι, Τυδέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος, οἷον ἔειπες;
 εἴπερ γάρ σ' "Ἐκτωρ γὰρ κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φήσει,
 ἀλλ' οὐ πείσονται Τρῶες καὶ Δαρδανίωνες
 καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάων,
 τάων ἐν κονίησι βάλες θαλεροὺς παρακοίτας."

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας φύγαδ' ἔτραπε μώνυχας ἵππους
 αὖτις ἀν' ἰωχμόν· ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ "Ἐκτωρ
 ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεα στονόεντα χέοντο.
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὔσε μέγας κορυθαίολος "Ἐκτωρ· 160

"Τυδείδην, περὶ μὲν σε τίον Δαναοὶ ταχύπωλοι
 ἔδρην τε κρέασίν τ' ἠδὲ πλείους δεπάεσσιν·
 νῦν δέ σ' ἀτιμήσουσι· γυναικὸς ἄρ' ἀντὶ τέτυξο.
 ἔρρε, κακὴ γλήνη, ἐπεὶ οὐκ εἴξαντος ἐμείο
 πύργων ἡμετέρων ἐπιβίσεις, οὐδὲ γυναικάς

Then had been ruin and resistless wrack ;
Then had the Trojans been in Ilion pent
Like lambs within a fold ; but Zeus beheld,
Father of Gods and men, and, thundering, sent
To earth before the faces of the steeds
A bolt white-hot athwart Tydides' path :
Dread from the fiery sign the flame flash'd up ;
Back to the car the affrighted horses cower'd ;
Twixt Nestor's fingers slid the glossy reins ;
His heart sank, and to Diomed he said :
" Let us away, Tydides ! Let us flee !
Seest thou, no strength from Heav'n attends us here ?
The glory of this day doth Zeus vouchsafe
Wholly to Hector, yet to us may turn,
Hereafter, if he please : no man may bend,
How strong so'er he be, the mind of Zeus
To his own side : for Zeus is mightier far."

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :
" My Father, well and wisely hast thou said.
But this the fear that stings me to the quick ;
Lest Hector boast in loud harangue to Troy,
He drave Tydides frighted to their fleet ;
May I be in my grave ere this his boast ! "

But thus Gerenian Nestor gave reply :
" From brave Tydides' lips what now hath fall'n ?
Let Hector cry thee as a craven down ;
Will Trojans, or will Dardans, hold him true ?
Will women whose fond husbands thou hast strewn
All-arm'd before thee in the dust, and slain ? "

He spoke, and turn'd to flight the hoovèd steeds
Back through the rout ; on whom the Trojan host
With shouts far-echoing shower'd their baleful darts,
And loud bright-helmèd Hector following cried :

" Hence, hence, Tydides ! Whom above thy peers
By seat and choicest viands and full cups
The Danaans still have lifted, but henceforth
Shall hold in mere dishonour, like a girl !
Vile puppet ! Take thee hence—not like, I trow,
To trample down great Ilion, or aboard
Thy galleys bear a handmaid home from Troy :

ἄξεις ἐν νήεσσι· πάρος τοι δαίμονα δώσω.”

ὣς φάτο, Τυδείδης δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
ἵππους τε στρέψαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι.
τρὶς μὲν μερμήριξε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων κτύπε μητίετα Ζεὺς
σῆμα τιθεὶς Τρώεσσι, μάχης ἑτεραλκεία νίκην.
Ἔκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀύσας·

170

“Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἄνδρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς·
γινώσκω δ' ὅτι μοι πρόφρων κατένευσε Κρονίων
νίκην καὶ μέγα κῦδος, ἀτὰρ Δαναοῖσί γε πῆμα·
νήπιοι, οἳ ἄρα δὴ τάδε τείχεα μηχανόωντο
ἄβλήχρ' οὐδενόσωρα· τὰ δ' οὐ μένος ἄμὸν ἐρύξει·
ἵπποι δὲ ῥέα τάφρον ὑπερθορέονται ὀρυκτῆν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε κεν δὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι γένωμαι,
μνημοσύνη τις ἔπειτα πυρὸς δηίοιο γενέσθω,
ὥς πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρήσω, κτείνω δὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς
[Ἀργείους παρὰ νηυσὶν, ἀτυζομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ].”

180

ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο φώνησέν τε·
“Ξάνθε τε καὶ σὺ, Πόδαργε, καὶ Αἴθων Λάμπε τε δῖε,
νῦν μοι τὴν κομιδὴν ἀποτίνετον, ἣν μάλα πολλὴν
Ἀνδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἡετίωνος,
ὕμῃν παρ προτέροισι μελίφρονα πυρὸν ἔθηκεν
[οἶνόν τ' ἐγκεράσασα πιεῖν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγοι,]
ἣ ἔμοι, ὅσπερ οἳ θαλερὸς πόσις εὐχομαι εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον, ὅφρα λάβωμεν
ἄσπίδα Νεστορέην, τῆς νῦν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἵκει,
πᾶσαν χρυσεῖην ἔμεναι, κανόνας τε καὶ αὐτὴν,
αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὥμοιων Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο
δαιδάλεον θώρηκα, τὸν Ἡφαιστος κάμε τεύχων
εἰ τούτῳ κε λάβοιμεν, ἐελποίμην κεν Ἀχαιοὺς
αὐτονυχὶ νηῶν ἐπιβησέμεν ὠκειάων.”

190

ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, νεμέσησε δὲ πότνια Ἥρη,
σεισατο δ' ἐνὶ θρόνῳ, ἐλέλιξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,
καὶ ῥα Ποσειδάωνα, μέγαν θεὸν, ἀντίον ἦδα·

200

“ὦ πόποι, ἐννοσίγαι' εὐρυσθενὲς, οὐδέ νυ σοί περ

Rather on thee thy doom I now bestow."

He spoke ; Tydides' will was torn in twain,
Whether to turn and meet him face to face ;—
Thrice in his inmost soul he ponder'd this ;
And thrice the Lord of counsel, Father Zeus,
Peal'd thunder from the Idæan mountains loud,
Sign of the victory all inclined to Troy ;
Whilst Hector on the Trojans call'd and cried :

"Trojans and Lycians ! Dardan men-at-arms !
Be men, my friends, and mindful of your might.
Full well I know that Zeus hath will'd this day
To me great glory, to the Danaans hurt.
Fools, for this weak device of rampart rear'd
To stay me—like a straw before my strength,
And for this trench, my steeds shall clear with ease !
Then, when I once am in their vessels' midst,
Quick be the memory to a flaming brand,
That I may fire the barks, and slay their crews
At their own galleys, in the smoke distraught."

He spoke, and to his horses turn'd, and said :
"Ye too, Podargus, Lampus, heaven-born steeds,
Æthon and Xanthus ! Now requite the care
Wherewith the fair-arm'd daughter of a king,
Eëtion's child, Andromache, would turn
Spreading the corn like honey to your mouths,
Mingling the wine whene'er ye listed drink,
Or e'er she turn'd to me, her wedded lord.
Haste, therefore, strive ye onward to attain
The shield of Nestor, the renown whereof
Mounteth to heav'n, how it is fashion'd all
Of gold the handles, and of gold the orb ;
And win me from the breast of Tydeus' Son
The marvellous corslet by Hephæstus wrought :
Gain'd we these two, I well might hope to drive
The Achaians on their galleys home this night."

Vaunting he spoke ; whom royal Herè heard
Wrathful, and rock'd her on her throne, and made
Tremble th' Olympian hill ; but turn'd anon
Tow'rd vast Poseidon and address'd him thus :

"Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near !

ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν ὀλοφύρεται ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός.
οἱ δέ τοι εἰς Ἑλίκην τε καὶ Αἰγὰς δῶρ' ἀνάγουσιν
πολλὰ τε καὶ χαρίεντα· σὺ δέ σφισι βούλεο νίκη·
εἴπερ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοισιν, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσιν ἄρωγοι,
Τρῶας ἀπώσασθαι καὶ ἐρυκέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν,
αὐτοῦ κ' ἐνθ' ἀκάχοιτο καθήμενος οἶος ἐν Ἰδῇ."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἥρῃ ἀπτοεπὲς, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγ' ἐθέλοιμι Διὶ Κρονίῳ μάχεσθαι
ἡμέας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπειὴ πολλὸν φέρτερός ἐστιν."

210

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
τῶν δ', ὅσον ἐκ νηῶν ἀπὸ πύργου τάφρος ἔεργεν,
πλήθην ὁμῶς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀσπιστάων
εἰλομένων· εἴλει δὲ θεῶ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
καὶ νῦ κ' ἐνέπρησεν πυρὶ κηλέῳ νῆας ἑτάσας,
εἰ μὴ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ φῆκ' Ἀγαμέμνονι πότνια Ἥρῃ
αὐτῷ ποιπνύσαντι θεῶς ὀτρῦναι Ἀχαιούς.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
πορφύρεον μέγα φᾶρος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
στῆ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακῆτεϊ νηὶ μελαίνῃ,
ἧ ῥ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε, γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσσε·
[ἡμὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο
ἠδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί ῥ' ἔσχατα νῆας ἑτάσας
εἵρυσαν, ἡγορήῃ πίσυνοι καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν·]
ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·

220

Ἀιδῶς, Ἀργεῖοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἶδος ἀγῆτοί·
πῇ ἔβαν εὐχωλαί, ὅτε δὴ φάμεν εἶναι ἄριστοι,
ἄς, ὅπότ' ἐν Λήμνῳ, κενεαυχέες ἡγοράασθε,
ἔσθοντες κρέα πολλὰ βοῶν ὀρθοκραϊράων,
πινοντες κρητῆρας ἐπιστεφέας οἴνοιο,
Τρώων ἄνθ' ἑκατόν τε διηκοσίων τε ἕκαστος

230

Cries not the heart within thee for the fall
 Of all these Danaans slaughter'd? Oft they have
 Made on thine altar offerings many and sweet
 In Helicè and Ægæ; and thyself
 Lov'st them and would'st their victory. Oh, if we,
 If all who love their cause, together strove
 Zeus to oppose and drive the Trojans back,
 On Ida He might gnash his teeth in vain."

To her, much-moved, Poseidon made reply :
 " Herè, thy words glance ever to and fro :
 What say'st thou now? Not though we all were join'd
 As one together, would I fain engage
 With Zeus Kroneion, mightier far than all."

This was the commune of the gods in heaven.

But now what space soe'er was by the trench
 Fenced from the fleet and bulwark, all was choked
 With chariots and with shielded warriors throng'd,
 Routed by Hector, Priam's noble son,
 Peer to fierce Ares, glorified by Zeus.
 Soon had his ruthless fires consumed the barks,
 But royal Herè put into the heart
 Of Agamemnon (needing scarce the hest)
 Strongly to encourage Argos. On he went
 Passing along the ships and tents, and held
 A purple mantle flowing from his hand,
 And on the midmost stood—(the huge black bark
 Of sage Odysseus, whence his voice might reach
 To either side, the Telamonian's tent,
 Or Peleus' Son's, for those two in the trust
 Of their stout manhood and their might of arm
 On the fleet's furthest flanks had moor'd their ships);
 Thence loudly on the Danaans thus he call'd :

" Shame on you ! Valiant to the eye alone,
 Argeians, vile reproaches to the name !
 Where now the windy threat'nings, and the vaunts
 That dubb'd us bravest of the brave, what time,
 In Lemnos feasting full on flesh of ox,
 Crowning our cups with wine, we held high talk
 How each against his hundreds here in Troy

στήσεσθ' ἐν πολέμῳ· νῦν δ' οὐδ' ἐνὸς ἄξιοί εἰμεν
[Ἐκτορος, ὃς τάχα νῆας ἐνιπρήσει πυρὶ κηλέῳ].

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἣ ῥά τιν' ἤδη ὑπερμενέων βασιλῆων
τῇδ' ἄτη ἄσας καὶ μιν μέγα κῦδος ἀπηύρας ;
οὐ μὲν δὴ ποτέ φημι τεδὺν περικαλλέα βωμόν
νῆϊ πολυκλήιδι παρελθέμεν ἐνθάδε ἔρῳν·
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι βοῶν δημόν καὶ μηρί' ἔκηα,
ἰέμενος Τροίην εὐτείχεον ἐξαλαπάξαι.

240

ἀλλὰ, Ζεῦ, τόδε πέρ μοι ἐπικρήνηον ἐέλδωρ·
αὐτοὺς δὴ περ ἔασον ὑπεκφυγέειν καὶ ἀλύξαι,
μηδ' οὕτω Τρώεσσιν ἔα δάμνασθαι Ἀχαιοὺς."

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δακρυχέοντα,
νεῦσε δέ οἱ λαὸν σῶν ἔμμεναι οὐδ' ἀπολέσθαι.

αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἦκε, τελειότατον πετεηνῶν,
νεβρὸν ἔχοντ' ὀνύχεσσι, τέκος ἐλάφοιο ταχείης·
πὰρ δὲ Διὸς βωμῷ περικαλλεῖ κάββαλε νεβρὸν,
ἐνθα πανομφαίῳ Ζηνὶ ῥέζεσκον Ἀχαιοί.

250

οἱ δ' ὥς οὖν εἶδονθ' ὅτ' ἄρ' ἐκ Διὸς ἤλυθεν ὄρνις,
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρου, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

Ἐνθ' οὔτις πρότερος Δαναῶν, πολλῶν περ ἐόντων,
εὔξατο Τυδείδαο πάρος σχέμεν ὠκέας ἵππους
τάφρου τ' ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρῶτος Τρώων ἔλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν,
Φραδμουίδην Ἀγέλαον. ὁ μὲν φύγαδ' ἔτραπεν ἵππους
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
ὦμων μεσσηγὺς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.
ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

260

Τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἀτρεΐδαι, Ἀγαμέμνων καὶ Μενέλαος,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκὴν,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρεϊφόντῃ,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός.
Τεύκρος δ' εὔνατος ἦλθε, παλίντονα τόξα τιταίνων,

Would stand victorious? Yet doth one man's arm
Outmatch us all, and Hector fires our ships.
Oh Zeus, our Father! Hast thou visited
Of all the mighty Kings of ancient time
Any with such fell ruin, such defeat?
Yet never on our path to evil here
Pass'd I an altar of thine without its due,
But for my longing of the sack of Troy
Made to thee fat burnt-offerings everywhere.
Wherefore, O Zeus, suffer me this least hope:
With their bare lives vouchsafe the host escape,
Nor let Achaia perish quite by Troy."

He spoke: the Father, pitying, saw his tears
And with his nod assented that the host
Should now be saved—not perish utterly.
Therefore the surest of all wingèd signs
He sent him forth—an eagle 'twixt his claws
Clasping a fawn the nursling of a hind;
This on that rich-wrought altar it let fall
Whereon the Achaians in their camp were wont
To sacrifice to omen-giving Zeus.

They saw, and knew the bird from Zeus sent forth,
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set
Their whole hearts to the battle. Many and brave
The Danaans, but of all none then could boast
To drive his car, or clear the trench, or meet
The foe, before Tydides. Foremost far
He caught and slew a helmèd Chief of Troy,
Ev'n Agelaus, Phradmon's son, who turn'd
His steeds to flight; but Diomed, as he turn'd,
Pierced him betwixt the shoulders in the back,
And drave the spear right onward thro' the chest.
He dropt, and loudly o'er him clash'd the arms.
Atreus' two Sons, and either Ajax next
Girt in a strength invincible, press'd on:
Idomeneus, and with Idomeneus
Meriones, of slaughterous Ares peer:
And then Eurypylus, Evemon's son:
Ninth, follow'd Teucer with his bended bow,

στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος σάκει Τελαμωνιάδαο.
 ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὑπεξέφερεν σάκος· αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ἦρως
 παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ ἄρ' τιν' οἰστεύσας ἐν ὁμίλῳ
 βεβλήκοι, ὁ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν ἄπο θυμὸν ὄλεσκεν,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ αὖτις ἰὼν, παῖς ὥς ὑπὸ μητέρα, δύσκειν
 εἰς Αἴανθ'· ὁ δέ μιν σάκεϊ κρύπτασκε φαεινῷ. 270

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον Τρώων ἔλε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων ;
 Ὀρσίλοχον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Ὀρμενον ἦδ' Ὀφελέστην
 Δαίτορα τε Χρομίον τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Λυκοφόντην
 καὶ Πολυαιμονίδην Ἀμοπίανα καὶ Μελάνιππον.
 [πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.]
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν γήθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
 τόξου ἄπο κρατεροῦ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φύλαγγας·
 στῇ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν· 280

“Τεῦκρε, φίλῃ κεφαλῇ, Τελαμῶνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
 βάλλ' οὕτως, αἶ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γέννηαι
 πατρί τε σῶ Τελαμῶνι, ὃ σ' ἔτρεφε τυτθὸν ἐόντα
 καὶ σε νόθον περ ἐόντα κομίσσατο ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ·
 τὸν καὶ τηλόθ' ἐόντα ἐυκλείης ἐπίβησον.
 οἱ δ' ἐγὼ ἐξερέω ὥς καὶ τετελεσμένοι ἔσται·
 αἶ κεν μοι δώῃ Ζεὺς τ' αἰγίλοχος καὶ Ἀθήνη
 Ἰλίου ἐξαλαπάξαι ἐυκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
 πρῶτῳ τοι μετ' ἐμὲ πρεσβήϊον ἐν χειρὶ θήσω,
 ἢ τρίποδ' ἢ δὺν ἵππους αὐτοῖσιν ὄχσεσφιν
 ἢ γυναιχ', ἢ κέν τοι ὁμὸν λέχος εἰσαναβαίνοι.” 290

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων·
 “Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, τί με σπεύδοντα καὶ αὐτὸν
 ὀτρύνεις ; οὐ μὲν τοι, ὅση δύναμις γε πάρεστιν,
 παύομαι, ἀλλ' ἐξ οὗ προτὶ Ἴλιον ὠσάμεθ' αὐτοὺς,
 ἐκ τοῦ δὴ τόξοισι δεδεγμένους ἀνδρας ἐγαίρω.
 ὀκτὼ δὲ προέηκα τανυγλώχινας ὀϊστοὺς,
 πάντες δ' ἐν χροῖ πῆχθεν ἀρηιθίων αἰζήων·
 τοῦτον δ' οὐ δύναμαι βαλέειν κύνα λυσσητήρα.”

And took his station shelter'd by the shield
Of Telamonian Ajax. Ajax thrust
The huge shield out ; but Teucer look'd well round,
Took aim, and shot his arrow through the throng,
Struck, and, when dead the stricken foeman fell,
Crept back, as to his mother creeps a child,
To Ajax and the shelter of the targe.
Whom first of Troy slew blameless Teucer thus ?
Orsilochus and Ophelestes first :
Dætor anon and gallant Ormenus ;
Then Amapæon, Polyæmon's son,
Chromius, and Lycophontes, peer of Gods,
And Melanippus ; these, one after one,
His arrows levell'd to the fruitful earth.

Whom with his strong-bow thinning thus their ranks
The King Atrides mark'd, well-pleased, and went
And stood beside him with these wingèd words :

“ Teucer, my friend, brave son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people ! Shoot on truly still :
A light to all the host, and, most of all,
To Telamon thy father shin'st thou forth ;
Who loved thee well, and from thy childhood up
Rear'd thee, though bastard, under his own roof.
Him seat thou high upon a throne of fame.
And likewise I make promise thus to thee ;
If e'er Athene and our Father Zeus
Vouchsafe me to destroy the towers of Troy,
Into thy hand, next after mine own self,
The meed of honour will I put, maybe
A tripod, or two horses with their car,
Or damsel, who may mount with thee thy bed.”

To whom made blameless Teucer answer thus :

“ Atrides, King most famed ! What need to urge
Who am myself most urgent ? To the strength
That in me lies, I rest not ; but, since first
We thrust them back tow'rd Ilion from the fleet,
Have mark'd and slain some foeman by my bow.
Eight have I shot, eight bitter barbèd shafts ;
And deep in some brave warrior each hath stuck :
But him, yon raging hound, I fail to strike.”

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἄλλον οἰστὸν ἀπὸ νευρήφιν ἴαλλεν
 "Εκτορος ἀντικρὺ, βαλέειν δέ ἐ ἴετο θυμός.
 καὶ τοῦ μὲν ῥ' ἀφάμαρθ', ὁ δ' ἀμύμονα Γοργυθίωνα,
 υἷον ἐν Πριάμοιο, κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰῶ·
 τὸν ῥ' ἐξ Αἰσύμηθεν ὀπυιομένη τέκε μήτηρ,
 καλὴ Καστιάνειρα, δέμας εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν.
 μήκων δ' ὡς ἐτέρωσε κάρη βάλεν, ἥτ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ,
 καρπῷ βριθομένη νοτλήσιν τε εἰαρινῇσιν·
 ὡς ἐτέρωσ' ἤμυσσε κάρη πῆληκι βαρυυθέν.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον οἰστὸν ἀπὸ νευρήφιν ἴαλλεν
 "Εκτορος ἀντικρὺ, βαλέειν δέ ἐ ἴετο θυμός.
 ἀλλ' ὅγε καὶ τόθ' ἄμαρτε· παρέσφηλεν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
 ἀλλ' Ἀρχεπτόλεμον, θρασὺν "Εκτορος ἠνιοχῆα,
 ἰέμενον πόλεμόνδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν·
 ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
 ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε.
 "Εκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἠνιόχοιο.
 τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἶασε καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,
 Κεβριόνην δ' ἐκέλευσεν ἀδελφεὸν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα
 ἵππων ἥν' ἔλειν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος
 σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ,
 βῆ δ' ἰθὺς Τεύκρου, βαλέειν δέ ἐ θυμός ἀνώγει.
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν φαρέτρης ἐξείλετο πικρὸν οἰστὸν,
 θῆκε δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ· τὸν δ' αὖ κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ
 αὐερύοντα παρ' ὦμον, ὅθι κληῖς ἀποέργει
 αὐχένα τε στῆθός τε, μάλιστα δὲ καίριόν ἐστιν,
 τῇ ῥ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτα βάλεν λίθῳ ὀκριοέντι,
 ῥῆξε δέ οἱ νευρήν· νάρκησε δὲ χεῖρ ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
 στῆ δὲ γυνὴ ξριπῶν, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
 Αἶας δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος,
 ἀλλὰ θεῶν περίβη καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.
 τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ' ὑποδύντε δῶω ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
 Μηκιστεὺς, Ἐχίοιο πάϊς, καὶ δῖος Ἀλκᾶστωρ,
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντα.

He spoke and from the string loosed yet one more
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike ;
But err'd, yet pierced King Priam's gallant son,
Blameless Gorgythion—him whose mother erst,
The lovely Castianeira, heavenly-fair,
Came to King Priam's couch from Æsyme.
And as a poppy in some garden slants
Its head one way, low-laden by the weight
Of its own flower and with the moist spring-winds ;
Thus sideway with his helm bow'd down his head.

Then Teucer from his string loosed yet one more
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike ;
Yet err'd again (whose aim Apollo foil'd),
But struck by Hector's side full through the breast
Brave Archeptolemus the charioteer.
He dropt from off the car ; the fleetfoot steeds
Rear'd ; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.
Thick clouding o'er the soul of Hector came
Sorrow, yet, in his grief's despite, perforce
He left him where he lay, and call'd, and bade
Cebriones his brother, haply nigh,
To take his reins ; who hearken'd to his call ;
Whilst Hector with a vengeful shout himself
Leapt from his glittering seat, and seized a stone,
And charged direct on Teucer fain to kill.
Teucer had from his quiver ta'en a shaft
And laid it to the string ; but, ev'n in the act
To draw, the hero of the glancing helm
Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck
Is parted by the collar from the chest,
A deadly spot—there with the huge jagg'd stone
He struck him charging onward : all the nerve
Was shatter'd ; to the wrist the arm was numb'd ;
Falling, his knee upstay'd him ; but the bow
Dropt from his grasp.—Whom Ajax saw not fall
Unheeded, but sped round, and with his shield
Cover'd, till two his followers well beloved
Came close, Mecistus, son of Echius,
And brave Alastor ; these uplifting bare
The wounded chieftain, groaning, tow'rd the fleet.

Ἄψ δ' αὖτις Τρώεσσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἐν μένος ὤρσεν·
οἱ δ' ἰθὺς τάφροιο βαθείης ὤσαν Ἀχαιοὺς·

Ἔκτωρ δ' ἐν πρώτοισι κίε σθένει βλεμεαίνων.

ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς τε κύων συὸς ἀγροῖου ἢ λέοντος
ἄπτηται κατόπισθε, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων,
ἰσχία τε γλουτούς τε, ἐλίσσόμενόν τε δοκεύει,

340

ὥς Ἐκτωρ ὥπαζε κερηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστατον· οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διὰ τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν
φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Τρώων ὑπὸ χερσίν,
οἱ μὲν δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
ἀλλήλοισί τε κεκλόμενοι καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·

Ἔκτωρ δ' ἀμφιπεριστρώφα καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
Γοργοὺς ὄμματ' ἔχων ἢ βροτολοιγοῦ Ἄρηος.

Τοὺς δὲ ἰδοῦσ' ἐλέησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αἰψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

350

“ὦ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτι νῶϊ
ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν κεκαδησόμεθ' ὑστάτιόν περ·
οἷ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται
ἀνδρὸς ἐνὸς ῥιπῇ, ὃ δὲ μαίνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτὼς
Ἔκτωρ Πριαμίδης, καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν.”

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·

“καὶ λίην οὐτός γε μένος θυμόν τ' ὀλέσειεν,
χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων φθίμενος ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ·
ἀλλὰ πατήρ οὐμὸς φρεσὶ μαίνεται οὐκ ἀγαθῆσιν,
σχέτλιος, αἰὲν ἀλιτρὸς, ἐμῶν μενέων ἀπερωεύς·
οὐδέ τι τῶν μέμνηται, ὃ οἱ μάλα πολλάκις υἷον
τειρόμενον σῶεσκον ὑπ' Εὐρύσθηος ἀέθλων.

360

ἦτοι ὃ μὲν κλαίεσκε πρὸς οὐρανὸν, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς
τῷ ἐπαλεξήσουσαν ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν προϊάλλεν.
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τάδε ἦδε' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμησιν,
εὐτέ μιν εἰς Αἶδαο πυλάρταο προὔπεμψεν
ἔξ Ἐρέβους ἄξοντα κύνα στυγεροῦ Αἶδαο,

Again Zeus kindled high the strength of Troy ;
Through the deep trench Achaia's host they drave ;
And vanmost in the wild onset Hector strode.
As when a hound has fasten'd on the track
Of boar or lion, to its heels and haunch
He clingeth close, and trusts his own swift foot,
Yet watchful ever, lest it turn to bay ;
So to the Achaian long-hair'd warriors clung
Hector, and slew their hindmost still in flight.

And many had fallen by the arms of Troy.
Or e'er the stakes and trench were overpass'd ;
But there they rallying stood amongst their ships,
Each cheering each, and with uplifted hands
Calling on all the Gods, and praying loud.
Yet still around them circling, Hector drave
His bright-maned steeds, and his eyes seem'd as those
Of Gorgon, or of Ares, pest to men.

Whom white-arm Herè saw with pitying eye,
And to Athene thus in wingèd words :
“ Can we, great child of Zeus, behold unmoved
The Danaans falling in this need extreme ?
All doom'd they perish by the stormy hand,
Insufferably maddening to their deaths,
Of this one man, ev'n Hector, Priam's son :
Who hath already wreak'd them harm enow.”

And azure-eyed Athene gave reply :
“ Yet had he render'd up his ghost ere this,
Slain by the enemy in his own dear land,
But that our Father, with ill thoughts estranged
And wavering ever, brings my will to nought ;
Nor minds him how I oft would save of old
His son beneath Eurystheus' tasks foredone :
He oft would lift a streaming eye to heaven,
And oft would Zeus thence send me to his help.
But had I boded of what happens now—
When safely to the close-barr'd gates of Hell
I led him, thence to draw from Erebus
The hound of hated Hades—ne'er had he

οὐκ ἂν ὑπεξέφυγε Στυγὸς ὕδατος αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα.
 νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν στυγέει, Θέτιδος δ' ἐξήνυσε βουλὰς, 370
 ἢ οἱ γούνατ' ἔκυσσε καὶ ἔλλαβε χειρὶ γενείου,
 λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον.
 ἔσται μὰν ὅτ' ἂν αὖτε φίλην γλαυκώπιδα εἴπῃ.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν νῶϊν ἐπέντυε μώνυχας ἵππους,
 ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ καταδύσα Διὸς δόμον αἰγιόχοιο
 τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήξομαι, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι
 εἰ νῶϊ Πριάμοιο πάϊς, κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ,
 γηθήσει προφανείσα ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας.
 ἦ τις καὶ Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἡδ' οἰωνοὺς
 δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν." 380

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη.
 ἢ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους
 Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεὰ, θυγάτηρ μέγαλοιο Κρόνουιο·
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κόυρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
 πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἕανδ' πατρὸς ἐπ' οὔδει,
 ποικίλον, ὃν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν,
 ἢ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διὸς ἑφεληγερέταο
 τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντά.
 ἐς δ' ὄχρεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάζετο δ' ἔγχος
 βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν 390
 ἡρώων, τοῖσιν τε κοτέσσεται ὀβριμοπάτρη.
 Ἥρη δὲ μάστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἄρ' ἵππους·
 αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἅς ἔχον Ὠραι,
 τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὔλυμπος τε,
 ἡμὲν ἀνακλίνει πυκινὸν νέφος ἡδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.
 τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτάων κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδῆθεν ἐπεὶ ἴδε, χῶσατ' ἄρ' αἰνῶς,
 Ἴριω δ' ὥτρυνε χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσας·

Repass'd the inviolate streams of deadly Styx.
But now mislikes He me, and brings to pass
The will of Thetis, who hath kiss'd his knees
And clasp'd his beard, praying him to bestow
This honour on her fierce-destroying son.
She hath her will this while ; but soon, I trow,
His blue-eyed Child shall be in grace again.
Haste therefore thou to yoke the hoovèd steeds,
Whilst I go gird me in the halls of Zeus
With armour to the battle: so to learn
If Priameian Hector will rejoice
Seeing us so made manifest in fight :
Or whether many a fallen man of Troy
Shall not sate rather with his dainty flesh
The dogs and vultures of Achaia's fleet."

She spoke ; nor white-arm Herè disobey'd,
Daughter of ancient Kronos, eldest-born ;
But went, and straight 'gan yoke the gold-trapp'd steeds.

Meantime the virgin Child of mighty Zeus
Let rippling fall upon her father's floor
The delicate robe of cunning work and fine
Which she had broider'd and had wrought upon
With her own hands, and in the stead thereof
Made fast a corslet, and to mournful war
Arm'd her in arms of cloud-compelling Zeus.
Whence to the fiery car she moved, and shook
That beamy spear—enormous—wherewithal
Whole ranks of human heroes she lays low,
If wroth with any, in her Father's might.

Then Herè with quick ardour o'er the steeds
Leant with the lash ; heaven's gates with murmur oped
Spontaneous ; there the Hours are placed in ward,
Holding Olympus and broad Heav'n in charge
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.
That way and through those gates they prick'd their steeds.

But Zeus, from Ida seeing, wax'd most wroth,
And gave to gold-wing'd Iris this behest :

“ Βάσκ’ ἴθι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα, πάλιν τρέπε μῆδ’ ἔα ἄντην
 ἔρχεσθ’· οὐ γὰρ καλὰ συνοισόμεθα πτόλεμόνδε. 400
 ὦδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
 γυιώσω μὲν σφῶϊν ὑφ’ ἄρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
 αὐτὰς δ’ ἐκ δίφρου βαλέω κατὰ θ’ ἄρματα ἄξω·
 οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
 ἔλκε’ ἀπαλθήσῃσθον, ἃ κεν μάρπτῃσι κεραυνός·
 ὄφρ’ εἰδῇ γλαυκῶπις, ὅτ’ ἂν ᾧ πατρὶ μάχῃται.
 Ἦρῃ δ’ οὔτι τόσον νεμεσίζομαι οὐδὲ χολοῦμαι·
 αἰεὶ γάρ μοι ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κεν εἴπω.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ’, ὦρτο δὲ Ἴρις ἀελλήπος ἀγγελεύουσα,
 βῆ δὲ κατ’ Ἰδαίῳν ὁρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον· 410
 πρῶτῃσιν δὲ πύλῃσι πολυπτύχου Οὐλύμποιο
 ἀντομένη κατέρυκε, Διὸς δ’ σφ’ ἐννεπε μῦθον·

“ Πῇ μέματον ; τί σφῶϊν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μαίνεται ἦτορ ;
 οὐκ ἑάα Κρονίδης ἐπαμυνέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.
 ὦδε γὰρ ἠπέλιψε Κρόνου παῖς, ἥ τελέει περ·
 γυιώσειν μὲν σφῶϊν ὑφ’ ἄρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
 αὐτὰς δ’ ἐκ δίφρου βαλέειν κατὰ θ’ ἄρματα ἄξειν·
 οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
 ἔλκε’ ἀπαλθήσῃσθον, ἃ κεν μάρπτῃσι κεραυνός·
 [ὄφρ’ εἰδῆς, γλαυκῶπις, ὅτ’ ἂν σῶ πατρὶ μάχῃται. 420
 Ἦρῃ δ’ οὔτι τόσον νεμεσίζεται οὐδὲ χολοῦται·
 αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κεν εἴπη,
 ἀλλὰ σύ γ’, αἰνοτάτη, κύον ἀδδεῖς, εἰ ἐτεόν γε
 τολμήσεις Διὸς ἄντα πελώριον ἔγχος αἰεῖραι].”

Ἦ μὲν ἄρ’ ὧς εἰποῦς’ ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις,
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίην Ἦρῃ πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“ ὦ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτ’ ἔγωγε
 νῶϊ ἐὼ Διὸς ἄντα βροτῶν ἔνεκα πτολεμίζειν.
 τῶν ἄλλος μὲν ἀποφθίσθω, ἄλλος δὲ βιώτω,
 ὅς κε τύχῃ· κείνος δὲ τὰ ἂ φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ 430
 Τρωσὶ τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι δικαζέτω, ὥς ἐπιεικές.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπε μώνυχας ἵππους.

“ Quick, haste thee hence, and bid them, Iris, back ;
Suffer not that they meet me face to face ;
From such encounter honour could not be.
And let them hear, what else shall surely hap.
Under the wheels their coursers I will maim,
Dash down themselves, and shatter all their car ;
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds
Wherewith my thunderbolts shall scathe them sore.
So shall the Blue-eyed Maiden rue the day
Of battle with her Father. Such my wrath
Is not with Herè ; to her wont She moves,
And, whatso'er my pleasure, thwarts it still.”

He spoke ; and storm-foot Iris rose to bear
The message ; quick from Ida's peak she gain'd
Olympus, and within the opening gates
Of the deep-folded mountain 'thwart their path
Took stand, and stay'd them, speaking thus from Zeus :

“ Whither away ! what madness in your hearts ?
All help to Argos is forbid by Zeus ;
Who threats,—and, an need be, fulfils the threat,—
To maim your coursers' limbs, and dash you down
Both from your seat, and shatter all your car ;
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds
Wherewith his thunderbolts shall scathe you sore.
So thou, O Blue-eyed Maid, shalt rue the day
Of battle with thy Father. Such his wrath
Is not with Herè ; to her wont she moves
And, whatsoe'er his pleasure, thwarts it still.
Consider yet, dread Goddess : shameless aye
And fearless, wilt thou venture to uplift
Thy spear in monstrous battle with great Zeus ? ”

Thus Iris spoke, and vanish'd from their ken ;
But Herè to Athene turn'd and said ;

“ Child of the Ægis-bearer best-beloved !
I would not that for mortals' sake we stand
'Gainst Zeus in single battle : as may chance,
Let one man die, and let another live,
Whilst He, as in his heart He hath devised,
Awards to either side what seemeth good.”

She spoke, and turnèd round the hoovèd steeds ;

τησιν δ' ὦραι μὲν λῦσαν καλλίτριχας ἵππους·
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέδησαν ἐπ' ἀμβροσίησι κάπησιν,
ἄρματα δ' ἔκλιναν πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα·
αὐταὶ δὲ χρυσέοισιν ἐπὶ κλισβοῖσι καθίζον
μίγδ' ἄλλοισι θεοῖσι, φίλον τετιμῆναι ἦτορ.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδὼθεν εὐτροχον ἄρμα καὶ ἵππους
Οὐλυμπόνδε δίωκε, θεῶν δ' ἐξίκετο θώκους.
τῷ δὲ καὶ ἵππους μὲν λῦσε κλυτὸς ἐνυοσίγαιος,
ἄρματα δ' ἅμ βωμοῖσι τίθει, κατὰ λίτα πετάσσας·
αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύνοπα Ζεὺς
ἔζετο, τῷ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγας πελεμίζετ' Ὀλυμπος.
αἱ δ' οἶαι Διὸς ἀμφὶς Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη
ἦσθην, οὐδέ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὐδ' ἐρέοντο·
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φώνησέν τε·

440

“Τίφθ' οὕτω τετίησθον, Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη;
οὐ μὲν θην καμέτην γε μάχῃ ἐνὶ κυδιανείρῃ
ὀλλῦσαι Τρῶας, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἔθεσθε·
πάντως, οἷον ἐμόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρες ἄαπτοι,
οὐκ ἂν με τρέφειαν ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰς' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ.
σφῶϊν δὲ πρὶν περ τρόμος ἔλλαβε φαίδιμα γυνῖα,
πρὶν πόλεμόν τ' ἰδέειν πηλέμοιό τε μέρμερα ἔργα.
ὦδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δέ κεν τετελεσμένον ᾗην·
οὐκ ἂν ἐφ' ὑμετέρων ὀχέων, πληγέντε κεραυνῷ,
ἄλφ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἵκεσθον, ἵν' ἀθανάτων ἔδος ἐστίν.”

450

ὦς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη·
πλησίαι αἶγ' ἦσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.
ἦτοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων ᾗν οὐδέ τι εἶπεν,
σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρὶ, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἦρει·
Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα·

460

“Αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες;
εἶ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν·
ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητῶων,
οἳ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλονται.
[ἀλλ' ἦτοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ', εἰ σὺ κελεύεις·

The Hours unyoked, and dress'd their glossy sides,
And bound them to ambrosial mangers fast,
And leant against the glittering wall the car ;
The whilst the two to golden couches moved,
With hearts indignant, through their fellow Gods.

From Ida tow'rd Olympus Father Zeus
Had turn'd meantime his steeds and gliding car,
And drave, and gain'd the senate of the Gods.
Whose steeds the mighty Ocean-God unyoked,
Moved to his props the car, and veil'd it o'er.
But He himself, the Father, took his seat
High on a golden throne, and 'neath his foot
Olympus trembled. Nathless, all in wrath,
Herè and Athenaïè sate aloof
Nor welcomed Him, nor question'd ; wherefore He,
Well-knowing in his heart, address'd them thus :

“ Say, Herè, wherefore sullen sit ye two
Not with the battle o'er-fatigued, I trow,
Destroying whom with deadly hate ye hate.
No, by the might that in me lies, by this
All-conquering arm, not all Olympus join'd
Can bend me from my purpose ! So on you,
Ere ye had look'd upon the field of blood,
Came trembling, making quake your mailèd limbs.
But what had happen'd else, I rede ye clear ;
Smit by my thunder, ye had ne'er returned
Safe on your chariot to this heavenly hill.”

He spoke ; whom hearing groan'd in spirit wroth
Herè and Athenaïè, where they sate
Each by the other, brooding ill to Troy.
Athene answer'd nought, but silent still
Sate, not the less indignant with her Sire,
And fierce the passion shook her.—But not so
Herè ; who bridled not her rage, but spake :

“ Father most dread ! What falleth from thy lips ?
Ourselves we know, resistless is thy might.
Yet must we mourn the gallant Danaan men
Who perish for fulfilment of this doom.
Howbeit, as thou hast bidden us, we refrain ;

βουλὴν δ' Ἄργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἣτις ὀνήσει,
ὥς μὴ πάντες ὄλωνται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τεοῖο.]”

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς ·

“ ἦοὺς δὴ καὶ μάλλον ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα 470

ὄλφαι, αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,

ὀλλύντ' Ἄργείων πουλὺν στρατὸν αἰχμητῶν·

οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου ἀποπαύσεται ὄβριμος Ἔκτωρ,

πρὶν ὄρθαι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.

[ἦματι τῷ ὅτ' ἂν οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πρύμνησι μάχωνται,

στείνει ἐν αἰνοτάτῳ, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος.]

ὥς γὰρ θέσφατόν ἐστι· σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω

χωομένης, οὐδ' εἴ κε τὰ νεΐατα πεῖραθ' ἵκηαι

γαίης καὶ πόντοιο, ἔν' Ἰαπετός τε Κρόνος τε

ἦμενοι οὐτ' αὐγῆς Ὑπερίονος Ἥελιοιο 480

τέρποντ' οὐτ' ἀνέμοισι, βαθὺς δέ τε Τάρταρος ἀμφίς.

οὐδ' ἦν ἐνθ' ἀφίκηαι ἀλωμένη, οὐ σεῦ ἔγωγ' αἶ

σκυζομένης ἀλέγω, ἐπεὶ οὐ σέο κύντερον ἄλλο.”

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὔτι προσέφη λευκώλενος Ἥρη.

ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' Ὠκεανῷ λαμπρὸν φάος ἠελίοιο,

ἔλκον νύκτα μέλαιναν ἐπὶ ζεῖδωρον ἄρουραν.

Τρωσὶν μὲν ῥ' ἀέκουσιν ἔδν φάος, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς

ἀσπασίῃ τρίλλιστος ἐπήλυθε νύξ ἐρεβεννή.

Τρώων αὖτ' ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ,

νόσφι νεῶν ἀγαγὼν ποταμῷ ἔπι δινήμενι, 490

ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος.

ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα μῦθον ἄκουον,

τόν ῥ' Ἔκτωρ ἀγόρευε διίφιλος· ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ

ἔγχος ἔχ' ἐνδεκάπηχυν· πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρὸς

αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης,

τῷ ὄγ' ἐρεισάμενος ἔπεα Τρώεσσι μετήϊδα·

“ Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἢδ' ἐπίκουροι,

Only will we put wisdom in their hearts,
Lest all the nation perish by thy wrath."

To whom the Ruler of the clouds replied :
" Yet mayst thou on the morrow's morn behold,
My broad-brow'd Herè, if thou car'st to see,
Kroneion laying low with fiercer hand
These nations of Achaia. Nor shall cease
Hector triumphant, ere the fleetfoot Son
Of Peleus rise uproused amongst the ships,
On that dread day, when at the galleys' sterns
In direst strait above Patroclus' corpse
The hosts have met. This, this is heaven's decree ;
I reckon not of thine anger. Though thou range
The parts of earth and ocean uttermost,—
There where Iäpetus and Kronos lie,
Whom never Hyperion with warm beam
Visits, nor breeze, but round about their lair
The depths of gloomy Tartar—though thou roam
Thither for aid, I reckon not of thy wrath,
Than whom more unabash'd is naught create."
He ceased ; nor white-arm Herè durst reply.

Sank then in Ocean down the Sun's bright light,
Drawing night's curtain o'er the fruitful earth :
The Trojans sorrowing saw the day descend ;
But to the Achaians came the covering Night
Welcome, in answer to thrice-utter'd prayers.

Then helmèd Hector in an open space,
Where the ground show'd betwixt the corpses bare,
Above the whirling river, off the fleet
Short way removed, a council call'd of Troy.
And, each and all, they sprang from off their cars,
Hearkening the word, which Hector Zeus-beloved
Address'd them. In his hand a spear he held
Of length eleven ells ; and far the point
Before him gleam'd of brass, but, where it join'd
The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.
Leaning thereon, he spoke amidst their host :

" Harken to me, all Troy, and Troy's allies

νῦν ἐφάμην νῆας τ' ὀλέσας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 ἄλφ' ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡνεμόεσσαν·
 ἀλλὰ πρὶν κνέφας ἦλθε, τὸ νῦν ἐσάωσε μάλιστα
 Ἀργείους καὶ νῆας ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.
 500
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ
 δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχας ἵππους
 λύσαθ' ὑπὲξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δέ σφισι βάλλετ' ἐδωδῆν·
 ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξεσθε βόας καὶ ἱφία μῆλα
 καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρον' αἰνίζεσθε,
 σίτον τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγεσθε,
 ὥς κεν παννύχιοι μέσφ' ἡοῦς ἡριγενεῖης
 καίωμεν πυρὰ πολλὰ, σέλας δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν ἵκη,
 μὴ πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
 510
 φεύγειν ὁρμήσονται ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης.
 μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε νεῶν ἐπιβαῖεν ἔκηλοι,
 ἀλλ' ὥς τις τούτων γε βέλος καὶ οἴκοθι πέσσει,
 βλήμενος ἢ ἰῶ ἢ ἔγχρ' ὀξυόεντι
 νηὸς ἐπιθρώσκων, ἵνα τις στυγέησι καὶ ἄλλος
 Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολὺδακρυν Ἀρηα.
 κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ διίφιλοι ἀγγελλόντων
 παῖδας πρωθήβας πολιοῦκροτάφους τε γέροντας
 λέξασθαι περὶ ἄστυ θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ πύργων·
 520
 θηλύτεραι δὲ γυναικες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐκάστη
 πῦρ μέγα καίοντων· φυλακὴ δέ τις ἔμπεδος ἔστω,
 μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλιν λαῶν ἀπεόντων.
 ὦδ' ἔστω, Τρώες μεγαλήτορες, ὡς ἀγορεύω·
 μῦθος δ', ὃς μὲν νῦν ὑγιῆς, εἰρημένος ἔστω·
 τὸν δ' ἡοῦς Τρώεσσι μεθ' ἵπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω.
 εὖχομαι ἐλπόμενος Διὶ τ' ἄλλοισιν τε θεοῖσιν
 ἐξελάαν ἐνθένδε κύνας κηρεσσιφορήτους.
 [οὗς κῆρες φορέουσι μελαινώων ἐπὶ νηῶν.]
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι ἐπὶ νυκτὶ φυλάξομεν ἡμέας αὐτοὺς,
 530
 πρῶϊ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
 νηυσὶν ἐπι γλαφυρήσιν ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν Ἀρηα.
 εἴσομαι εἰ κέ μ' ὁ Τυδείδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης

I thought to have destroy'd this fleet and host,
Or e'er to windswept Ilion I return'd.
But darkness first hath fallen ; darkness saves
The Argeians and their galleys on the shore.
Perforce we list the bidding of black night
And now prepare repast. Our glossy steeds
Unyoke, and throw their fodder at their feet :
Then from the city with what speed ye may
Fat sheep and oxen bring, and savoury wine
And corn from out your garners : likewise get
Fagots together, that, the livelong night
Ev'n unto misty dawn, we may maintain
Our fires enkindled, and the blaze may mount ;
Lest haply by occasion of this night
They take them o'er the sea's broad shoulders home.
Ne'er be it said that unassail'd, unscathed,
They so departed : rather, when they feel
Hereafter at their own firesides the smart
Of the old wounds we scarr'd them ere they sail'd,
Others shall see and fear, and lay to heart
That warning of the mighty men of Troy.
Now let the sacred heralds haste to bid
Th' Elders of hoary head, and youths of age
Scarce budding, to keep guard on Ilion's towers ;
Whilst every tender woman through the town
Kindles a fire. And let their watch be sure,
Lest, whilst our host encamps without the walls,
Some ambush win an entry. As I have said,
So be it, my great-hearted, this one night.
What for this moment seemeth sound is said ;
What lies beyond it I will speak at dawn.
For then, with help from Zeus and Heav'n implored,
Far hence I trust to drive these damnèd hounds,
On their black galleys hither borne by Fate.
O'er our own selves this night we therefore guard ;
But at first daybreak, mailèd, all in arms,
Our battle-cry we raise against their ships,
And stablish it for ever, whether the Son
Of Tydeus be the stronger, and avails

παρ νηῶν πρὸς τείχος ἀπώσεται, ἢ κεν ἐγὼ τὸν
 χαλκῷ δηώσας ἔναρα βροτόεντα φέρωμαι.
 αὖριον ἦν ἀρετὴν διαείσεται, εἴ κ' ἐμὸν ἔγχος
 μέλινῃ ἐπερχόμενον· ἀλλ' ἐν πρώτοισιν, ὁίω,
 καίσεται οὐτήθεις, πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι,
 ἡελίου ἀνιόντος ἐς αὖριον. εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν ὥς
 εἶην ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως ἥματα πάντα,
 τιολίμην δ' ὥς τίετ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
 ὥς νῦν ἡμέρῃ ἦδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν."

540

Ὡς Ἐκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν.
 οἱ δ' ἵππους μὲν λῦσαν ὑπὸ ζυγοῦ ἰδρώοντας,
 δῆσαν δ' ἱμάντεσσι παρ' ἄρμασιν οἷσιν ἕκαστος·
 ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξαντο βόας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα
 καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζοντο
 σίτον τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγοντο.
 κνίσην δ' ἐκ πεδίου ἄνεμοι φέρουν οὐρανὸν εἶσω.

Οἱ δὲ μέγα φρονέοντες ἐπὶ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας
 εἶατο παννύχιοι, πυρὰ δὲ σφισι καίετο πολλά.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
 φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ·
 [ἐκ τ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρόονες ἄκροι
 καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥύγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,]
 πάντα δέ τ' εἶδεται ἄστρα, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμὴν·
 τόσσα μεσηγὺ νεῶν ἦδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων
 Τρώων καιόντων πυρὰ φκίνετο Ἰλιόθι πρῶ.
 χίλ' ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο, παρ δὲ ἐκάστω
 εἶατο πεντήκοντα σέλα πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
 ἵπποι δὲ κρὶ λευκὸν ἑρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας,
 ἐσταότες παρ' ὄχσεσφιν, εὐθρονον Ἡῶ μίμνον.

550

560

¹ The excellence of Mr. Tennyson's translation of this passage cannot but suggest comparisons unfavourable to any of his followers in the same metre. I have left my own as it was originally written, two years before

To drive me from the galleys back to Troy,
 Or whether I may lay him low, and bear
 My spoil and prey his blood-stain'd armour home.
 Yea, by the morrow shall be tried the stuff
 Of his great name, if he abides my charge.
 Myself I deem that 'mongst the first shall he
 Fall stricken, and around him many more,
 By sunrise on the morrow. Oh, I would
 An immortality of youth were mine,
 Mine were Apollo's and Athene's bliss,
 As surely as to Argos day brings woe !''

He spoke ; to whom the Trojans gave acclaim,
 And loosed their sweating horses from their yokes,
 And each beside his chariot bound his own ;
 Then from the city, with what speed they might,
 Brought sheep and oxen, and sweet-savour'd wine
 And corn from out their garner's ; likewise, gat
 Fagots together ; and from off the plain
 The wind roll'd up a fragrant steam to heaven.

So, lifted high with hope, the whole night through
 They camp'd outside upon the lines of war ;
 And many a blazing campfire flamed thereon.
 As, when in heav'n, about the fair clear moon,
 The stars rise bright, deep in a windless sky,
 And every peak and promontory and grove
 Stands forth, whilst to their highest the heavens break up,
 A boundless empyréan ; every star
 Shows, and the shepherd sees with gladden'd heart ;
 Such and so thick in front of Ilion's towers
 Midway betwixt the fleet and Xanthus' streams
 The watchfires, kindled by the host of Troy.
 A thousand blazed upon the plain ; by each
 Within the ruddy glow sate fifty men ;
 While by their chariots stood their steeds, and champ'd
 Spelt and white barley, waiting for the Dawn¹
 Of Morning on her fair ethereal throne.

the publication of *Enoch Arden*, with the exception of the 554th line, in which I have been unable to resist the temptation of borrowing one expression from the very perfect specimen contained in that volume.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ι΄.



Πρεσβεία πρὸς Ἀχιλλέα. Λιταί.

Ὅς οἱ μὲν Τρῶες φυλακὰς ἔχον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
θεσπεσίη ἔχε φύζα, φόβου κρυόεντος ἑταίρη,
πένθει δ' ἀτλήτῳ βεβολήατο πάντες ἄριστοι.
ὥς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πόντον ὀρίετον ἰχθυόεντα,
Βορρῆς καὶ Ζέφυρος, τῷτε Θρήκηθεν ἄητον,
ἔλθόντ' ἑξαπίνης· ἄμυδις δέ τε κύμα κελαινὸν
κορθύεται, πολλὸν δὲ παρὲξ ἄλα φύκος ἔχευαν·
ὥς ἑδαίζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄχεϊ μεγάλῳ βεβολημένος ἦτορ
φοῖτα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κελεύων
κλήδην εἰς ἀγορὴν κικλήσκειν ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,
μηδὲ βοᾶν· αὐτὸς δὲ μετὰ πρώτοισι πονεῖτο.
ἶζον δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ τετιηότες· ἂν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἵστατο δακρυχέων ὥστε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἦτε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δυοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ·
ὥς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετηνύδα·

10

“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,
Ζεὺς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτη ἐνέδησε βαρεῖν
σχέτλιος, ὃς τότε μὲν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καὶ με κελεύει
δυσκλέα Ἄργος ἰκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὤλεσα λαόν.
οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενεί φίλον εἶναι,

20

I L I A D I X.



•
THUS Troy maintain'd her guard ; but dread D smay
Handmaid of Panic-flight, possess'd her foes :
Whose noblest all were smitten with a grief
Insufferable. As when Boreas blows
With Zephyr, and the two together fall
Sudden from Thrace upon the fish-fill'd deep,
Black to a crest the billow swells perturb'd,
And shoreward in the gust the salt-weed flies :
Thus to their hearts were cleft Achaia's sons.

•
But Atreus' Son, their King, though stricken deep
With this great sorrow, moved amongst the host
Bidding the clear-toned heralds call by name
Each chieftain to a council, nor raise loud
Their voices ; and himself took part, and went
Calling the foremost, nearest to the foe.
And soon all, sad alike, in council sate ;
To whom rose Agamemnon first, and dropp'd
Hot tears, like some black-bubbling fount, that drops
Its waters in dark vein adown a cliff ;
So weeping, with deep sigh he thus began :
“ Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host !
Ye see in what thick net of evil doom
Great Kronos' son hath bound me—false and cruel !
Who by his nod affirm'd his word of old
That Troy's proud towers should fall, ere I return'd ;
Yet in his purpose held this evil fraud,
Bidding me now to Argos take me back,
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here !
Ev'n such, I fear me, hath become the will

ὅς δὴ πολλάων πολλίων κατέλυσε κάρηνα
 ἥδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἔστί μέγιστον.
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες·
 φεύγωμεν σὺν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἔς πατρίδα γαίαν·
 εὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἰρήσομεν εὐρυάγυιαν."

ὧς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
 δὴν δ' ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
 ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

30

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σοὶ πρῶτα μαχήσομαι ἀφραδέοντι,
 ἦ θέμις ἐστίν, ἄναξ, ἀγορῇ· σὺ δὲ μή τι χολωθῆς.
 ἀλκὴν μὲν μοι πρῶτον ὀνειδίσας ἐν Δαναοῖσιν,
 φὰς ἔμεν ἀπτόλεμον καὶ ἀνάλκιδα· ταῦτα δὲ πάντα
 ἴσας· Ἀργείων ἡμὲν νέοι ἡδὲ γέροντες.
 σοὶ δὲ διάνδιχα δῶκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω·
 σκήπτρῳ μὲν τοι δῶκε τετιμῆσθαι περὶ πάντων,
 ἀλκὴν δ' οὗτοι δῶκεν, ὃ τε κράτος ἔστί μέγιστον.
 δαιμόνι', οὕτω που μάλα ἔλπειαι υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
 ἀπτολέμους τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ἀνάλκιδας ὡς ἀγορεύεις·
 εἰ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὥστε νέεσθαι,
 ἔρχεο· πάρ τοι ὁδὸς, νῆες δέ τοι ἄγχι θαλάσσης
 [ἐστᾶσ', αἵ τοι ἔποντο Μυκήνηθεν μάλα πολλαί].
 ἀλλ' ἄλλοι μενέουσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
 εἰσόκε περ Τροίην διαπέρσομεν. εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ,
 φευγόντων σὺν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἔς πατρίδα γαίαν·
 νῶϊ δ', ἐγὼ Σθένελός τε, μαχησόμεθ', εἰσόκε τέκμωρ
 Ἴλίου εὐρώμεν· σὺν γὰρ θεῷ εἰλήλουθμεν."

40

ὧς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαχον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο.
 τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετεφώνεεν ἱππότης Νέστωρ·

50

“Τυδεΐδῃ, πέρι μὲν πολέμῳ ἐνὶ καρτερὸς ἐσσι,
 καὶ βουλῇ μετὰ πάντας ὁμήλικας ἔπλευ ἄριστος·
 οὔτις τοι τὸν μῦθον ὀνόσσειται, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοὶ,

Of Kronos' Son supreme, who oft hath laid,
And oft shall lay hereafter, low the heads
Of mightiest cities : mightier He than all.
Then hear me, and obey as I give word.
Let us away to our dear fatherland ;
Flee ; for broad-streeted Troy will ne'er be ours."

He spoke ; dumb-stricken by whose words they sate,
And long in silence ponder'd, sad and still ;
Till thus at last made Diomed reply :

" Atrides, by the charter of free speech
In open council, as is just, O King,
I first will rise (nor be thou wroth thereat)
To oppose thee in thy folly. Thou of late
Gav'st me reproach before the Danaan host,
Styling me skulk and coward : Argives all,
Young men and old men, know how this may stand.
But thee hath crook-wiled Kronos' Son endow'd
With gifts of diverse nature from thy birth.
Thine is the sceptre of the throne supreme,
Not thine the valourous heart—the soul of power.
Oh, couldst thou deem, sweet Lord, Achaia's sons
Such skulks and cowards (it is thine own fair word)
As to accept this counsel ? Flee thyself,
If thy heart prompts thee ; yonder lies the way
Open, nor far from sea the many ships
That follow'd from Mycenæ in thy train :
All else, yea whosoever unshorn locks
Bespeak a brave Achaian, still will stay
Till Troy hath been despoil'd : or, if these list,
Sail likewise they to their dear fatherland :
Sthenelus and myself will yet remain
Alone to battle, till we find the fall
Of Ilion's towers ; with favouring Gods we came ! "

He spoke ; to whom th' Achaians gave applause,
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed ;
Till aged Nestor next arose, and spake :

" In war, Tydides, thou excell'st thy peers
By strength of arm ; nor less of all our youth
Thou show'st in council wisest ; none will blame
Thy rede, nor speak against it through the host.

οὐδὲ πάλιν ἐρέει· ἀτὰρ οὐ τέλος ἵκεο μύθων.
 ἦ μὴν καὶ νέος ἐσσί, ἐμὸς δέ κε καὶ πᾶις εἴης
 ὀπλότατος γενηήφιν· ἀτὰρ πεπνυμένα βάζεις
 [Ἀργείων βασιλῆας, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες].
 ἄλλ' ἄγ' ἐγὼν, ὃς σεῖο γεραίτερος εὐχομαι εἶναι, 60
 ἐξείπω καὶ πάντα διίξομαι· οὐδέ κέ τίς μοι
 μῦθον ἀτιμήσει, οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
 ἀφρήτωρ ἀθέμιστος ἀνέστιός ἐστιν ἐκείνος
 ὃς πολέμου ἔραται ἐπιδημίου ὀκρύνεντος.
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ
 δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα· φυλακτῆρες δὲ ἕκαστοι
 λεξάσθων παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτός.
 κούροισιν μὲν ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλομαι· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα,
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὺ μὲν ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ βασιλεύτατός ἐσσι.
 δαίνυ δαῖτα γέρουσιν· ἔοικέ τοι, οὔτοι ἀεικές. 70
 πλεῖαί τοι οἴνου κλισίαι, τὸν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 ἡμάτιαι Θρήκηθεν ἐπ' εὐρέα πόντον ἄγουσιν·
 πᾶσά τοί ἐσθ' ὑποδεξίῃ, πολέεσσι δ' ἀνῶσσεις.
 πολλῶν δ' ἀγρομένων τῷ πείσεαι ὅς κεν ἀρίστην
 βουλὴν βουλευέσῃ· μάλα δὲ χρεὼ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 ἐσθλῆς καὶ πυκινῆς, ὅτι δῆϊοι ἐγγύθι νηῶν
 καίουσιν πυρὰ πολλά· τίς ἂν τάδε γηθήσειεν;
 νύξ δ' ἦδ' ἡε διαῤῥαίσει στρατὸν ἡε σαώσει.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύουν, ἦδ' ἐπίθοντο.
 ἐκ δὲ φυλακτῆρες σὺν τεύχεσιν ἐσσεύοντο 80
 ἀμφὶ τε Νεστορίδην Θρασυμήδεα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ἦδ' ἀμφ' Ἀσκάλαφον καὶ Ἰάλμενον, υἱὰς Ἀρῆος,
 ἀμφὶ τε Μηριόνην Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηίπυρόν τε,
 ἦδ' ἀμφὶ Κρείοντος υἱὸν, Λυκομήδεα δῖον.
 ἔπτ' ἔσαν ἡγεμόνες φυλάκων, ἑκατὸν δὲ ἐκάστω
 κοῦροι ἅμα στείχουν, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες·

Yet hast thou left the issue still unsaid.
Young art thou ; yea, to me thou might'st be son,
My youngest-born ; and yet thy words are sage
And welcome in this gathering of the Kings. ·
Still, since in years I well may boast me more,
Let me to thy good counsel add the end ;
Which not Atrides ev'n, nor any here,
Will hold in poor esteem when I have said.
Kithless and homeless, veriest outcast, he
Who amongst kindred would maintain a strife
Unnatural :—but turn we to our task ;
The bidding of dark night we hear perforce
And get repasts prepared ; but let the guards
Be station'd first in line beyond the wall
Along the deep-dug trench ; be this consign'd
Unto the younger sort ; but thou, meantime
(For thou art King and of most royal race),
Lead us, O Agamemnon, to thy tent,
And serve a banquet to the Elders there ;
As fits thy station—no unseemly claim ;
For in thy tents the wine, which day by day
Achaia's galleys o'er the broad-spread sea
Bring thee from Thrace ; and all appurtenance
Is also thine, and numerous is thy rule.
Then, of the many gather'd there, approve
His counsel who speaks wisest : sore the need
Of counsel sage and prudent for the host ;
The watch-fires of the enemy blaze secure
Near to the fleet ; who but must mourn thereat ?
This night will save us, or destroy us quite."

He spoke ; they gladly listen'd and obey'd.
Soon to their sentries all in arms the guards
Gather'd about the captains of the watch
About prince Thrasymedes, Nestor's son,
Deïpyrus, and bold Meriones,
And Ares' two strong children, Ialmenus
And brave Ascalaphus, and Aphareus,
And Lycomedes, Kreon's noble son ;
These seven were the captains ; but with each
A hundred youths, long lances in their hands,

καδ δὲ μέσον τάφρου καὶ τείχεος ἵζον ἰόντες·
 ἔνθα δὲ πῦρ κήαντο, τίθεντο δὲ δόρππα ἕκαστος.

Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ γέροντας ἀολλέας ἦγεν Ἀχαιῶν
 • ἐς κλισίην, παρὰ δέ σφι τίθει μενοεικέα δαῖτα. 90
 οἱ δ' ἐπ' οὐεῖαθ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱάλλον.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
 τοῖς ὁ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαίνειν ἤρχετο μῆτιν,
 Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή·
 ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
 ἐν σοὶ μὲν λήξω, σέο δ' ἄρξομαι, οὐνεκα πολλῶν
 λαῶν ἐσσι ἀναξ, καὶ τοι Ζεὺς ἐγγυάλιξεν
 σκῆπτρόν τ' ἡδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βουλεύησθα.
 τῷ σε χρή πέρι μὲν φάσθαι ἔπος ἡδ' ἐπακοῦσαι, 100
 κρηῆναι δὲ καὶ ἄλλω, ὅτ' ἂν τινα θυμὸς ἀνώγῃ
 εἰπεῖν εἰς ἀγαθόν· σέο δ' ἔξεταί ὅττι κεν ἄρχῃ.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
 οὐ γάρ τις νόον ἄλλος ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοήσει,
 οἶον ἐγὼ νοέω, ἡμὲν πάλαι ἡδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 ἔξετι τοῦ ὅτε, διογενὲς Βρισηίδα κούρην
 χωομένου Ἀχιλλῆος ἔβης κλισίῃθιν ἀπούρας
 οὔτι καθ' ἡμέτερόν γε νόον. μάλα γάρ τοι ἐγωγε
 πόλλ' ἀπεμυθεόμην· σὺ δὲ σὺ μεγαλήτορι θυμῷ
 εἵξας ἄνδρα φέριστον, ὃν ἀθάνατοί περ ἔτισαν, 110
 ἠτίμησας· ἐλὼν γὰρ ἔχεις γέρας. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 φραζώμεσθ' ὥς κέν μιν ἀρεσσάμενοι πεπύθωμεν
 δώροισιν τ' ἀγανοῖσιν ἔπεσσί τε μειλιχίοισιν.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 “ὦ γέρον, οὔτι ψεῦδος ἐμὰς ἄτας κατέλεξας.
 ἀασάμην, οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι. ἀντί νυ πολλῶν

Went forth, and sate them down betwixt the trench
And rampart, lit their fires, and made repast.

The King then led the Elders to his tent
And set repast before them, sweet to taste ;
And on his dainty fare they laid their hands.

But when desire had pass'd of food and drink,
Nestor, whose rede of late had sagest shown,
Rose first again to weave a new device,
Address'd them words discreet, and spake, and said :

“ Most sovran Agamemnon ! For with thee
My speech begins, O King, with thee will end :
O'er many nations thou hast rule, and high
The sceptre and the judgment-seat consign'd
By Zeus to thee, to counsel for their good :
Therefore on thee this duty lies supreme,
Whether to speak thyself, or lend thine ear
And give effect to whatsoe'er of good
Another's heart may prompt him to advise :
So shall whate'er prevaieth hang from thee.
Hear, therefore, what I urge my counsel now :
Nor better judgment could, I deem, be form'd
Than that which from the first I held, and hold,
Ev'n from the hour when, with a forceful hand,
Thou bar'st the maid Briseis from the tent
Of Peleus' Son, and leftest him in wrath—
Not by our counsel ; I forbade the act
With much dissuasion—nathless, under sway
Of thine own haughty temper, thou durst do
To him dishonour, whom the Immortal Gods
Delight to honour most, the first of men,
Seizing his guerdon which thou still retain'st.
Now therefore let us, ev'n though late, consult
How best we may content and win him back
With grateful gifts and words atoning sweet.”

And sovran Agamemnon made reply :
“ Not false the count, my father, thou hast made
Of these my fell transgressions ; I have err'd
Greatly, nor I myself deny my sin.

λαῶν ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ὃν τε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλῆσῃ·
 ὥς νῦν τοῦτον ἔτισε, δάμασσε δὲ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀσάμην φρεσὶ λευγαλέησι πιθήσας,
 ἄλφ' ἐθέλω ἀρέσαι δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα. 120
 ὕμῖν δ' ἐν πάντεσσι περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνομήνω,
 ἔπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
 αἰθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους
 πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
 οὐ κεν ἀλγῆος εἴη ἀνὴρ ὃς τόσσα γένοιτο,
 οὐδέ κεν ἀκτῆμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,
 ὅσσα μοι ἠνείκαντο ἀέθλια μώνυχες ἵπποι.
 δώσω δ' ἐπτὰ γυναῖκας, ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας,
 Λεσβίδας, ἅς, ὅτε Λέσβον εὐκτιμένην ἔλεν αὐτὸς,
 ἐξελόμην, αἱ κάλλει ἐνίκων φύλα γυναικῶν. 130
 τὰς μὲν οἱ δώσω, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἦν τότ' ἀπηύρων,
 κούρη Βρισηὶος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὁμοῦμαι
 μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἢ δὲ μιγῆναι,
 ἢ θέμις ἀνθρώπων πέλει, ἀνδρῶν ἢ δὲ γυναικῶν.
 ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντ' ἀπαρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὖτε
 ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἀλαπάξαι,
 νῆα ἄλῃς χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νησάσθω
 εἰσελθὼν, ὅτε κεν दाτεώμεθα ληϊδ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
 Τρωϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐείκοσιν αὐτὸς ἐλίσθω,
 αἷ κε μετ' Ἀργεῖνν' Ἑλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν. 140
 εἰ δέ κεν Ἀργος ἰκοίμεθ' Ἀχαιῆκόν, οὐθαρ ἀρούρης,
 γαμβρός κέν μοι ἔοι· τίσω δέ μιν ἴσον Ὀρίστη,
 ὅς μοι τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ.
 τρεῖς δέ μοι εἰσι θυγάτρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπῆκτω,
 Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα·
 τῶν ἦν κ' ἐθέλῃσι φίλῃν ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω

The man in whom the heart of Zeus delights
Is as the host of nations in the war,
And Zeus hath honoured him, and humbled us.
But since the sin was mine, and done by me
In bitterness of heart, I fain consent
With priceless ransom to redeem it now.
Yea, let me name at full before you all
The proffer of the far-famed gifts I make :
Seven tripods yet unsullied by the fire ;
Ten golden talents ; twenty glowing caldrons ;
Twelve horses, strong of shape and fleet of foot,
Train'd to the race, and winners on the course ;
Not gleeless, not unpurs'd with precious gold,
Who own'd but what these steeds have won to me ;
Seven women of Lesbos also I will send,
All skilled in perfect needle-craft, and chos'n
As fairest of the kind of women there,
When well-built Lesbos fell before his arm :
These will I give ; and, after these, the maid,
His own, ev'ñ Briseus' Daughter, whom I seized ;
With oath, by aught most sacred, that with her
I ever have abstain'd, nor sought her bed
As man with woman lawfully may lie.
Let these be his forthwith ; but if, hereafter,
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,
Then let him freight his bark to his heart's content
With brass and gold ; and let him enter first,
Whene'er amongst us we divide the spoil.
Let twenty Trojan damsels then be his,
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.
And, further, when to Argos we return,
Earth's milkiest udder, and our native land,
Unto my daughter let him there be wed ;
And I will honour him as he were mine own
Dear child Orestes, born to high estate,
And nurtured in the lap of luxury.
Three are the daughters in my halls unwed,
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis
And Iphianassa ; let him of the three
Take whom he chooseth to his father's house ;

πρὸς οἶκον Πηληϊός· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ μέλεια δώσω
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὔπω τις ἐγὼ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρὶ.
 ἐπτα δέ οἱ δώσω εὐναιόμενα πτολίεθρα,
 Καρδαμύλην Ἐνὸππην τε καὶ Ἴρην ποιήεσσαν, 150
 Φηράς τε Ζαθέας ἥδ' Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον,
 καλήν τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.
 πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγυς ἁλὸς, νέεται Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος·
 ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολὺρῥηνες πολυβοῦται,
 οἳ κέ ἐ δωπίνῃσι θεὸν ὥς τιμήσουσιν
 καὶ οἳ ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.
 ταῦτά κέ οἱ τελέσαιμι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 δμηθήτω—Ἀΐδης τοι ἀμείλιχος ἥδ' ἀδάμαστος·
 τοῦνεκα καὶ τε βροτοῖσι θεῶν ἔχθιστος ἀπάντων—
 καὶ μοι ὑποστήτω, ὅσσον βασιλεύτερός εἰμι 160
 ἥδ' ὅσσον γενηῇ προγενέστερος εὐχομαι εἶναι.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·
 “Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 δῶρα μὲν οὐκέτ' ὀνοστὰ διδοῖς Ἀχιλλῇ ἄνακτι·
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, κλητοὺς ὀτρύνομεν, οἳ κε ταχιστα
 ἔλθωσ' ἐς κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος.
 εἰ δ' ἄγε, τοὺς ἂν ἐγὼν ἐπιόψομαι, οἳ δὲ πιθέσθων.
 Φοῖνιξ μὲν πρῶτιστα διίφιλος ἡγησάσθω,
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Αἴας τε μέγας καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
 κηρύκων δ' Ὀδῖος τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτης ἅμ' ἐπέσθων. 170
 φέρτε δὲ χερσὶν ὕδωρ, εὐφημήσαί τε κέλεσθε,
 ὄφρα Διὶ Κρονίδῃ ἀρησόμεθ', αἶ κ' ἐλεήσῃ.”

Ὡς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ἐαδόμενα μῦθον ἔειπεν.
 αὐτίκα κήρυκες μὲν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχευαν,
 κοῦροι δὲ κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο,
 νώμηναν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σπεῖσάν τ' ἐπιὸν θ' ὅσον ἤθελε θυμὸς,
 ὠρῶντ' ἐκ κλισίης Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.

Nor dower the bride ; be it rather mine to add
A dowry such as never father gave.
Seven peopled cities will I then bestow,
Great Pheræ, and Aipeia's fruitful realm,
Grass-meadow'd Hirè, and Cardamylè,
The low-lying pastures of Antheia deep,
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pedasus ;
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts ;
And all with men of many flocks and herds,
To grace him with their offerings like a God,
Rich toll and tribute to his sceptred sway.
All this will I perform, if he atone.
Let him yield therefore, and be turn'd from wrath ;
Hades alone is unpropitiable,
Alone unyielding, and, for this same cause,
Is loathed by mortals most of all the Gods.
He well may yield to me, who am of race
More royal, and may boast me more in years."

To whom then Nestor rose again, and said :
" Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran ! Gifts that none may lightly pass
Thou tenderest to this chieftain, Pèleus' Son.
Quick therefore let us send chos'n envoys forth
To gain his tent with what best speed they may.
These let me name, and let them straight comply.
Phœnix, the Zeus-belovèd, be their guide ;
And then be chosen Laertes' noble Son,
And giant Ajax ; of the herald-train
Let Odius and Eurybates attend.
And take ye water in your hands, and bid
All hush in sacred silence, whilst we call
On father Zeus to show his mercy to us."

He spoke ; whose word pleased all : and heralds soon
Pour'd water on their hands, whilst striplings crown'd
The bowls with wine, which thence the heralds gave
In cups to all by order of their rank.
When pour'd their offerings and their thirst allay'd,
Forth from the tent of Atreus' Son they went,
And agèd Nestor with them, glancing keen

τοῖσι δὲ πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
 δεινδύλλων ἐς ἕκαστον, Ὀδυσσῆϊ δὲ μάλιστα, 180
 περὶ αὖν ὡς πεπιθοῖεν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.

Τὼ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
 πολλὰ μάλ' εὐχομένω γαιήοχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ
 ῥηιδίως πεπιθεῖν μεγάλας φρένας Αἰακίδαο.
 Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην,
 τὸν δ' εὖρον φρένα τερπόμενοκ φόρμιγγι λιγυίῃ.
 καλῇ δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεον ζυγὸν ἦεν·
 τὴν ἄρετ' ἐξ ἐνάρων, πόλιν Ἡετίωνος ὀλέσσας·
 τῇ ὅγε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, αἶδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.
 Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ οἶος ἐναντίος ἦστο σιωπῇ, 190
 δέγμενος Αἰακίδην, ὁπότε λήξειεν αἰείδων.
 τὼ δὲ βάτην προτέρω, ἠγείτο δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
 στὰν δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο· ταφῶν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
 αὐτῇ σὺν φόρμιγγι, λιπὼν ἔδος ἔνθα θάασσεν.
 ὥς δ' αὖτως Πάτροκλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδε φῶτας, ἀνέστη.
 τὼ καὶ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

“Χαίρετον· ἦ φίλοι ἄνδρες ἰκάνετον· ἦ τι μάλα χρεῶ,
 οἱ μοι σκυζομένῳ περ Ἀχαιῶν φίλτατοὶ ἔστων.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας προτέρω ἄγε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
 εἶσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν· 200
 αἶψα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἔοντα·

“Μεῖζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενoitίου νιῆ, καθίστα·
 ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιε, δέπας δ' ἐντυνον ἐκάστω·
 οἱ γὰρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάθρῳ.”

Ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθειθ' ἑταίρῳ.
 αὐτὰρ ὅγε κρεῖον μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν παρὸς αὐγῇ,
 ἐν δ' ἄρα νῶτον ἔθηκ' ὄϊος καὶ πίουος αἰγὸς,
 ἐν δὲ συὸς σιάλοιο ῥάχιν τεθαλυῖαν ἀλοιφήν.

Into their faces, and advising still,
But most to sage Odysseus, how they best
Might seek to turn the heart of Peleus' Son.

On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore
The two then moved, and many a vow they made
To Him who shaketh and enclaspeth Earth,
That he might render open to their prayer
The mighty spirit of Æacides.
They gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet ;
And found him, soothing with a high-toned lute
His spirit—with that lute of lovely work,
Enamell'd, with a silver bridge full-string'd,
Which then when he destroy'd Eetion's towers
He took from out the spoil ;—with this he sate,
Singing, and lays of heroes were his song.
With him, alone and silent, face to face,
Waiting until his lord should cease from song,
Patroclus sate ; till of the band the two
(Divine Odysseus leading) came in front
And stood before him ; to his feet amazed
And harp in hand Achilles sprang, and left
The seat whereon he sate : so too uprose
Patroclus, when he turn'd and saw them there :
Whom thus in welcome warm the chief address'd :

“Most welcome, ye my friends ; some heavy need
Hath brought you hither ; and, whate'er my wrath
Tow'rd others, you I hold my dearest still.”

Speaking, the heavenly hero led them in
First of their train, and placed them on their seats
Cushion'd with purple rugs ; then quickly turn'd
And thus address'd Patroclus at his side :

“Set forth a larger bowl, Menœtius' Son,
And mix a sparkling wine, and place their cups
To these my dearest friends beneath my roof.”

He spoke ; Patroclus to his loved Lord's word
Placed a huge fleshpot in the firelight clear,
Wherein the saddles of a sheep and goat
And well-fed boar's fat glistening chine he threw :
Automedon then held it to his Lord

τῷ δ' ἔχεν Ἀντομέδων, τάμνεν δ' ἄρα διός Ἀχιλλεύς.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ μίστυλλε καὶ ἄμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειρεν, 210
 πῦρ δὲ Μενoitιάδης δαῖεν μέγα, ἰσόθεος φῶς.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάη καὶ φλόξ ἐμαράνθη,
 ἀνθρακιὴν στορέσας ὀβελούς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσσεν,
 πάσσε δ' ἄλδος θείοιο, κρατευτάων ἐπαείρας.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὥπτησε καὶ εἰν ἔλεοῖσιν ἔχευεν,
 Πάτροκλος μὲν σῖτον ἔλων ἐπένειμε τραπέξῃ
 καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν, αὐτὰρ κρέα νείμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἀντίον ἔζεν Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο
 τοίχου τοῦ ἐτέροιο, θεοῖσι δὲ θῦσαι ἀνώγει
 Πάτροκλον, ὃν ἑταῖρον· ὁ δ' ἐν πυρὶ βάλλε θυηλάς 220
 οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
 νεῦσ' Αἴας Φοῖνικι. νόησε δὲ διός Ὀδυσσεύς,
 πλησάμενος δ' οὔνοιο δέπας δειδέκετ' Ἀχιλλῆα·

“Χαῖρ', Ἀχιλλεῦ· δαιτὸς μὲν εἵσης οὐκ ἐπιδευεῖς,
 ἡμὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο
 ἡδὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε νῦν· πάρα γὰρ μενοεικέα πολλὰ
 δαίνυσθ'· ἀλλ' οὐ δαιτὸς ἐπηράτου ἔργα μέμηλεν,
 ἀλλὰ λίην μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφές, εἰσορόωντες
 δεδιμμεν· ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σαωσέμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι 230
 νῆας εὖσσέλμους, εἰ μὴ σύγε δύσαις ἀλκήν.
 ἐγγυὺς γὰρ νηῶν καὶ τείχεος αὐλιν ἔθεντο
 Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι,
 κηάμενοι πυρὰ πολλὰ κατὰ στρατὸν, οὐδ' ἔτι φασὶν
 σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι.
 Ζεὺς δέ σφι Κρονίδης ἐνδέξια σήματα φαίνων
 ἀστράπτει· “Εκτωρ δὲ μέγα σθένει βλεμεαίνων
 μαίνεται ἐκπάγλως, πῖσυνος Διὶ, οὐδέ τι τίει
 ἀνερας οὐδὲ θεούς· κρατερὴ δὲ ἐλύσσα δέδυκεν.

Achilles, who himself sliced up the meat.
He sliced it fine and pierced it on the spits,
The while the godlike prince Menœtius' Son
Made burn the fire, until the flames fell down
And the blaze faded ; then he levell'd flat
The embers, and above them stretch'd the spits,
Raising them on their racks, and sprinkling salt.
When all was roasted and on platters placed,
Patroclus took and set upon the board
The bread in woven baskets ; but the meats
With his own hand Achilles parted out ;
Who, by the inner wall then taking seat
Facing divine Odysseus, bade his friend
Patroclus make the offerings to the Gods :
Patroclus cast the offerings on the fire ;
And on the dainty fare they laid their hands.

When all desire had pass'd of food and drink,
First Ajax beck'd to Phoenix ; but the sign
Was caught by brave Odysseus, who brimm'd high
His cup with wine, and pledged their host, and spake :

“ This cup to thee, Achilles ! - Nor, in sooth,
Now here, nor in the tent of Atreus' Son,
Is worthy banquet wanting ; much is spread
That well might tempt the taste. But oh, not now
Are pleasant feastings in our thoughts at all :
Too great the fear upon us, looking forth,
O Zeus-born, and beholding our distress ;
Unless thou gird thee in thy matchless might,
We know not if we save or lose the ships.
For hard on ships and rampart now encamp'd
Lie the haught Trojans and their famed allies ;
They light their fires by hundreds on the plain,
And vaunt that none may stay them, ere they fall
Full on our well-bench'd galleys ; Zeus himself
Shoots down his lightnings favouring them from heaven ;
And Hector like some madman in his strength
Rages insensate, trusting all to Zeus,
Of God or man regardless, fiendlike, fill'd

ἀράται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι Ἡὼ διαν· 240
 στεύεται γὰρ νηὼν ἀποκόψειν ἄκρα κόρυμβα
 αὐτάς τ' ἐμπρήσειν μαλεροῦ πυρὸς, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
 δηώσειν παρὰ τῆσιν, ὀρινομεῖνους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ.
 ταῦτ' αἰνῶς δειδοίκα κατὰ φρένα, μή οἱ ἀπειλὰς
 ἐκτελέσωσι θεοὶ, ἡμῖν δὲ δὴ αἷσιμον εἶη
 φθίσθαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐκὰς Ἄργεος ἵπποβότοιο.
 ἀλλ' ἄνα, εἰ μέμονάς γε καὶ ὄψέ περ υἱας Ἀχαιῶν
 τειρομένους ἐρύεσθαι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ.
 αὐτῷ σοὶ μετόπισθ' ἄχος ἔσσεται, οὐδέ τι μῆχος 250
 ῥεχθέντος κακοῦ ἔστ' ἄκος εὐρεῖν· ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
 φράζου ὅπως Δαναοῖσιν ἀλεξήσεις κακὸν ἡμαρ.
 ὦ πέπον, ἡ μὲν σοίγε πατὴρ ἐπετέλλετο Πηλεὺς
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·
 'τέκνον ἐμὸν, κάρτος μὲν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρῃ
 δώσουσ', αἶ κ' ἐθέλωσι, σὺ δὲ μεγαλήτορα θυμὸν
 ἴσχειν ἐν στήθεσσι· φιλοφροσύνη γὰρ ἀμείνων·
 ληγέμεναι δ' ἔριδος κᾶκομηχάνου, ὄφρα σε μᾶλλον
 τίωσ' Ἀργείων ἡμὲν νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες·
 ὥς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθαι. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν 260
 παύε', ἕα δὲ χόλον θυμαλγέα· σοὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἄξια δῶρα δίδωσι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 εἰ δὲ, σὺ μὲν μὲν ἄκουσον, ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι καταλέξω
 ὅσσα τοι ἐν κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῶρ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
 ἔπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
 αἴθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους
 πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
 οὐ κεν ἀλήϊος εἶη ἀνὴρ ὃ τόσσα γένοιτο,
 οὐδέ κεν ἀκτῆμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,
 ὅσος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἵπποι ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
 δώσει δ' ἔπτα γυναῖκας, ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας, 270
 Λεσβίδας, αἷς, ὅτε Λέσβοι ἐϋκτιμένην ἔλες αὐτὸς,

With a fell frenzy ; that on Dawn he cries
To haste her rising, since his heart is set
• To lop sheer off our high-built sterns, and wrap
In fiery flames the galleys, and destroy
Amongst them in the smoke the crews distraught.
And verily in my inmost heart I dread
The Gods will bring these threatenings all to pass,
Dooming to us to perish here in Troy
Far from our homes in Argos. Oh then rise !
Surely thyself desirest, in this sore need,
Though late, to save thy country ! Else, be sure,
Bitter hereafter will thy sorrow be,
When all is past ; past evil hath no cure.
Now therefore, whilst time serves, resolve how best
To save the Danaans from this evil hour.

“ Ah friend ! Thy father Peleus, on the day
He sent thee forth from Phthia to the King,
Oft charged thee thus : *‘ My child, if so they will,
‘ Pallas and Herè may vouchsafe thee strength ;
‘ But keep the high, haught spirit in thy breast
‘ Well-govern’d : kindness is the better part,
‘ To cease from evil rancour ; and the host,
‘ Both young and old, shall honour thee the more.’*
Ev’n this thy father’s counsel thou forgett’st.
Yet is there time ; be still’d ; and let this wrath,
This spirit-wasting passion, clean away !
Gifts worthy all acceptance Atreus’ Son
Now proffers, if thine anger be allay’d :
Hear me, and I will tell the tale of all
Atrides tender’d in his tent but now :
Seven tripods yet unsullied by the fire ;
Ten golden talents ; twenty glowing caldrons ;
Twelve horses, strong of shape and fleet of foot,
Train’d to the race, and winners on the course ;
Not glebeless, not unpurs’d with precious gold,
Who own’d but what these steeds have won to him ;
Seven women of Lesbos also he will send,
All skill’d in perfect needle craft, and chos’n

ἐξέλεθ', αἶ τότε κάλλει ἐνίκων φύλα γυναικῶν.
 τὰς μὲν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἦν τότ' ἀπηύρα
 κούρη Βρισηῖος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὁμείται
 μήποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἢ δὲ μιγῆναι,
 ἢ θέμις ἐστὶν, ἀναξ, ἢτ' ἀνδρῶν ἦτε γυναικῶν.
 ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὖτε
 ἄστνυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἀλαπάξαι,
 νῆα ἄλιν χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νηήσασθαι
 εἰσελθών, ὅτε κεν दाτεώμεθα ληϊδ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
 Τρωϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐείκοσιν αὐτὸς ἐλέσθαι,
 αἶ κε μετ' Ἀργεῖην Ἑλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν.
 εἰ δέ κεν Ἀργος ἰκοίμεθ' Ἀχαιϊκὸν, οὐθαρ ἀρούρης,
 γαμβρός κέν οἱ ἔοις· τίσει δέ σε ἴσον Ὀρέστη,
 ὅς οἱ τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλήῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ.
 τρεῖς δέ οἱ εἰσι θύγατρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπῆκτῳ,
 Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιδάνασσα·
 τάων ἦν κ' ἐθέλησθα φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἄγεσθαι
 πρὸς οἶκον Πηλῆος· ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσει
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὐπω τις ἦ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρὶ.
 ἑπτὰ δέ τοι δώσει εὐναιόμενα πτολίεθρα,
 Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἴρην ποιήεσσαν,
 Φηράς τε Ζαθέας ἢ δ' Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον,
 καλὴν τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.
 πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγυὺς ἀλός, νέεται Πύλου ἡμαθέντος·
 ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολὺρῖηνες πολυβοῦται,
 οἳ κέ σε δωτίνῃσι θεὸν ὥς τιμήσουσιν
 καὶ τοι ὑπὸ σκῆπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.
 ταῦτά κε τοι τελέσειε μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 εἰ δέ τοι Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἀπήχθετο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
 αὐτὸς καὶ τοῦ δῶρα, σὺ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαιοὺς
 τειρομένους ἐλέαιρε κατὰ στρατὸν, οἳ σε θεὸν ὥς

As fairest of the kind of women there,
When well-built Lesbos fell before thy arm :
These will he send ; and, after these, the maid,
Thine own, ev'n Briseus' Daughter, whom he seized ;
With oath, by aught most sacred, that with her
He ever hath abstain'd, nor sought her bed
As man with woman lawfully may lie.
These shall be thine forthwith ; but, if, hereafter,
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,
Then mayst thou freight thy bark to thy heart's content
With brass and gold ; and enter thou the first,
Whene'er amongst us we divide the spoil.
Be twenty Trojan damsels then thine own,
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.
And, further, when to Argos we return,
Earth's milkiest udder, and our native land,
Unto his daughter there be wed, and he
Will honour thee as if thou wert his own
Dear child Orestes, born to high estate,
And nurtured in the lap of luxury.
Three are the daughters in his halls unwed,
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis .
And Iphianassa ; take thou of the three
Home to thy father Peleus whom thou list ;
Nor dower the bride ; be it rather his to add
Rich dowry such as never father gave.
Seven peopled cities will he then bestow ;
Great Pheræ, and Aipeia's fruitful realm,
Grass-meadow'd Hirè, and Cardamylè,
The low-lying pastures of Antheia's vale,
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pedasus ;
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts ;
And all with men of many flocks and herds,
To grace thee with their offerings like a God,
Rich toll and tribute to thy sceptred sway.
All this will he perform, so thou atone.

“ And though Atrides be too deeply loathed,
He and his gifts alike, yet show some ruth
On all the other sufferers through this host :

τίσους· ἡ γάρ κέ σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἄροιο.
 νῦν γάρ χ' "Εκτορ' ἔλοισι, ἐπεὶ ἂν μάλα τοι σχεδὸν ἔλθοι
 λύσσαν ἔχων ὀλοήν, ἐπεὶ οὔτινά φησιν ὁμόιον
 οἷ ἔμεναι Δαναῶν, οὐς ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 "διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεύ,
 χρὴ μὲν δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἀπηλεγέως ἀποπειπεῖν,
 ᾗπερ δὴ φρονέω τε καὶ ὥς τετελεσμένον ἔσται, 310
 ὥς μή μοι τρύζητε παρήμενοι ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος.
 ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς Ἀίδαο πύλῃσιν
 ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ εἵπη.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα·
 οὔτ' ἔμεγ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα πεισέμεν οἷω
 οὔτ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν
 μάρνασθαι δηίοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι νωλεμέσ αἰεὶ.
 ἴση μοῖρα μένουτι, καὶ ἐν μάλα τις πολεμίζοι·
 ἐν δὲ ἰῇ τιμῇ ἡμῶν κακὸς ἦδ' ἐσθλός·
 κάτθαν' ὁμῶς ὃ τ' ἀεργὸς ἀνὴρ ὃ τε πολλὰ ἔοργός. 320
 οὐδέ τί μοι περίκειται, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ,
 αἰὲν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν παραβαλλόμενος πολεμίζειν.
 ὥς δ' ὄρνις ἀπτῆσι νεοσσοῖσι προφέρῃσιν
 μάστακ', ἐπεὶ κε λάβῃσι, κακῶς δ' ἄρα οἷ πέλει αὐτῇ,
 ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ πολλὰς μὲν ἀνύπνους νύκτας ἵαυον,
 ἡμάτα δ' αἵματόεντα διέπρησσον πολεμίζων,
 ἀνδράσι μαρνάμενος δάρων ἔνεκα σφετεράων.
 δώδεκα δὴ σὺν νηυσὶ πόλεις ἀλάπαξ' ἀνθρώπων,
 πεζὸς δ' ἐνδεκά φημι κατὰ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον·
 τάων ἐκ πασέων κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ 330
 ἐξελόμην, καὶ πάντα φέρων Ἀγαμέμνοισι δόσκον
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ· ὃ δ' ὀπισθε μένων παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν

With honour would they grace thee like a God,
And a great glory amongst them might be thine :
For Hector ventures nearer now, and him
In this fell frenzy thou mightst take and slay,
Ev'n while he vaunts, no Danaan is his peer,
Of all aboard the galleys brought to Troy."

But thus the fleetfoot hero made reply ;
" Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus ! Though 'twere only from henceforth
To save this fretful murmur at my ears,
One after other troubling, so 'twere best
So things shall be fulfill'd, as I resolve.
Ev'n as I feel, and as shall come to pass.
Who saith one thing with other in his heart,
I hate him as I hate the gates of Hell ;
And I will utter freely what I feel.
Neither will Agamemnon Atreus' son
Nor any Danaan win me over now ;
For when I battled without rest or pause
Against their foes, they render'd me no grace.
Like shares to all—the lingerer in the camp
And him who fought his utmost ; best and worst
Stood in one estimation ; cravens vile
And men most staunch show'd equal in their deaths.
Not though I suffer'd greatly for his cause
And to the death oft jeopardied my life,
Was aught of honour render'd. As a bird
Home to her callow nestlings bearing crumbs,
Pick'd whence she may, and at her own sore cost ;
So nights of sleeplessness and days of blood
I sweated through— for *their* dear darlings' sake !
Twelve cities on the isles, and twelve save one
I count in Troy's rich region sack'd by me :
Whence many and rich the heirlooms I despoil'd
And bore away and laid before the feet
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King :
And graciously he took them, where he lagg'd
Behind amongst his galleys, meting out

δεξάμενος διὰ παῦρα δασάσκετο, πολλὰ δ' ἔχεσκεν.

ἄλλα δ' ἀριστήεσσι δίδου γέρα καὶ βασιλεύειν·

τοῖσι μὲν ἔμπεδα κεῖται, ἐμεῦ δ' ἀπὸ μούνου Ἀχαιῶν

εἴλετ', ἔχει δ' ἄλοχον θυμαρέα· τῇ παριαύων

τερπέσθω. τί δὲ δεῖ πολεμιζέμεναι Τρώεσιν

Ἀργείους; τί δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδ' ἀγείρας

Ἀτρεΐδης; ἢ οὐχ' Ἑλένης ἔνεκ' ἠυκόμοιο;

ἢ μούνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων

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Ἀτρεΐδαι; ἐπεὶ ὅστις ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἐχέφρων,

τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κήδεται, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν

ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον, δουρικτητὴν περ εἶουσιν.

νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ χειρῶν γέρας εἴλετο καὶ μ' ἀπάτησεν,

μή μευ πειράτω εὖ εἰδότος· οὐδέ με πείσει,

ἀλλ', Ὀδυσεῦ, σὺν σοί τε καὶ ἄλλοισιν βασιλεύειν

φραζέσθω νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δῆϊον πῦρ.

ἢ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πονήσατο νόσφιν ἐμεῖο,

καὶ δὴ τεύχεος ἔδειμε, καὶ ἤλασε τάφρον ἐπ' αὐτῷ

εὐρείαν, μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξεν·

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ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς δύναται σθένος Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνιοι

ἴσχειν. ὅφρα δ' ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν πολέμιζον,

οὐκ ἐθέλεσκε μάχην ἀπὸ τεύχεος ὀρνύμεν Ἑκτωρ,

ἀλλ' ὅσον ἐς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκανεν·

ἔνθα ποτ' οἶον ἔμιμνε, μόγισ δέ μευ ἔκφυγεν ὀρμὴν

νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλω πολεμιζέμεν Ἑκτορι δίῳ,

αὔριον ἱρὰ Διὶ ῥέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,

νήσας εὖ νῆας, ἐπὴν ἄλαδε προερεύσσω,

ὄψαι, ἣν ἐθέλησθα καὶ αἶ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλη,

Some petty portions, but retaining more.
The other chiefs and princes through the host
May hold their guerdons—such as he vouchsafed ;
From me alone of all Achaians here
Hath he torn mine, my wife, my very wife—
And now lies with her—let him joy his fill !

“ Yet for a moment ponder why we came,
Why are we here, why Argos wars with Troy,
Why hath Atrides gather'd this array ;
For whom save Helen ? And are Atreus' Sons
So singular in this particular
O' the love they bear their wives ? All honest hearts,
All that retain one pulse that beats true man,
Cherish and love a woman ; ev'n as I
Loved *her* from the very bottom of my heart,
Slave though she was and captive of my spear ;
Yet her he tore away. And dares he now
Entreat me ? Nay, he hath beguiled me once ;
I read him through and through ; 'tis waste of breath.

“ Rather, Odysseus, let him take sage thought,
With thee and his other royal counsellors,
To stem this fiery ruin from the fleet.
Much good without me hath he brought to pass ;
A rampart, and a trench before it dug,
And in the trench a fence of planted stakes ;
Yet not for all these doughty deeds is stay'd
The slaughterous sweep of Hector's sword : who, erst,
In days when I would battle for the cause,
Ne'er dared advance beyond the city's wall,
Once to the Scæan gates and beech-tree came,
Once bode my charge, and scarce redeem'd his life.

“ But now I seek not noble Hector more,
Nor will I battle further ; but at dawn
To-morrow will perform my vows to heaven,
And freight my galleys full, and launch them forth.
And thou shalt see, if thou vouchsafe to look—
If these things be indeed thy care at all—

ἦρι μάλ' Ἑλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα πλεούσας
 νῆας ἐμὰς, ἐν δ' ἄνδρας ἐρεσσέμεναι μεμαῶτας·
 εἰ δέ κεν εὐπλοίην δώῃ κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος,
 ἡματί κε τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἰκοίμην.
 ἔστι δέ μοι μάλα πολλὰ, τὰ κάλλιπον ἐνθάδε ἑρῶν
 ἄλλον δ' ἐνθένδε χρυσὸν καὶ χαλκὸν ἐρυθρὸν
 ἠδὲ γυναῖκας ἐϋζώνους πολιόν τε σίδηρον
 ἄξομαι, ἄσος' ἔλαχόν γε· γέρας δέ μοι, ὅσπερ ἔδωκεν,
 αὐτὶς ἐφυβρίζων ἔλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 Ἀτρεΐδης.—τῷ πάντ' ἀγορευέμεν, ὥς ἐπιτέλλω,
 ἀμφαδὸν, ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐπισκύζωνται Ἀχαιοί,
 εἴ τινά που Δαναῶν ἔτι ἔλπεται ἔξαπατήσειν,
 αἰὲν ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένος·—οὐδ' ἂν ἔμοιγε
 τετλαίη, κύνεός περ ἐὼν, εἰς ὧπα ἰδέσθαι·
 οὐδέ τί οἱ βουλὰς συμφράσσομαι, οὐδὲ μὲν ἔργον·
 ἐκ γὰρ δὴ μ' ἀπάτησε καὶ ἤλιτεν· οὐδ' ἂν ἔτ' αὐτὶς
 ἔξαπάφοιτ' ἐπέεσσιν· ἄλλῃ δέ οἱ. ἀλλὰ ἔκηλος
 ἑρῶν· ἐκ γὰρ εὖ φρένας εἴλετο μητίετα Ζεὺς.
 ἐχθρὰ δέ μοι τοῦ δῶρα, τίω δέ μιν ἐν καρὸς αἴσῃ.
 οὐδ' εἴ μοι δεκάκῃς τε καὶ εἰκοσάκῃς τόσα δοίῃ
 ὅσσα τέ οἱ νῦν ἐστὶ, καὶ εἴ ποθεν ἄλλα γένοιτο,
 οὐδ' ὅσ' ἐς Ὀρχομενὸν ποτινίσσεται, οὐδ' ὅσα Θήβας
 Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κείται,
 αἴθ' ἑκατόμπυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν' ἐκάστην
 ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνεύσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·
 οὐδ' εἴ μοι τόσα δοίῃ ὅσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε,
 οὐδέ κεν ὥς ἔτι θυμὸν ἐμὸν πείσει' Ἀγαμέμνων,
 πρὶν γ' ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἐμοὶ δόμεναι θυμαλγέα λῶβην.

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My sails full-set at daybreak, and my crews
Straining across the Hellespont to home.
Let a fair passage be vouchsafed by Him,
Who shaketh in the ocean's clasp the earth,
And the third day I gain the Phthian coast.
There, ere on this cursed errand I began,
I left much wealth, and thither shall convey
Much also hence, the gold and ruddy brass,
The well-girt women, and the iron hoar,
All that hath fall'n my portion by the lot ;
But my chief guerdon, my most cherish'd prize,
Hath Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King,
Himself who gave it, seized again, and wrought
Outrage upon me. Wherefore tell him all,
Ev'n in my own words, and in public place,
That others too may chafe against his craft,
Forewarn'd, if haply he be plotting there,
Cloak'd in the shamelessness he ever wears,
Some Danaans more to cozen : in *my* face,
Dog though he be, he would not dare to look !

“ I will not share his counsel nor his works :
He hath deceived and wrong'd me once ; again
He shall not with these glozing words : enough—
And let him to his ruin clear of me !
Zeus hath bereft him of his better sense.

“ Nor less I loathe his gifts, and hold them all
I' the value of a hair : not though he gave
Ten—twenty-fold of what he tenders now ;
All treasured in his garners, with whate'er
From others might be gather'd ; all that flows
Into Orchomenus, or Ægyptian Thebes,
Where are the greatest treasures under heaven—
Where are the hundred gates, and through each gate,
Chariots and steeds two hundred pass to war—
Not though his gifts were as the sand o' the sea
Or dust o' the earth for multitude, would so
My heart be won, ere he hath paid me all
My sufferings—sorrow for sorrow, wrong for wrong !

κοῦρην δ' οὐ γαμέω Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,
 οὐδ' εἰ χρυσεὶν Ἀφροδίτῃ κάλλος ἐρίζοι,
 ἔργα δ' Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι ἰσοφαρίζοι. • 390
 οὐδέ μιν ὥς γαμέω· ὁ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλον ἐλέσθω,
 ὅστις οἷ τ' ἐπέοικε καὶ ὃς βασιλεύτερός ἐστιν.
 ἦν γὰρ δὴ με σώωσι θεοὶ καὶ οἴκαδ' ἵκωμαι,
 Πηλεὺς θὴν μοι ἔπειτα γυναῖκα γαμέσσεται αὐτός.
 πολλαὶ Ἀχαιῖδες εἰσὶν ἅν' Ἑλλάδα τε Φθίην τε,
 κοῦραι ἀριστώνων, οὔτε πτολίεθρα ῥύονται·
 τάων ἦν κ' ἐθέλωμι φίλῃν ποιῆσομ' ἄκοιτιν.
 ἔνθα δέ μοι μάλα πολλὸν ἐπέσσυτο θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 γήμαντι μνηστῆν ἄλοχον, εἰκυῖαν ἄκοιτιν,
 κτήμασι τέρπεσθαι τὰ γέρων ἐκτήσατο Πηλεὺς • 400
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς ἀντάξιον οὐδ' ὅσα φασὶν
 Ἴλιον ἐκτήσθαι, εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον,
 τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἔλθειν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
 οὐδ' ὅσα λαῖνος οὐδὸς ἀφίτορος ἐντὸς ἔργει,
 Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος, Πυθοῖ ἐνι πετρηέσση.
 λήιστοὶ μὲν γάρ τε βόες καὶ ἵφια μῆλα,
 κτητοὶ δὲ τρίποδες τε καὶ ἵππων ξανθὰ κάρηνα·
 ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἔλθειν οὔτε λεῖστέ
 οὔθ' ἔλετῇ, ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἔρκος ὀδόντων.
 μήτηρ γάρ τέ μέ φησι θεὰ, Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα, 410
 διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοσδε.
 εἰ μὲν κ' αὖθι μένων Τρώων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,
 ὤλετο μὲν μοι νόστος, ἰτὰρ κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται·
 εἰ δέ κεν οἴκαδ' ἵκωμι φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
 ὤλετό μοι κλέος ἐσθλὸν, ἐπὶ δὴρὸν δέ μοι αἰὼν
 ἔσσεται, οὐδέ κέ μ' ὦκα τέλος θανάτοιο κιχείη.
 καὶ δ' ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην
 οἴκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δῆετέ τέκμωρ
 Ἴλίου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γάρ ἐθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
 χεῖρα ἔην ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσῆκασι δὲ λαοί.
 ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν ἰόντες ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν
 ἀγγελήνῃ ἀπόφασθε—τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐσθλὸν γερόντων—

“ Nor would I wed a daughter of his house,
Not though she were as Aphrodite fair.
Or as Athene for her needle's craft ;
Not then would I accept her. Let him turn
Elsewhere his eyes and find some kinglier mate !
For let the gods preserve me to my home
My marriage there full easily were made ;
Daughters of warden-chieftains in the towns
Of Hellas and rich Phthia, many a maid
May yet be found, and unto any of these
Peleus may soon espouse me, if I list.

“ And this hath now become mine own desire—
To marry some fit mate, and with her rest,
And have enjoyment of my father's wealth.
For what outvalueth life? Not all the store
Fabled in full-throng'd Ilion, in the peace
That was, before Achaia's sons had come ;
Nor all in rock-bound Pytho, held within
The marble threshold of the Archer-God.
For raid may win fat beeves and sheep, and wealth
Large tripods, and the crests of chestnut steeds ;
But, when the breath of man hath once gone forth,
No raid, no wealth can e'er constrain it back.
And of my fate my mother Thetis tells
(Thetis the silver-footed Nymph divine)
Two threads conduct me to the bourne of death :
If I remain and battle on with Troy,
Hope of return must perish, but my name
Shall live for ever ; if I get me hence
And reach mine own dear fatherland again,
My name shall perish, but my life be long,
Nor death o'ertake me with an early end.
But I would give you all the like advice,
To sail off home ; since never shall ye see
The fall of Ilion. Zeus hath stretch'd his arm
To save her, and her nation's heart throbs high.

“ Return ye then to those who sent you ; speak
Plainly (as age hath privilege of speech),

ὄφρ' ἄλλην φράζωνται ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μῆτιν ἀμείνω,
 ἥ κέ σφιν νῆάς τε σόω καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῆς, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφισιν ἦδε γ' ἔτοίμη,
 ἣν νῦν ἐφράσσαντο, ἐμεῦ ἀπομνηνίσαντος.
 Φοῖνιξ δ' αὖθι παρ' ἄμμι μένων κατακοιμηθήτω.
 ὄφρα μοι ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἔς πατρίδ' ἔπηται
 αὔριον, ἣν ἐθέλησιν· ἀνάγκη δ' οὔτι μιν ἄξω."

Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἄκλῃ ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ 430
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀπέειπεν.
 ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε γέρων ἵππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ
 δάκρυ' ἀναπρήσας· περὶ γὰρ δῖε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν·

“Εἰ μὲν δὴ νόστον γε μετὰ φρεσὶ, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
 βάλλεαι, οὐδέ τι πάμπαν ἀμύνειν νηυσὶ θεῶσιν
 πῦρ ἐθέλεις ἀίδηλον, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,
 πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σείο, φίλον τέκος, αὖθι λιποῖμην
 οἶος; σοὶ δέ μ' ἔπεμπε γέρων ἵππηλάτα Πηλεΐδης
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν
 νήπιον, οὔπω εἰδόθ' ὁμοίου πολέμοιο 440
 οὐδ' ἀγορέων, ἵνα τ' ἄνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθουσιν.
 τοῦνεκά με προέηκε διδασκόμεναι τάδε πάντα,
 μύθων τε ῥητῆρ' ἔμεναι πρηκτῆρά τε ἔργων.
 ὥς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σείο, φίλον τέκος, οὐκ ἐθέλοιμι
 λείπεσθ', οὐδ' εἴ κέν μοι ὑποσταίῃ θεὸς αὐτὸς,
 γῆρας ἀποξύσας, θήσειν νέον ἡβώοντα,
 οἶον ὅτε πρῶτον λίπον Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
 φεύγων νείκεα πατρὸς Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο,
 ὃς μοι παλλακίδος περιχώσατο καλλικόμοιο,
 τὴν αὐτὸς φιλέεσκεν, ἀτιμάζεσκε δ' ἄκοιτιν, 450
 μητέρ' ἐμήν· ἥ δ' αἰὲν ἐμὲ λισσέσκετο γούνων
 παλλακίδι προμιγῆναι, ἵν' ἐχθίρειε γέροντα.
 τῇ πιθόμην καὶ ἔρεξα· πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς αὐτίκ' οἶσθεῖς
 πολλὰ κατηράτο, στυγεράς δ' ἐπεκέκλετ' Ἐρινὺς,

And word for word, this message to the chiefs ;
So may they set themselves to seek and find
•Some likelier counsel to preserve their fleet -
And the brave host aboard it ; this, in sooth,
Hath had no issue, wherewithal they plann'd
To cheat mine anger. Yet let Phoenix stay
This night, and sail with us to-morrow home,
If so he will—but unconstrain'd of me."

He ended ; all awhile in silence sate,
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words ;
Till Phoenix thus at length, the agèd chief,
Made answer : tears were gushing from his eyes ;
So much he dreaded for his country's fleet :

" If of a truth, thou star of men, thy heart
Is altogether set on this return,
And if thou utterly refuse to save
Achaia's galleys from these threatening fires,
Yet how, dear child, may I be left by thee
Forlorn behind ? To whom thy father old,
The warrior Peleus,—when he sent thee forth
From Phthia to Agamemnon with this host,
(Then still a babe to life, and quite untaught
In ways of men, in heady fight not less
Than greater glories through the council won) —
Sent me to teach thee all these things, that thou
Might'st grow alike in action and in speech.
Wherefore, dear child, I would not part from thee,
Not though a God should promise me to strip
This slough of age and set me forth to sight
A blooming youth, such as I was, when first
I fled from that fair garden of the fair,
Hellas, and from my father's fell despatch ;
Ev'n from Amyntor, son of Ormenus,
Then wroth with me for the fair leman's sake
Of whom enamour'd he had wrong'd his wife
My mother : wherefore she implored me oft
To win the harlot first to my embrace,
That from my father she might turn away.
Whose prayer I hearken'd and whose will perform'd.
But he, perceiving soon, call'd down a curse

μήποτε γούνασιν οἷσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον νιδὺν,
 ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα· θεοὶ δ' ἐτέλειον ἐπαρὰς,
 Ζεὺς τε καταχθόνιος καὶ ἐπαινὴ Περσεφόνεια.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ βούλευσα κατακτάμεν ὅξει χαλκῷ·
 ἀλλὰ τις ἀθανάτων παῦσεν χόλον, ὅς ῥ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 δήμου θῆκε φάτιν καὶ οὐνείδεα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων,
 ὥς μὴ πατροφόνος μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν καλεοίμην.
 ἔνθ' ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἐρητύετ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς
 πατρὸς χωομένοιο κατὰ μέγαρα στρωφᾶσθαι.
 ἦ μὲν πολλὰ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιοὶ ἀμφὶς εὐντες
 αὐτοῦ λισσόμενοι κατερήτυον ἐν μεγάροισιν,
 πολλὰ δὲ ἔφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἔλικας βοῦς
 ἔσφαζον, πολλοὶ δὲ σύες θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφή
 εὐόμενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἥφαιστοιο,
 πολλὸν δ' ἐκ κεράμων μέθυ πίνετο τοῖο γέροντος.
 εἰνάνυχες δέ μοι ἀμφ' αὐτῷ παρὰ νύκτας ἴανον·
 οἱ μὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακὰς ἔχον, οὐδὲ ποτ' ἔσβη
 πῦρ, ἔτερον μὲν ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ εὐερκέος αὐλῆς,
 ἄλλο δ' ἐνὶ προδόμῳ, προῖσθεν θαλάμοιο θυράων.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτῃ μοι ἐπήλυθε νύξ ἐρεβεννή,
 καὶ τότ' ἐγὼ θαλάμοιο θύρας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας
 ῥήξας ἐξῆλθον, καὶ ὑπέρθορον ἐρκίον αὐλῆς
 ῥεῖα, λαθὼν φύλακας τ' ἀνδρας δμωάς τε γυναικάς.
 φεύγον ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε δι' Ἑλλάδος εὐρυχόροιο,
 Φθίην δ' ἐξικόμην ἐριβώλακα, μητέρα μῆλων,
 ἐς Πηλῆα ἀναχθ'· ὁ δέ με πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο,
 καί με φίλησ' ὥσεί τε πατὴρ ὃν παῖδα φιλήσῃ
 μοῦνον τηλύγετον πολλοῖσιν ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσιν,
 καί μ' ἀφνειὸν ἔθηκε, πολὺν δέ μοι ὥπασε λαόν·
 ναῖον δ' ἐσχατιὴν Φθίης, Δολόπεσσιν ἀνίσσων.

460

470

480

Upon me, and invoked the Furies fell
Thereto, that never should he set a child,
As of my loins begotten, on his knee.
The Gods, ev'n Zeus who rules the nether world,
And dread Persephone, fulfill'd the curse.
And in mine anger I had plann'd to slay him ;
But some one of Immortals stay'd my hand,
Putting into my heart the say o' the world,
All the reproaches wherewith men would dog
My name for ever after, were I known
The murderer of my father in the land.
Nathless I could not bow myself to bide
At home and daily in my father's face
Brooking his anger ; not though kith and kin
Press'd round me and besought me to remain,
Killing fat sheep by hundreds for the feast,
And crumpled-hornèd oxen slow of pace,
Or singeing broad athwart Hephæstus' fires
Whole boars outstretch'd and glistening in their fat,
Or draining the old chieftain's jars of wine.
Nine long nights through they watch'd around me thus,
And turn by turn kept guard, nor suffer'd once
The fires be quench'd ; beneath the colonnade
O' the outer well-wall'd courtyard one, and one
I' the inner square, before the chamber doors.
But, when the tenth dark night befriended me,
I brake my chamber's panell'd doors right through,
And gat me forth, and leapt the courtyard's wall
Lightly, by watch or damsel unperceived.
So far away through Hellas' spacious plains
I hasted till I gain'd King Peleus' realm,
Rich Phthia, mother-land of flocks and herds ;
Who gave me kindly welcome, and upraised
And loved me, ev'n as father loves his son,
An only child, begotten of his age,
And born to rich possession of his wealth :
So that he gave me substance in the land,
To rule a numerous people, on the skirts
Of Phthia, there to dwell, and named me chief
Of the Dolossians. There I nurtured thee,

καὶ σε τοσοῦτον ἔθηκα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
 ἐκ θυμοῦ φιλέων, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεσκες ἄμ' ἄλλῳ
 οὔτ' ἐς δαίτ' ἵεναι οὔτ' ἐν μεγάροισι πάσασθαι,
 πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἐπ' ἐμοῖσιν ἔγωγ' οὔνεσσι καθίσσας
 ὄψου τ' ἄσαιμι προταμῶν καὶ οἶνον ἐπισχών.

πολλάκι μοι κατέδευσας ἐπὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα
 οἶνου ἀποβλύζων ἐν νηπιέῃ ἀλεγεινῇ.

490

ὥς ἐπὶ σοὶ μάλα πόλλ' ἔπαθον καὶ πόλλ' ἐμόγησα,
 τα φρονέων, ὃ μοι οὔτι θεοὶ γόνον ἐξετέλειον
 ἐξ ἐμεῦ· ἀλλὰ σὲ παῖδα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
 ποιεύμην, ἵνα μοί ποτ' ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνη.
 ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
 νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχειν· στρεπτοὶ δέ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοὶ,
 τῶν περ καὶ μεῖζων ἀρετὴ τιμὴ τε βίη τε.

καὶ μὲν τοὺς θυέεσσι καὶ εὐχολῆς ἀγανῆσιν

λοιβῇ τε κνίσητε παρατρωπῶσ' ἄνθρωποι

500

λίσσόμενοι, ὅτε κέν τις ὑπερβῇ καὶ ἀμάρτη.

καὶ γάρ τε Λεταί εἰσι Διὸς κοῦραι μέγαλοιο,

χωλαί τε ῥυσαί τε παραβλώπες τ' ὀφθαλμῶν,

αἱ ῥά τε καὶ μετόπισθ' Ἀτῆς ἀλέγουσι κιούσαι.

ἢ δ' Ἀτὴ σθεναρὴ τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, οὔνεκα πάσας

πολλὸν ὑπεκπροθέει, φθάνει δέ τε πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν

βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· αἱ δ' ἐξακέονται ὀπίσσω.

ὅς μὲν τ' αἰδέσεται κούρας Διὸς ἄσσον ἰούσας,

τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὤνησαν καὶ τ' ἔκλυον εὐχομένοιο·

ὅς δέ κ' ἀνήνηται καὶ τε στερεῶς ἀποείπη,

510

λίσσονται δ' ἄρα ταίγε Δία Κρονίωνα κιούσαι

τῷ Ἀτῆν ἄμ' ἔπεσθαι, ἵνα βλαφθεὶς ἀποτίσῃ.

ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῦ, πόρε καὶ σὺ Διὸς κούρησιν ἔπεσθαι

τιμὴν, ἥτ' ἄλλων περ ἐπιγυνάμπτει νόον ἐσθλῶν.

εἰ μὲν γὰρ μὴ δῶρα φέροι, τὰ δ' ὀπισθ' ὀνομάζοι

Ἀτρεΐδης, ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπιζαφελῶς χαλεπαίνοι,

Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,
Ev'n to this stature, and loved thee from my heart ;
Since thou would'st never with another go -
Or to friends' feast, or eat at all at home,
Save when I first had set thee on my knee,
Tasted and carved the meat, and pour'd the wine.
Yes, I remember, oft a fretful child,
Thou'dst spill the wine and soil the garb upon me.
Much trouble for thy sake and toil I bore,
Still with this thought within me, that, since Zeus
Created me no offspring, I in thee,
Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,
Was making to myself a son, to guard
Hereafter all the misery from mine age.
Listen then, son Achilles, and subdue
This spirit : ill behoves thee ruthless heart ;
Since ev'n whose might, and majesty, and power
Transcend thee far—the Gods are merciful ;
And sacrifice, and grateful vows to heaven,
Wine-offering, and the steam of victims' flesh,
Oft turn their wrath aside, when man hath sinn'd.
For Prayers are Maidens born to mighty Zeus,
Halt, wrinkled, and their eyes downcast with shame,
Who follow heedful in the steps of Guilt,
But Guilt is strong, and swift of foot, and far
Outruns them, working through the world to man
Much hurt, the which they, coming after, heal.
Whoso receives these maidens coming nigh
With honour and love, him with great good they cheer
And hearken his entreaty : but if man
Forbid them from a rough and harden'd heart,
They seek their father Zeus, and there beseech
That Guilt may cleave to that man to destroy him,
Avenging this their grace refused and scorn'd.
Render thou therefore to these maids of heaven
The honour that should follow them, whereto
Many of noble mind have bow'd ere this.

“ But if 'twere so, that Atreus' Son still show'd
Thine enemy—if he proffer'd not these gifts
Nor promised more hereafter— I, at least,

οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγέ σε μῆνιν ἀπορρήψαντα κελοίμην
 Ἄργείοισιν ἀμυνέμεναι, χατέουσί περ ἔμπησ·
 νῦν δ' ἅμα τ' αὐτίκα πολλὰ διδοί, τὰ δ' ὀπισθεν ὑπέστη,
 ἄνδρας δὲ λίσσεσθαι ἐπιπροέηκεν ἀρίστους 520
 κρυνάμενος κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιϊκὸν, οἷτε σοὶ αὐτῷ
 φίλτατοι Ἀργέων· τῶν μὴ σύγῃ μῦθον ἐλέγξης
 μηδὲ πόδας· πρὶν δ' οὔτι νεμεσσητὸν κεχολῶσθαι,
 οὔτω καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπευθόμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν
 ἡρώων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐπιζάφελος χόλος ἴκοι·
 δωρητοὶ τε πέλοντο παράρρητοὶ τ' ἐπέεσσιν.
 μέμνημαι τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὔτι νέον γε,
 ὥς ἦν· ἐν δ' ὑμῖν ἐρέω πάντεσσι φίλοισιν.
 Κουρήτες τ' ἐμάχοντο καὶ Αἰτωλοὶ μενεχάρμαι 530
 ἀμφὶ πόλιν Καλυδῶνα καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον,
 Αἰτωλοὶ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι Καλυδῶνος ἐραννῆς,
 Κουρήτες δὲ διαπραθέειν μεμῶτες Ἄρηϊ.
 καὶ γὰρ τοῖσι κακὸν χρυσόθρονος Ἄρτεμις ὥρσεν
 χωσαμένη ὃ οἶ· οὔτι θαλύσια γουνῷ ἄλωῃς
 Οἰνεὺς ῥέξ· ἄλλοι δὲ θεοὶ δαίνυνθ' ἐκατόμβας,
 οἷη δ' οὐκ ἔρρεξε Διὸς κοῤῥη μεγάλιοι.
 ἦ λάθετ' ἦ οὐκ ἐνόησεν· ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ
 ἦ δὲ χολωσαμένη, δῖον γένος, ἱεχέαιρα,
 ὥρσεν ἔπι χλούνην σὺν ἄγριον ἀργιόδοντα,
 ὃς κακὰ πόλλ' ἔρδεσκεν ἔθων Οἰνῆος ἀλωήν· 540
 πολλὰ δ' ὄγε προθέλνυμα χαμαὶ βάλε δένδρεα μακρὰ
 αὐτῇσιν ῥίζησι καὶ αὐτοῖς ἀνθεσι μήλων.
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς Οἰνῆος ἀπέκτεινεν Μελέαγρος,
 πολλέων ἐκ πολίων θηρήτορας ἄνδρας ἀγεῖρας
 καὶ κύνας· οὐ μὲν γάρ κ' ἐδάμη παύροισι βροτοῖσιν·
 τόσσος ἔην, πολλοὺς δὲ πυρῆς ἐπέβησ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
 ἦ δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκε πολὺν κέλαδον καὶ αὐτῇν,
 ἀμφὶ σὺς κεφαλῇ καὶ δέρματι λαχνήεντι,

Would never bid thee cast aside thy wrath
 To help us, howsoever sore our need.
 •But he hath offer'd much, immediate much, •
 And more hereafter ; and has sent us here
 The noblest of the chieftains through the host
 Selected, and the dearest to thyself,
 To make this supplication in his name ; •
 Disgrace not thou our coming nor our prayer ;
 For, though, ere this was done, we scarce might grudge
 Thine anger, from henceforth we needs must blame.

“ Oft too, as we have heard in olden lays,
 Have heroes in like case, eaten up by wrath,
 Been won by gifts and gentle words therefrom.
 One ancient instance, of no modern date,
 I well remember, how it once took place,
 And, as we all sit friends, will tell at full.
 Once on a time round lovely Calydon
 The Curets and Ætolians were at strife,
 Defending these the city, those intent
 To throw it by their arms. This ill had fall'n
 From golden-thronèd Artemis upon them, •
 Wroth for that Ceneus had not sacrificed
 The first-fruits of his threshing-floor to her :
 Other Immortals had parta'en their share ;
 Unto this daughter of great Zeus alone
 (Whether forgetting, or neglectful quite)
 He offer'd not—but ruinously he err'd ;
 For all in wrath she rose, a child of Zeus,
 Exultant in her arrows, and bestirr'd
 A boar white-tusk'd and wild from grassy lair,
 Daily to wreak a ravage to its wont
 On Ceneus' vineyard, strewing to the ground
 Trees and their clusters, root and stem upturn :
 Till Meleager, Ceneus' son, at length
 With hunters call'd from many towns about,
 Destroy'd it ; nor had fewer folk sufficed ;
 So huge the monster, and so many men
 Already had it laid on early pyres.
 Then outcry loud and feud the Goddess stirr'd

Κουρήτων τε μεσηγὺ καὶ Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.
 ὄφρα μὲν οὖν Μελέαγρος ἀρηίφίλος πολέμιζεν, 550
 τόφρα δὲ Κούρητεςσι κακῶς ἦν, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
 τείχεος ἔκτοσθεν μίμνειν, ποῖέες περ ἐόντες·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Μελέαγρου ἔδυ χόλος, ὅστε καὶ ἄλλων
 οἰδάνει ἐν στήθεσσι νόον πύκα περ φρονούντων,
 ἦτοι ὁ μητρὶ φίλῃ Ἀλθαίῃ χυόμενος κῆρ
 κεῖτο παρὰ μνηστῇ ἀλόχῳ, καλῇ Κλεοπάτρῃ,
 κούρῃ Μαρπήσσης καλλισφύρῳ Εὐηνίνῃς
 "Ἴδεώ δ', ὅς κάρτιστος ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνδρῶν
 τῶν τότε—καὶ ῥα ἄνακτος ἐναντίον εἴλετο τόξον 560
 Φοῖβον Ἀπόλλωνος, καλλισφύρου εἵνεκα νύμφης·
 τὴν δὲ τότε· ἐν μεγάροισι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 Ἀλκυόνῃν καλέεσκον ἐπώνυμον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῆς
 μήτηρ ἀλκυόνης πολυπενθέος οἶτον ἔχουσα
 κλαῖ', ὅτε μιν ἐκάεργος ἀνὴρ πασε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων—
 τῇ ὅγε παρκατέλεκτο χόλον θυμαλγέα πένεσσαν,
 ἐξ ἀρέων μητρὸς κεχολωμένος, ἥ ῥα θεοῖσιν
 πόλλ' ἀχέουσ' ἡρᾶτο κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο,
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ γαῖαν πολυφόρβην χερσὶν ἀλοία 570
 κικλήσκουσ' Αἶδην καὶ ἐπαινὴν Περσεφόνειαν,
 πρόχην καθεζομένην, δεύοντο δὲ δάκρυσι κόλποι,
 παιδὶ δόμεν θάνατον· τῆς δ' ἡεροφῶϊτις Ἑρινὺς
 ἔκλυεν ἐξ Ἑρέβεσφιν, ἀμείλιχον ἦτορ ἔχουσα·
 τῶν δὲ τάχ' ἀμφὶ πύλας ὄμαδος καὶ δοῦπος ὀρώρει
 πύργων βαλλομένων· τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
 Αἰτωλῶν, πέμπον δὲ θεῶν ἱερῆας ἀρίστους,
 ἐξελθεῖν καὶ ἀμύναι, ὑποσχόμενοι μέγα δῶρον·
 ὁππόθι πιότατον πεδίου Καλυδῶνος ἐραυνῆς,
 ἔνθα μιν ἦνωγον τέμενος περικαλλὲς ἐλέσθαι
 πεντηκοντόγυον, τὸ μὲν ἥμισυ οἶνοπέδριον,
 ἥμισυ δὲ ψιλλὴν ἄροσιν πεδίοιο ταμέσθαι. 580
 πολλὰ δέ μιν λιτάνευε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Οἶνεὺς,

For the spoil's sake, the head and bristly hide,
Betwixt the Curet and Ætolian tribes.
Whilst for the Ætolians Meleager fought,
Ill was the Curets' plight ; nor durst they take,
Despite their numbers, stand beyond their town :
But when on Meleager fell a wrath,
(Such as oft swells in noble hearts, and blinds
The wisdom of the wisest), wounded then
By his own mother Althæa to the core,
He lay in idle dalliance with his spouse,
The lovely Cleopatra, quite withdrawn.
She was the daughter of Evenus' child
Marpessa, lovely-ankled Nymph divine,
And of Idæus, strongest man of men
Then living, who on Phoebus drew his bow
Ev'n for that selfsame lovely-ankled Nymph.
But Cleopatra had her parents named
Amongst themselves Halcyonè, because
Her mother, like some halcyon, unconsol'd
Mourn'd, when Apollo bore her from her home.
With her he lay, and nursed his angry mood
Against Althæa for the curse she call'd
From heav'n upon him for her brother's death.
Oft had she sate, smiting the fruitful Earth,
Calling on Hades and Persephone,
With forehead bow'd betwixt her knees, and breast
Bedew'd with tears, that they might slay her son.
Ranging the mists of Erebus afar
The unrelenting Fury heard the curse.
Therefore around the Ætolian gates then rose
The din and loud uproar of towers assail'd.
Their old men came beseeching : yea, they sent
The holiest of their priesthood to his feet,
With promise of great gift, if he would come.
Where the rich vale of lovely Calydon
Is richest, there they bade him take to himself
A fair demesne, of fifty acres, half
Vineyard, and half bare fallow for the plough,
All from the common to be fenced apart.
His father too, the agèd Ceneus, oft

ε

οὐδοῦ ἐπεμβεβαῶς ὑψηρεφέος θαλάμοιο,
 σείων κολλητὰς σανίδας, γουνούμενος νύον·
 πολλὰ δὲ τούγῃ κασίγνηται καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 ἐλλίσσουθ'· ὁ δὲ μᾶλλον ἀναΐνετο· πολλὰ δ' ἑταῖροι,
 οἷ οἱ κεδνότατοι καὶ φίλτατοι ἦσαν ἀπάντων·
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς τοῦ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔπειθον,
 πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ θάλαμος πύκα βάλλετο, τοὶ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
 βαῖνον Κουρήτες καὶ ἐνέπρηθον μέγα ἄστν.
 καὶ τότε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἐύζωνος παράκοιτις
 λίσσετ' ὀδυρομένη, καὶ οἱ κατέλεξεν ἅπαντα
 κήδε', ὅσ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλει τῶν ἄστν ἀλώη·
 ἄνδρας μὲν κτείνουσι, πόλιν δέ τε πῦρ ἀμαθύνει,
 τέκνα δέ τ' ἄλλοι ἄγουσι βαθυζώνους τε γυναῖκας.
 τοῦ δ' ὠρίνετο θυμὸς ἀκούοντος κακὰ ἔργα,
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι, χροὶ δ' ἔντε' ἐδύσετο παμφανόωντα.
 ὥς ὁ μὲν Αἰτωλοῖσιν ἀπήμυνεν κακὸν ἦμαρ
 εἴξας φ' θυμῷ· τῷ δ' οὐκέτι δῶρ' ἐτέλεσσαν
 πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, κακὸν δ' ἦμυνε καὶ αὐτῶς.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μή τοι ταῦτα νόει φρεσὶ, μηδέ σε δαίμων
 ἐνταῦθα τρέψῃς, φίλος· κάκιον δέ κεν εἴη,
 νηυσὶν καιομένησιν ἀμυνέμεν· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δώροις
 ἔρχεο· ἴσον γάρ σε θεῷ τίσουσιν Ἀχαιοί·
 εἰ δέ κ' ἄτερ δώρων πόλεμον φθισήνορα δύης,
 οὐκέθ' ὁμῶς τιμῆς ἔσσαι, πόλεμον περ ἀλαλκῶν.”

600

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 “Φοῖνιξ, ἅττα γεραιᾶ, διοτρεφεῖς, οὔτι με ταύτης
 χρεὼ τιμῆς· φρονέω δὲ τετιμῆσθαι Διὸς αἴσῃ,
 ἢ μ' ἔξει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, εἰσόκ' αὐτμῇ

Implored him, standing on the threshold-stone
Of the high-roofed chamber, shaking there
The fast-barr'd doors, and calling on his name.
Sisters and noble mother eke would come
Entreating, but he still denied the more.
And oft his comrades came, of all men there
The noblest and the best-beloved by him :
Nor ev'n by this changed they the heart within him ;
Till his own chamber, smitten, rang with darts,
And swarming o'er the towers the Curet host
Won entry, and would fain have fired the town.
Then in her tears the hero's fair-zoned wife
Besought him, and recounted all the woes
That 'light on men whose city falls by storm.
The men are slain ; their homes to ashes burnt ;
Their children and their wives another takes.
The heart was moved within him, as he heard
That evil work, and he arose and girt
In dazzling mail his might, and issued forth.
Yet, though, he fended off their evil day,
It was but for the humour of his will ;
Wherefore they gave not those great gifts, and he
Wrought their deliverance, but wrought for nought.
Oh, for my sake incline not thou thy mind
This selfsame way, beloved, nor let Heaven
Pervert thee thus : 'twill serve thee less to save
Our ships, when thou needs must repel the flames ;
Come rather now, whilst gifts attend the help ;
Achaia now would grace thee like some God :
But if hereafter, in thine own behalf,
Losing these gifts, thou yet comest forth at last,
Albeit thine arm be powerful as of old
To save us, yet thy glory will be less."

But thus the fleet foot hero gave reply :
"Phoenix, my dear old father, Zeus-born Chief !
I need not this new glory that thou say'st.
Glory, methinks, hath been already mine
By gift of Zeus ; and His the will that keeps
Amongst these long-beak'd galleys me withdrawn

ἐν στήθεσσι μένη καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη.
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλαιο σῆσιν·
 μή μοι σύγχξει θυμὸν ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων,
 Ἄτρεϊδῃ ἥρῳ φέρων χάριν· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
 τὸν φιλέειν, ἵνα μή μοι ἀπέχθῃαι φιλέουντι.
 καλὸν τοι σὺν ἐμοὶ τὸν κήδειν ὅς κ' ἔμὲ κήδῃ.
 ἴσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε καὶ ἡμισυ μείρεο τιμῆς.
 οὔτοι δ' ἀγγελέουσιν, σὺ δ' αὐτόθι λέξο μίμνων
 εὖνῃ ἐνὶ μαλακῇ· ἅμα δ' ἡοὶ φαῖνομένηφιν
 φρασσόμεθ' ἢ κε νεώμεθ' ἐφ' ἡμέτερ', ἢ κε μένωμεν."

610

Ὡ καὶ Πατρόκλῳ ὄγ' ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε σιωπῇ
 Φοῖνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος, ὅφρα τάχιστα
 ἐκ κλισίης νόστοιο μεδολάτο. τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' Αἴας
 ἀντίθεος Τελαμωνιάδης μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

620

“ Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσευ,
 ἵομεν· οὐ γάρ μοι δοκᾷ μῦθοιο τελευτῇ
 τῇδ' ἔγ' ὀδῶ κρανέεσθαι· ἀπαγγεῖλαι δὲ τάχιστα
 χρὴ μῦθον Δαναοῖσι, καὶ οὐκ ἀγαθὸν περ ἔόντα,
 οἷ που νῦν ἔαται ποτιδέγμενοι. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
 ἄγριον ἐν στήθεσσι θέτο, μεγαλήτορα θυμὸν
 σχέτλιος, οὐδὲ μετατρέπεται φιλότῃτος ἐταίρων
 τῆς ἧ μιν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτίομεν ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
 νηλῆς· καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆος
 ποινην ἢ οὐ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνηῶτος·

630

καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δῆμῳ μένει αὐτοῦ, πόλλ' ἀποτίσας,
 τοῦ δέ τ' ἐρητύεται κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 ποινην δεξαμένου. σοὶ δ' ἄλληκτόν τε κακόν τε
 θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι θεοὶ θέσαν εἵνεκα κούρης
 οἷης. νῦν δέ τοι ἑπτὰ παρίσχομεν ἔξοχ' ἀρίστας,
 ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τῇσι· σὺ δ' ἵλαον ἔνθεο θυμὸν,
 αἰδέσσαι δὲ μέλαθρον· ὑπωρόφιοι δέ τοι εἰμέν
 πληθύος ἐκ Δαναῶν, μέμαμεν δέ τοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων
 κήδιστοί τ' ἔμεναι καὶ φίλτατοι, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοί."

640

Whilst breath is in my lips, and life in limb.
Yet take and lay one warning to thy heart.
Fret not my soul again with sobs and tears
Pour'd in behalf of this heroic King.
Wherefore shouldst thou befriend him? Thee I love ;
Beware, lest thus my love be turn'd to hate.
Who afflicts me, him help me to afflict ; -
So halve my kingdom and partake my fame.
Let these report their answer ; thou remain,
And on a soft bed rest thee here this night ;
At dawn to-morrow we can then consult
Whether to sail off home or still to stay."

He spoke, and order'd by a silent nod
Patroclus to prepare a soft-strewn couch
For Phoenix, that they so might haste the more
Departure from his tent. And Ajax then,
The godlike son of Telamon, spake last :

"Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus !-Let us go. I see no end
Likely to be fulfill'd by all our speech.
Remains for us to carry this reply,
Good though it be not, to the Danaan chiefs,
Who sit, belike, expecting us. But wild
This spirit that Achilles in his breast
Now nurses—reckless—nor takes thought of us
His comrades who have ever honour'd him
Beyond all others ! Ruthless harden'd heart !
Ev'n when a brother or a son is kill'd,
Ransom is ta'en, and when the price is paid,
The slayer still may live within the land,
The wrath of all avengers bought aside.
In thy breast only have the Gods sown wrath
Insatiable and evil—all for one
Mere damsel ! Lo, we offer to thee seven,
The fairest of the fair, and much beside !
I ask thee then once more to show us grace ;
By thine own rôoftree, under which we sit,
The men, who most of all the Danaan tribe
Desire to be at love and peace with thee."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 “Αἶαν διογενὲς, Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
 πάντα τί μοί κατὰ θυμὸν εἰσάο μυνθήσασθαι·
 ἀλλὰ μοι οἰδάνεται κραδίη χόλῳ, ὅππότε ἑκείνων
 μῆτομαι, ὥς μ' ἀσύφηλον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν
 Ἀτρεΐδης, ὥσεϊ-τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.
 ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἔρχεσθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε·
 οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμοιο μεδήσομαι αἱματόεντος,
 πρὶν γ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἴκτορα δῖον,
 Μυρμιδόνων ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθαι
 κτείνοντ' Ἀργείους, κατὰ τε σμῦξαι πυρὶ νῆας.
 ἀμφι δέ τοι τῇ ἐμῇ κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
 Ἴκτορα καὶ μεμαῶτα μάχης σχήσεσθαι οἶω.”

650

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἕκαστος ἑλὼν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον
 σπείσαντες παρὰ νῆας ἴσαν πάλιν· ἦρχε δ' Ὀδυσσεύς.
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμῳῇσι κέλευσεν
 Φοῖνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος ὅττι τάχιστα.
 αἱ δ' ἐπιπειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος ὥς ἐκέλευσεν,
 κῶεά τε ῥῆγός τε λῖνοιό τε λεπτὸν ἄωτον.
 ἐνθ' ὁ γέρον κατέλεκτο καὶ Ἡῶ διαν ἔμιμνεν.
 αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὗδε μυχρῷ κλισίης εὐπῆκτου·
 τῷ δ' ἄρα παρκατέλεκτο γυνή, τὴν Λεσβόθεν ἦγεν,
 Φόρβαντος θυγάτηρ, Διομήδη καλλιπάρῃος.
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐλέξατο· παρ δ' ἄρα καὶ τῷ
 Ἴφιδι εὖζωνος, τὴν οἱ πόρε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
 Σκύρον ἑλὼν αἰπείαν, Ἐνυῆος πτολίεθρον.

660

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίῃσιν ἐν Ἀτρείδαο γένοντο,
 τοὺς μὲν ἄρα χρυσέοισι κυπέλλοις υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
 δειδέχατ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀνασταδὼν, ἔκ τ' ἑρέοντο·
 πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

670

“Εἴπ' ἄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,

Nor more ; to whom the Fleetfoot answer'd thus :
 " Prince of thy people, son of Telamon,
 Great Zeus-sprung Ajax ! As thou feel'st at heart,
 So hast thou spoken, I may well believe :
 But my blood boils with choler, when I think
 Of all that happ'd the day when Atreus' Son
 Made me of no account before the host,
 Spurn'd me like some vile vagrant ! Go ye then,
 Fully and clearly speak my message out ;
 I will not give a thought how goes the fray,
 Till haply when great Hector, Priam's child,
 Gains in the onward path of slaughter borne
 The camp and fleet of these my Myrmidons,
 And threats with fire the galleys—then I trow,
 About my tent, at my black galley's side,
 Ev'n valorous Hector will perchance be stay'd."

He ceased ; whereat each rais'd the two-cupp'd bowl,
 Pour'd his libation, and return'd again
 (Odysseus leading) by the line of ships.

But in the tent Patroclus bade his men
 And handmaids strew the couch for Phoenix thick ;
 Who hearken'd, and bestrew'd it as he bade,
 Skins, and soft rug, and delicate flower of flax.
 Thereon the old man lay, and wakeful mused
 The coming morn. But in the tent's recess
 Achilles slept, and woman by his side,
 The lovely Diomedè, whom he took
 From Lesbos, daughter born to Phorbas, lay.
 By the tent's other wall Patroclus slept,
 Lying with fair-zoned Iphis, whom his lord
 Divine Achilles gat him, when he won
 The steep of Scyros, Enyæus' town.

Meantime the others gain'd Atrides' tents ;
 To whom at once uprose Achaia's sons,
 Welcoming with golden cups from various seats
 And questioning all together : but their King
 Atrides Agamemnon first was heard :

" Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast !

ἢ ῥ' ἐθέλει νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δῆϊον πῦρ,
ἢ ἀπέειπε, χόλος δ' ἔτ' ἔχει μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
κεῖνός γ' οὐκ ἐθέλει σβέσσαι χόλον, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
πιμπλάνεται μένεος, σὲ δ' ἀναίνεται ἡδὲ σὰ δῶρα.
αὐτὸν σὲ φράζεσθαι ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἄνωγεν 680
ὄππως κεν νῆάς τε σόως καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
αὐτὸς δ' ἠπεῖλῃσεν ἅμ' ἡοῖ φαῖνομένηφιν
νῆας εὖσσέλμους ἅλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.
καὶ δ' ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἔφη παραμυθήσασθαι
οἴκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δῆτε τέκμωρ
Ἴλιου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γὰρ ἔθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
χεῖρα ἐὼν ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσήκασι δὲ λαοί.
ὥς ἔφατ'· εἰσὶ καὶ οἶδε τὰδ' εἰπέμεν, οἳ μοι ἔποντο,
Αἴας καὶ κήρυκε δύω, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω.
Φοῖνιξ δ' αὖθ' ὁ γέρων κατελέξατο· ὥς γὰρ ἀνώγει, 690
ὄφρα οἱ ἐν νήεσσι φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδ' ἔπηται
αὔριον, ἣν ἐθέλῃσιν· ἀνάγκη δ' οὔτι μιν ἄξει.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
[μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν].
δὴν δ' ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
μῆδ' ὄφελος λίσσεσθαι ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα,
μυρία δῶρα διδούς· ὁ δ' ἀγῆνωρ ἐστὶ καὶ ἄλλως·
νῦν αὖ μιν πολλὸν μᾶλλον ἀγνορήσιν ἐνῆκας. 700
ἀλλ' ἦτοι κείνουν μὲν ἐάσομεν, ἣ κεν ἴησιν,
ἣ κε μένῃ· τότε δ' αὖτε μαχήσεται, ὅππότε κέν μιν
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἀνώγῃ καὶ θεὸς ὄρσῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες·
νῦν μὲν κοιμήσασθε τεταρπόμενοι φίλον ἦτορ
σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κε φανῇ καλὴ ῥοδόδακτυλος Ἥως,

Quick, say ; consents he to repel the flames
From off our ships, or doth he still refuse,
His haughty heart by passion still possess'd ? ”

And much-enduring Odysseus replied :
“ Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran ! Nor doth he consent to quench
His anger, but is rather choked the more
Therewith—rejects thee and thy gifts alike :
And bids thee seek amongst the Argives here
The counsel wherewithal to save the fleet
And the brave host aboard it : but himself
Threatens at break of dawn to launch to sea
His well-bench'd two-bank'd galleys ; yea, and saith
He now would give to all the like advice,
To sail off home ; since never shall ye see
The fall of Ilion : Zeus hath stretch'd his arm
To save her, and her people's heart throbs high.
So spake he : Ajax and the heralds here,
Discreet men both, can witness if I lie.
But aged Phoenix there remain'd to rest ;
For thus he bade, and added, he might sail
With him to-morrow to their fatherland,
If so he listed—unconstrain'd by him.”

He spoke. Dumbstricken all awhile they sate
Awed, for most vehemently fell the words,
And long in silence ponder'd, sad and still ;
Till thus at length brave Diomed began :

“ Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran ! Would thou ne'er hadst made this prayer
Nor offering of thy gifts to Peleus' Son,
Who erst o'erweened much, but now hath risen
By this thy grace in pride a hundredfold.
Let us then leave him, to depart or stay
At his own pleasure : he will never fight
Till his heart prompts him or some God bestirs.
Meantime obey me as I now enjoin,
And all lie down to slumber, feasted full
With what we have parta'en of corn and wine ;
For of such slumber spirit comes, and strength.
But at first rise of rosy-finger'd Morn

καρπαλίμως πρὸ νεῶν ἐχέμεν λαόν τε καὶ ἵππους
ὀτρύνων, καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι.”

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆες,
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.
καὶ τότε δὴ σπείσαντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἕκαστος,
ἐνθα δὲ κοιμήσάντο καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

Then haste thee up, and order all the host
Before the galleys ; kindle by thy speech
Their spirits ; and thyself be first to fight.”

He spoke ; to whom the chieftains gave acclaim
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed.
They pour'd their offerings forth, and went their way,
And scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark,
There rested and partook the boon of sleep.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Κ'.

Δολώνεια.

Ἄλλοι μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀριστῆες Παναχαϊῶν
 εὖδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῶ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·
 ἄλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ὕπνος ἔχε γλυκερὸς, πολλὰ φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνοντα,
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' αὖ ἀστράπτῃ πόσις Ἥρης ἠὲ ἠϊόκοιο,
 τεύχων ἢ πολὺν ὄμβρον ἀθέσφατον ἢ χάλαζαν
 ἢ νιφετὸν, ὅτε πῆρ τε χιῶν ἐπάλυνεν ἀρούρας,
 ἢ ποθὶ πτολέμοιο μέγα στόμα πευκεδανοῖο,
 ὥς πυκίν' ἐν στήθεσσι νειοσθενάχιζ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 νειόθεν ἐκ κραδίης, τρομέοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἐντός. 10
 ἦτοι ὅτ' ἐς πεδίου τὸ Τρωϊκὸν ἀθρήσειεν,
 θαύμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ, τὰ καίετο Ἰλιόθι πρὸ,
 αὐλῶν συρίγγων τ' ἐνοπὴν ὁμαδὸν τ' ἀνθρώπων.
 αὐτὰρ ὅτ' ἐς νῆας τε ἴδοι καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
 πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύνοντας ἔλκετο χαίτας
 ὑψόθ' ἐόντι Διὶ, μέγα δ' ἔστενε κυδάλιμον κῆρ.
 ἦδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή,
 Νέστορ' ἐπὶ πρῶτον Νηληϊὸν ἐλθέμεν ἀνδρῶν,
 εἴ τινα οἱ σὺν μῆτιν ἀμύμονα τεκτῆναιτο,
 ἦτις ἀλεξίκακος πᾶσιν Δαναοῖσι γένοιτο. 20
 ὀρθωθείς δ' ἐνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λεπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἔπειτα δαφουινὸν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος,
 αἶθωνος μεγάλιο, ποδηνεκέες· εἴλετο δ' ἔγχος.

Ὡς δ' αὕτως Μενέλαον ἔχε τρῶμος—οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῷ
 ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζανε—μή τι πάθοιεν

ILIAD X.

So all night through Achaia's chieftains slept,
Held by soft slumber, lying amongst their ships,
Save Agamemnon, shepherd of the host ;
He slept not ; him sweet slumber might not hold
For many cares. But, as fair Herè's Lord
Frequent sends forth his lightnings, when he works
Or hail or ruinous deluge on the earth,
Or snow-storm, and the snow bestrews the plains,
Or when he opes the jaws of ravening war ;
So, frequent from the bottom of his heart
Atrides render'd groans, and felt the soul
Fever'd within him. If he turn'd his eyes
Outward to Troy's wide plain, he mused aghast
On those strange blazing watch-fires, far advanced
In front of Ilion, and the sound came thence
Of pipe and fife, and all the hum of men ;
Or, if he turn'd him to his own wide camp,
In frenzy from the roots he tore his hair,
Denouncing Zeus on high with bursting heart.
This show'd the sagest counsel to his mind,
To seek Neleian Nestor first, if he
Might peradventure frame some blameless rede
To fend the evil from the Danaan race.
Therefore he rose, and put about his chest
A tunic, and 'neath glistening feet made fast
Rich sandals, and enwrapt him in the hide
Of tawny lion, falling to his feet
Flowing and large, and took to hand a spear.

Nor less on Menelaus fever fell,
Nor would sweet slumber settle on his lids,
For fear lest they should suffer ill, who came

Ἄργεῖοι, τοὶ δὴ ἔθεν εἵνεκα πουλὺν ἔφ' ὑγρὴν
 ἤλυθον ἐς Τροίην, πόλεμον θρασὺν ὀρμαίνοντες.
 παρδαλή μὲν πρῶτα μετίφρενον εὐρὺ κάλυψεν
 ποικίλῃ, αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ στεφάνῃ κεφαλῇφιν αἰείρας
 30 θήκατο χαλκείην, δόρυ δ' εἴλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.
 βῆ δ' ἵμεν ἀνστήσων ὃν ἀδελφεὸν, ὃς μέγα πάντων
 Ἄργείων ἥνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὥς τίετο δῆμῳ.
 τὸν δ' εὖρ' ἀμφ' ὥμοισι τιθήμενον ἔντα καλὰ,
 νηὶ πάρα πρύμνῃ· τῷ δ' ἀσπασίος γένετ' ἔλθων.
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

“Τίφθ' οὕτως, ἡθεῖε, κορύσσειαι; ἢ τιν' ἐταίρων
 ὀτρυνέεις Τρώεσσιν ἐπίσκοπον; ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
 δεῖδω μὴ οὐτις τοι ὑπόσχηται τόδε ἔργον,
 40 ἄνδρας δυσμενέας σκοπιαζέμεν οἷος ἐπελθὼν
 νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην· μάλα τις θρασυκάρδιος ἔσται.”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
 “χρεὼ βουλῆς ἐμὲ καὶ σέ, διοτρεφὲς ὦ Μενέλαε,
 κερδαλέης, ἥτις κεν ἐρύσσεται ἢ δὲ σαώσει
 Ἄργείους καὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἐτράπετο φρήν.
 Ἐκτορέοις ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπὶ φρένα θῆχ' ἱεροῖσιν.
 οὐ γάρ πω ἰδόμην, οὐδ' ἔκλυον ἀυδήσαντος,
 ἄνδρ' ἕνα τοσσάδε μέρμερ' ἐπ' ἡματι μητίσασθαι,
 ὅσσ' Ἐκτωρ ἔρρεξε δίφιλος υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,
 50 αὕτως, οὔτε θεᾶς υἱὸς φίλος οὔτε θεοῖο.
 [ἔργα δ' ἔρεξ' ὅσα φημὶ μελησέμεν Ἀργείοισιν
 δηθὰ τε καὶ δολιχόν· τόσα γὰρ κακὰ μήσατ' Ἀχαιοῦς.]
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Αἴαντα καὶ Ἴδομενῆα κίλεσσον,
 ῥίμφα θέων παρὰ νῆας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Νέστορα δῖον
 εἵμι, καὶ ὀτρυνέω ἀνστήμεναι, αἳ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
 ἐλθεῖν ἐς φυλάκων ἱερὸν τέλος ἢ δ' ἐπιτεῖλαι.
 κείνῳ γάρ κε μάλιστα πιθοίαιτο· τοῖο γὰρ υἱὸς
 σημαίνει φυλάκεσσι, καὶ Ἴδομενῆος ὀπάων
 Μηριόνης· τοῖσιν γὰρ ἐπετράπομέν γε μάλιστα.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμέιβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

From Argos o'er the waters for his sake
To wage a perilous war. Who therefore rose
Likewise, and o'er his broad back threw the skin
Of spotted pard, and set about his head
Basnet of brass, and took a spear in hand.
So forth to meet his brother, him who ruled
The sceptred sovereign of the Argive race,
And honour'd by the people like a God.

Him he found standing at his galley's stern
And girding round his shoulders the bright mail ;
And warm the welcome, as he thus began ;
"Why art'st thou thus, my Brother, at this hour?
Wouldst prompt some chieftain forth to spy the foe?
I fear for such a venture few thou'lt find.
Bold must he be of heart, who dares go forth
Alone through balmy darkness to their camp."

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
"Most sore the need to thee and me alike,
Most noble Menelaus, to devise
Some counsel for the rescue of the host
And safe escape to Argos : since the will
Of Zeus is changed ; to Hector's offerings now
Wholly his heart is given. Myself have ne'er
With mine own eyes beheld, nor e'er heard tell,
Such miracles of prowess by one man
Achieved in battle, as by Hector wrought
This day upon our host—albeit man mere,
Not born of Goddess, nor by God begot ;—
Such deeds, I say, as Argos needs must rue
For many a year ; such evil hath he wrought.
But haste thee lightly through the fleet, and call
Idomeneus and Ajax ; I will go
To noble Nestor and bid him arise
To view with me the posts of sentinels
And lay our charge upon them : whose behest
The guards will best attend ; for on his son
And the brave follower of Idomeneus,
Meriones, this duty we consign'd."

And thus in answer Menelaus spake :

“ πῶς γάρ μοι μύθῳ ἐπιτέλλεαι ἡδέ κελεύεις ;
 αὐθι μένω μετὰ τοῖσι, δεδεγμένος εἰσόκεν ἔλθης,
 ἥε θέω μετὰ σ' αὐτίς, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω ; ”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

“ αὐθι μένειν, μὴ πως ἀβροτᾶζομεν ἀλλήλοιν
 ἐρχομένῳ· πολλὰ γὰρ ἀνὰ στρατόν εἰσι κέλευθοι.
 φθέγγεο δ' ἢ κεν ἔησθα, καὶ ἐγρήγορθαι ἄνωχθι,
 πατρόθεν ἐκ γενεῆς ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,
 πάντας κυδαίνων· μηδὲ μεγαλίζεο θυμῷ,
 ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ περ ποινεώμεθα· ὧδέ που ἄμμιν
 Ζεὺς ἐπὶ γεινομένοισιν ἵει κακότητα βαρεῖαν.”

70

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν ἀδελφεόν, εὖ ἐπιτείλας.

αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἵναι μετὰ Νέστορα, ποιμένα λαῶν·

τὸν δ' εὗρεν παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
 εὐνῇ ἐνι μαλακῇ· παρὰ δ' ἔντεα ποικίλ' ἔκειτο,
 ἀσπίς καὶ δύο δοῦρε φαεινὴ τε τρυφάλεια.

πὰρ δὲ ζωστήρ κείμετο παναίολος, ᾧ ῥ' ὁ γεραιὸς
 ζώννυθ', ὅτ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα θωρήσσοιτο
 λαὸν ἄγων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν ἐπέτρεπε γῆραϊ λυγρῷ.
 ὀρθωθείς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, κεφαλὴν ἐπαείρας,
 Ἀτρεΐδην προσέειπε καὶ ἐξερεεῖνετο μύθῳ·

80

“ Τίς δ' οὗτος κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἔρχεαι οἶος

νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ' εὐδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι ;

[ἢε τιν' οὐρήων διζήμενος, ἢ τιν' ἐταίρων ;]

φθέγγεο, μηδ' ἀκέων ἐπ' ἔμ' ἔρχεο· τίπτε δέ σε χρεώ ; ”

Τὸν δ' ἡμίβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

“ ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδῃ, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν,

γνώσσαι Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, τὸν περὶ πάντων

Ζεὺς ἐνέηκε πόνοισι διαμπερές, εἰσόκ' αὐτμῇ

ἐν στηθέσσι μένη καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη.

90

πλάζομαι ὧδ', ἐπεὶ οὐ μοι ἐπ' ὄμμασι νήδυμος ὕπνος
 ἰζάνει, ἀλλὰ μέλει πόλεμος καὶ κήδε' Ἀχαιῶν.

αἰνῶς γὰρ Δαναῶν περιδείδεια, οὐδέ μοι ἦτορ

ἔμπεδον, ἀλλ' ἀλαλύκτῃμαι, κραδίη δέ μοι ἔξω

στηθέων ἐκθρώσκει, τρομέει δ' ὑπὸ φαίδιμα γυῖα.

ἀλλ' εἴ τι δραίνεις, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σέγ' ὕπνος ἰκάνει,

δεῦρ' ἐς τοὺς φύλακας καταβείομεν, ὄφρα ἴδωμεν,

μὴ τοι μὲν καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες ἡδὲ καὶ ὕπνω

“ And then how orderest thou ? What bidd’st me do ?
Or there with them to wait thee, till thou come,
Or back to run when I have given them word ? ”

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
“ Wait there, lest haply on our path we miss
Each other ; through the camp are many ways.
Call clear to whom thou goest, awake them loud,
Naming each hero by ancestral name,
And glorifying all ; nor be mis-proud
Thyself, but labour with me ; such the task
Zeus hath ordain’d us from our mother’s womb.”

He spoke, and sent him on good hest away ;
But sought himself the shepherd of the host,
Nestor, and found him stretch’d on soft-strewn bed
Outside his black-dyed galley and his tent.
But nigh him lay the enamell’d mail, his shield,
Two spears, and glittering helm, and eke the belt
Wherewith the old man girt him to the fray
And led his people forth, to pains of Eld
Unyielding sïll : who raised his head, and rose
Upon one arm, and question’d him, and said :

“ Who comes thus single through the ships and tents
At dead of night, when others are at rest ?
Seek’st thou a sumpter, or a sentinel ?
Speak, pass me not in silence ; what thy need ? ”

And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
“ O Nestor, Neleus’ son, our nation’s boast !
Know me King Agamemnon, Atreus’ son,
Plunged deepliest far by Zeus in toilsome cares.
Yea, long as breath is in my body, long
As these my limbs have motion, lasts my grief ;
As now I roam, since on mine eyes sweet sleep
Settles not for Achaia’s war and woe.
Great for the host my fear ; my pulse no more
Beats firm, but I am flutter’d to and fro ;
My heart is as ’twould burst from out my breast ;
And my bright-mailed limbs beneath me shake.
But, since on thee sleep likewise settles not,
If thou wouldst help me, rise, and let us view
Our guards, lest haply, sated with fatigue

κοιμήσονται, ἀτὰρ φυλακῆς ἐπὶ πάγχυ λάθονται.
 δυσμενέες δ' ἄνδρες σχεδὸν εἴσται· οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν,
 μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα μενοινήσωσι μάχεσθαι.” 100

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·
 “Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 οὐ θῆν Ἑκτοῖρι πάντα νοήματα μητίετα Ζεὺς
 ἐκτελέει, ὅσα πού νυν ἐέλπεται· ἀλλὰ μιν οἷω
 κήδεσι μοχθήσειν καὶ πλείοσιν, εἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
 ἐκ χόλου ἀργαλέοιο μεταστρέψῃ φίλον ἦτορ.
 σοὶ δὲ μάλ' ἐψομ' ἐγώ· ποτὶ δ' αὖ καὶ ἐγειρόμεν ἄλλους,
 ἡμὲν Τυδεΐδην δουρικλυτὸν ἦδ' Ὀδυσῆα
 ἦδ' Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν.
 ἀλλ' εἴ τις καὶ τούσδε μετοιχώμενος καλέσειεν,
 ἀντιθέον τ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα·
 τῶν γὰρ νῆες ἕασιν ἑκαστάτω, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἐγγύς.
 ἀλλὰ φίλον περ ἐόντα καὶ αἰδοῖον Μενέλαον
 νεικέσω, εἴπερ μοι νεμεσήσῃ, οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω,
 ὥς εὖδει, σοὶ δ' οἷω ἐπέτρεψεν πονέεσθαι·
 νῦν ὄφελεν κατὰ πάντας ἀριστήας πονέεσθαι
 λισσόμενος· χρεῖώ γὰρ ἱκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός.” 110

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 “ὦ γέρον, ἄλλοτε μὲν σε καὶ αἰτιάσθαι ἄνωγα·
 πολλάκι γὰρ μεθιεῖ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλει πονέεσθαι,
 οὔτ' ὄκνη εἴκων οὔτ' ἀφραδίῃσι νόοιο,
 ἀλλ' ἐμέ τ' εἰσορόων καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενος ὁρμήν·
 νῦν δ' ἐμέο πρότερος μάλ' ἐπέργετο καὶ μοι ἐπέστη·
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προσέηκα καλήμεναι οὗς σὺ μεταλλάξ.
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· κείνους δὲ κιχησόμεθα πρὸ πυλάων
 ἐν φυλάκεσσ'· ἵνα γάρ σφιν ἐπέφραδον ἡγερέεσθαι.” 120

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·
 “οὕτως οὕτις οἱ νεμεσήσεται οὐδ' ἀπιθήσει
 Ἀργεῖων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ.” 130

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα χλαῖναν περυνήσατο φοινικέεσαν,
 διπλῆν, ἐκταδίνην, οὐλῇ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνην.

And sleep, they slumber, mindless of the watch :
The foe are near encamp'd ; nor we assured
They will not, ev'n by night, assail again."

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :
" Most sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Our glorious chieftain ! Not at full, I ween,
Shall Zeus the Lord of Counsel bring to pass
The hopes of Hector ; rather shall he toil
Deeper in troubles lost, if Peleus' Son
Should e'er repent him of his evil wrath.
Blithely I follow ; others too we call—
The spear-renown'd Tydides, Odysseus,
The fleet-foot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son ;
And if some youth were near to haste and call
The other Ajax, and Idomeneus,—
For farther are their ships, not nigh at hand.
Yea, dear to me and honour'd though he be,
And though thyself take umbrage, I must chide
Thy brother, nor will hide my blame, that thus
He slumbers still, and leaves to thee this task ;
'Twere his to go now labouring through the chiefs,
Entreating all ; our need is now extreme."

But sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
" I too, my sire, would bid thee chide him oft.
Oft he shows slack and to his labour loth ;
Yet not of folly, nor to sloth a thrall,
But that he looks to me, and waits my hest.
And this while hath he earliest waked, and stood
Before my pillow ; and I sent him first
To summon those of whom thou now inquirest.
So let us haste to meet them at the gates
Amongst the guards ; for there I bade them wait."

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :
" If this be so, no Argive may begrudge
Henceforth obedience to his word or cry."

He spoke, and put a tunic round his chest,
Bound broider'd sandals under glistening feet,
And clasp'd about his body purple cloak
Down-reaching to the feet in double fold

εἴλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξεί χαλκῷ,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
πρῶτον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον,
ἐξ ὕπνου ἀνέγειρε Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ
φθεγξάμενος· τὸν δ' αἶψα περὶ φρένας ἤλυθ' ἰώη,
ἐκ δ' ἤλθε κλισίης καὶ σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

140

“Τίφθ' οὕτω κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν οἶοι ἀλᾶσθε
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅ τι δὴ χρεῖά τόσον ἵκει ;”

Τὸν δ' ἡμέμβετ' ἔπειτα Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·
“διογενὲς Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
μὴ νεμέσα· τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοῦς.
ἀλλ' ἔπευ, ὅφρα καὶ ἄλλον ἐγείρομεν, ὄντ' ἐπέοικεν
βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἢ φευγέμεν ἢ μάχεσθαι.”

Ὡς φάθ', ὁ δὲ κλισίῃνδε κιὼν πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς
ποικίλον ἀμφ' ὅμοισι σῶκος θέτο, βῆ δὲ μετ' αὐτούς.
βὰν δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδην Διομήδεα· τὸν δ' ἐκίχανον
ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ κλισίης σὺν τεύχεσιν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
εὖδον, ὑπὸ κρασὶν δ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας· ἔγχεα δὲ σφιν
ὄρθ' ἐπὶ σαυρωτῆρος ἐλήλατο, τῇλῃ δὲ χαλκὸς
λάμφ' ὥστε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διός. αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἦρως
εὖδ', ὑπὸ δ' ἔστρωτο ῥῶν βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ κράτεσφι τάπης τετάνυστο φαεινός.
τὸν παρστὰς ἀνέγειρε Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ,
λὰξ ποδὶ κινήσας, ὥτρυνέ τε νεῖκεσέ τ' αὖτην·

150

“Ἐγρεο, Τυδέος υἱέ· τί πάννυχον ὕπνον ἀωτεῖς ;
οὐκ αἶψα, ὥς Τρῶες ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίλοιο
εἵλათαι ἄγχι νεῶν, ὀλίγος δ' ἔτι χώρος ἐρύκει ;”

160

Ὡς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἐξ ὕπνοιο μάλα κραιπνῶς ἀνόρουσεν,
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Σχέτλιός ἐσσι, γεραιέ· σὺ μὲν πόνου οὐποτε λήγεις.
οὗ νυ καὶ ἄλλοι ἔασιν νεώτεροι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν,
οἳ κεν ἔπειτα ἕκαστον ἐγείρειαν βασιλῆων
πάντη ἐποιχόμενοι ; σὺ δ' ἀμήχανός ἐσσι, γεραιέ.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Γερῆνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·

With nap of woolly fur, and took a spear ;
So started on his passage through the host.

And first from slumber with his call he roused
Odysseus, peer to Zeus for sâge device ;
Whose sense the sound quick struck ; and from his tent
He issued, and address'd the agèd Chief :

“Why range you thus alone in balmy night
Our camp and fleet ? What need is instant now ?”

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

“Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus ! Be not wroth for this our call ;
So dread the danger that o'erwhelms the host.
Follow us rather, and awake whoe'er
Should be at council, be it to flight or war.”

He spoke ; the other not delay'd, but ran
Into his tent, around his shoulders cast
A carven shield, and follow'd in their steps.

Thence they moved on to Diomed ; and him
Lying outside his tent still under arms
They found ; and many comrades round him slept,
Their shields beneath their heads, but spears erect
Spiked fast in earth, whilst far the points above
Flash'd like the lightning of our Father Zeus.
Asleep their chieftain lay, on ox-hide stretch'd
Below him, pillow'd on a scarlet rug.
Nestor approach'd, bestirr'd him with his heel,
Awoke him, and upbraiding spake and said :

“Rise, Son of Tydeus, wake : wouldst drowse away
The whole night through ? And hearkenest not the hum,
How Troy has camp'd her on the knoll thou knowst,
Hard by the fleet ? Short space divides us now.”

He spoke ; the other started to his feet,
Address'd him, and return'd these wingèd words :

“A restless Elder thou, nor spar'st thyself.
Were there no younger warriors in the host
To speed and call the chieftains one by one ?
Hard is't to deal with thee, my agèd Sire !”

To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

“ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, φίλος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
 εἰσὶν μὲν μοι παῖδες ἀμύμονες, εἰσὶ δὲ λαοὶ 170
 καὶ πολέες, τῶν κέν τις ἐποικιχόμενος καλέσειεν·
 ἀλλὰ μάλα μεγάλη χρεῖω βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοῖς.
 νῦν γὰρ δὴ πάντεσσιν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἴσταται ἀκμῆς
 ἢ μάλα λυγρὸς ὄλεθρος Ἀχαιοῖς, ἥε βιώναι.
 ἀλλ’ ἴθι νῦν, Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλῆος υἱὸν
 ἀνστήσου—σὺ γάρ ἐσσι νεώτερος—εἴ μ’ ἐλεαίρεις.”

“Ὡς φάθ’, ὁ δ’ ἀμφ’ ὥμοισιν ἐέσματο δέρμα λέοντος
 αἰθωνος μεγάλιοι ποδηνεκῆς, εἴλετο δ’ ἔγχος.
 βῆ δ’ ἰέναι, τοὺς δ’ ἔνθεν ἀναστήσας ἄγεν ἥρωος.

Οἱ δ’ ὅτε δὴ φυλάκεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν, 180
 οὐδὲ μὲν εὐδοντας φυλάκων ἡγήτορας εὔρον,
 ἀλλ’ ἐργηγορτὶ σὺν τεύχεσιν εἴατο πάντες.
 ὥς δὲ κύνες περὶ μῆλα δυσωρήσωσιν ἐν αὐλῇ
 θηρὸς ἀκούσαντες κρατερόφρονος, ὅστε καθ’ ὕλην
 ἔρχεται δι’ ὄρεσφι· πολὺς δ’ ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπ’ αὐτῷ
 ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν· ἀπὸ τέ σφισιν ὕπνος ἔλωλεν·
 ὥς τῶν νῆδυμος ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάροιν ὀλώλει
 νύκτα φυλασσομένοισι κακὴν· πεδίονδε γὰρ αἰεὶ
 τετράφαθ’, ὁππότε’ ἐπὶ Τρώων αἰόιεν ἰόντων.
 τοὺς δ’ ὁ γέρων γήθησεν ἰδὼν θάρσυνέ τε μύθῳ 190
 [καὶ σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·]

“Οὔτω νῦν, φίλα τέκνα, φυλάσσετε· μηδέ τιν’ ὕπνος
 αἰρείτω, μὴ χάρμα γενώμεθα δυσμενέεσσιν.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν τάφροιο διέσσυτο· τοὶ δ’ ἅμ’ ἔποντο
 Ἀργείων βασιλῆες, ὅσοι κεκλήατο βουλὴν.
 τοῖς δ’ ἅμα Μηριόνης καὶ Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς
 ἦϊσαν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ κάλειον συμμητιάσθαι.
 τάφρον δ’ ἐκδιαβάντες ὀρυκτὴν ἐδριόωντο
 ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος
 πιπτόντων· ὅθεν αἶτις ἀπετράπετ’ ὄβριμος Ἐκτωρ 200
 ὁλλυὺς Ἀργείους, ὅτε δὴ περὶ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν.
 ἔνθα καθεζόμενοι ἔπε’ ἀλλήλοισι πίφαυσκον.
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·

"My son, to order due thy words accord.
Myself have noble sons, and in the host
Are many who might speed and call the chiefs ;
But, oh, too instant now Achaia's need.
The fate of all is on a razor's edge,
Whether salvation, or an utter death !
But (for thyself art younger) rise, and call
The fleetfoot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son ;
Since, as thou sayst, thou feel'st for me such ruth.'

He spoke ; the hero round his shoulders cast
A lion's hide that to his ankles dropp'd
Tawny and large, took spear in hand, and went,
And woke and brought those others from their tents.

But when they gain'd the posts of sentinels,
They found not the brave captains of the guards
Slumbering, but all awake, all under arms.
For as, in painful watch round folded flock,
When dogs have caught the din of some bold beast
Descending down the mountains through a wood,
The noise of hounds and men confused begins,
And hope of slumber perishes that night ;
So had sweet slumber perish'd off the lids
Of who kept watch that evil night ; for still,
When'er they fancied steps from Troy, they turn'd
Attentive to the plain. And Nestor saw,
Well-pleased, and cheer'd them thus with wingèd words ;

"Still thus, my children, watch, and banish sleep,
Lest we should fall, a mockery to our foes."

He spoke, and cross'd the trench, and with him went
Who of the Argive chieftains had been call'd
To council, and, beside, Meriones,
And Nestor's noble Son, call'd thence to join.

They cross'd the deep-dug trench, and sate them down
I' the open, where some little space appear'd
Of corpses clear, and Hector had refrain'd
On fall of night from slaughter of the host.
There sate they to their council, side by side ;
And first Gerene's Chief began address :

“Ω φίλοι, οὐκ ἂν δὴ τις ἀνὴρ πεπίθωιθ' ἐφ' αὐτοῦ
 θυμῷ τολμήεντι μετὰ Τρώας μεγαθύμους
 ἐλθεῖν ; εἴ τινά που δηῖον ἔλοι ἐσχατόωντα,
 ἢ τινά που καὶ φῆμιν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι πύθοιτο,
 ἄσσα τε μητιώσιν μετὰ σφίσιν, ἣ μεμάασιν
 αὐθι μένειν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἥ ἐ πόλινδ'
 ἀψ' ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ' Ἀχαιοὺς. 210
 ταῦτά κε πάντα πύθοιτο, καὶ ἅψ' εἰς ἡμέας ἔλθοι
 ἀσκηθὴς· μέγα κέν οἱ ὑπουργάνιον κλέος εἴη
 πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους, καὶ οἳ δόσις ἔσσεται ἐσθλή·
 ὅσσοι γὰρ νῆεσσιν ἐπικρατέουσιν ἄριστοι,
 τῶν πάντων οἳ ἕκαστος οἷν δώσουσι μέλαιναν,
 θῆλυν ὑπόρρηνον· τῇ μὲν κτέρας οὐδὲν ὁμοῖον,
 αἰεὶ δ' ἐν δαίτησι καὶ εἰλαπίνῃσι παρέσται.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοῆν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“Νέστορ, ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ 220
 ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων δύναι στρατὸν ἐγγυς ἐόντων,
 Τρώων· ἀλλ' εἴ τίς μοι ἀνὴρ ἄμ' ἔποιτο καὶ ἄλλος,
 μᾶλλον θαλπῶρῃ καὶ θάρσαλεώτερον ἔσται.
 σύν τε δύ' ἐρχομένω, καὶ τε πρὸ τοῦ ἐνόησεν,
 ὅπως κέρδος ἔη· μῦνος δ' εἵπερ τε νοήσῃ,
 ἀλλὰ τέ οἱ βράσσων τε νόος, λεπτὴ δέ τε μῆτις.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἔθελον Διομήδεϊ πολλοὶ ἔπεσθαι.
 ἠθέλετ' Ἀἴαντες δύο, θεράποντες Ἄρης,
 ἠθέλε Μηριόνης, μάλα δ' ἠθέλε Νέστορος υἱός,
 ἠθέλε δ' Ἀτρεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος, 230
 ἠθέλε δ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσσεὺς καταδύναι ὄμιλον
 Τρώων· αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἐτόλμα.
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

“Τυδείδῃ Διόμηδες, ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
 τὸν μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γ' αἰρήσεται, ὃν κ' ἐθέλησθα,
 φαινομένων τὸν ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ μεμάασί γε πολλοί.
 μηδὲ σὺ γ' αἰδόμενος σῆσι φρεσὶ τὸν μὲν ἀρείω
 καλλεῖπειν, σὺ δὲ χεῖρον' ὀπάσσειαι αἰδοῖ εἰκων,
 ἐς γεγενῆν ὀρόων, μηδ' εἰ βασιλεύτερός ἐστιν.”

“Hath no brave hero here enow of trust
Placed in his daring heart to venture forth
Through the haught Trojans, so perchance to slay
Some lodger on their outskirts, or to learn
What now is rumour'd, what they now intend ;
Whether they would encamp beyond this night
Far from their city and so nigh our fleet,
Or after this their victory would return ?
Could he learn this and come to us unscathed,
Great should his glory be 'mongst all mankind,
And bounteous his reward. Of all who rule
Chiefs in this camp, should every one bestow
A black-fleeced ewe with lamb upon her teats,
Whereto there is no fellow in the flock ;
And at all banquets he should aye be guest.”

He spoke ; and all awhile in silence sate,
Till dauntless Diomed made answer thus :

“Nestor, my heart and daring prompt me forth
To venture through this neighbour camp of Troy ;
Yet, if some comrade would companion me,
The cheer were better, and the hope were more.
When two together go, the one perchance
Perceives before the other what may turn
To vantage ; if alone, albeit he sees,
'Twill be with slower sense, more meagre wit.”

He spoke ; and many offer'd, blithe to go ;
Blithe either Ajax, constant to the war ;
And blithe Meriones ; and blither yet
The son of Nestor ; blithe was Atreus' Son,
Renowned Menelaus ; last, not least,
Odysseus, ever venturesome at heart,
Was blithe to go a spy amid the host.
Amongst whom Agamemnon spake, their King :

“Tydides Diomed, my heart's delight !
Choose thou thy comrade, whomso thou prefer'st ;
Since many proffer, choose thou out the best :
Nor, through some over-reverence, pass thou by
The better man, nor take to thee the worse,
For majesty, or for respect of birth,
Albeit he be of some more royal race.”

Ἦς ἔφατ', ἔδδειςεν δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ.
τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης· 240

“Εἰ μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γε καλεύετέ μ' αὐτὸν ἐλέσθαι,
πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆος ἐγὼ θείοιο λαθοίμην,
οὐκ ἔπει μὲν πρόφρων κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ἐν πάντεσσι πόχοισι, φίλει δέ ἐ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
τούτου γ' ἐσπομένοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο
ἄμφω νοστήσαιομεν, ἔπει περίοιδε νοήσαι.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολὺτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
“Τυδείδη, μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἴνεε μήτε τι νείκει·
εἰδόσι γάρ τοι ταῦτα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις. 250
ἀλλ' ἴομεν· μῆλα γὰρ νύξ ἄνεται, ἐγγυθὶ δ' ἡώς,
ἄστρα δὲ δὴ προβέβηκε, παρῳχέηκεν δὲ πλέων νύξ
τῶν δύο μοιράων, τριτάτῃ δ' ἔτι μοῖρα λέλειπται.”

Ἦς εἰπόνθ' ὅπλοισιν ἐνὶ δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην.
Τυδείδῃ μὲν δῶκε μενεπτόλεμος Θρασυμήδης
φάσγανον ἄμφηκες—τὸ δ' ἐὼν παρὰ νηὶ λέλειπτο—
καὶ σάκος· ἄμφι δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔθηκεν
ταυρεῖην, ἀφαλὸν τε καὶ ἄλλοφον, ἥτε καταϊτυξ
κέκληται, ῥύεται δὲ κάρη θαλερῶν αἰζήνων.
Μηριόνης δ' Ὀδυσῆϊ δίδου βιὸν ἡδὲ φαρέτρην 260
καὶ ξίφος· ἄμφι δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔθηκεν,
ῥινοῦ ποιητήν· πολέσιν δ' ἐντοσθεν ἱμάσιν
ἐντέτατο στερεῶς· ἔκτοσθε δὲ λευκοὶ δόδυντες
ἀργιόδοντος ὑὸς θαμέες ἔχον ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα
εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως· μέσση δ' ἐνὶ πῖλος ἀρήρει,
τὴν ῥά ποτ' ἐξ Ἑλεώνος Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο
ἐξέλετ' Αὐτόλυκος πυκινὸν δόμον ἀντιτορήσας·
Σκάνδειαν δ' ἄρα δῶκε Κυθηρίῳ Ἀμφιδάμαντι·
Ἀμφιδάμας δὲ Μόλῳ δῶκε ξεινήϊον εἶναι,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Μηριόνη δῶκεν ᾧ παιδὶ φορῆναι· 270
δὴ τότε Ὀδυσῆος πύκασεν κάρη ἀμφιτεθεῖσα.

Τὼ δ' ἐπειοῦν ὅπλοισιν ἐνὶ δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην,
βάν ῥ' ἵεναι, λιπέτην δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.
τοῖσι δὲ δεξιὸν ἦκεν ἐρωδιὸν ἐγγὺς ὁδοῖο

He spoke, in fear for Menelaus' sake ;
And dauntless Diomed made answer thus :

• “ If ye so bid me choose mine own ally,
How of divine Odysseus may I show
Forgetful, prompt of heart, and high of soul
In all endeavours, most to Pallas dear ?
Safe from a fiery furnace might we come,
With him my comrade, matchless in device.”

To whom in answer sage Odysseus thus :
“ Nor praise me overmuch, nor blame at all,
Tydides ; for thou speak'st to men who know.
But let us forth ; the darkness wears apace ;
And morn is nigh ; the stars have westward fall'n ;
The most of night hath gone, two watches pass'd,
The third alone remains for our emprise.”

They ceased, and donn'd their dreadful-seeming arms.
And Thrasymed then gave to Tydeus' Son
A two-edged sword and shield (his own were left
Amongst the ships), and on his head placed firm
A bull-hide helm, devoid of crest or cone,
And basnet named, the headpiece of a youth.
Whilst to Odysseus gave Meriones
A bow and quiver, and a sword, and set
About his head a helm of leathern hide
Full stoutly wrought, with many twists entwined
Within, but on its outer front gleam'd white
(By skilful hand well set on either side)
A wild boar's teeth ; and felt was next the head.
This from a fortress breach'd and pierced right through,
In Helione Autolycus once took
From great Amyntor, son of Ormenus,
And to Cythera's King Amphidamas
Gave in Scandeia ; but Amphidamas
Gave it to Molus, pledge of friendship old,
And Molus to his son Meriones :
Therewith Odysseus now begirt his head.

So panoplied in dreadful-seeming arms
The two went forth, alone, and left their friends ;
On whose right hand propitious, near their path,

Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίνην, ἀλλὰ κλάγξαντος ἄκουσαν.
χαῖρε δὲ τῷ ἔρνιθ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ἡρᾶτο δ' Ἀθήνη·

“Κλυθὶ μεν, αἰγινόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἦτε μοι αἰεὶ
ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίστασαι, οὐδέ σε λήθω
κινύμενος· νῦν αὖτε μάλιστά με φίλαι, Ἀθήνη,
δὸς δὲ πάλιν ἐπὶ νῆας εὐκλείας ἀφικέσθαι,
ῥέξαντας μέγα ἔργον, ὃ κε Τρώεσσι μελήσει.”

280

Δεύτερος αὐτ' ἡρᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
“κέκλυθι νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο, Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη·
σπεῖό μοι, ὥς ὅτε πατρὶ ἄμ' ἔσπεο Τυδεΐ δῖω
ἐς Θήβας, ὅτε τε πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν ἀγγελος ἦει.
τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀσωπῷ λίπε χαλκοχίτωνας Ἀχαιοὺς,
αὐτὰρ ὁ μειλίχιον μῦθον φέρε Καδμείοισιν
κεῖσ'· ἀτὰρ ἄψ' ἀπιὼν μάλα μέρμερα μήσατο ἔργα
σὺν σοι, διὰ θεὰ, ὅτε οἱ πρόφρασσα παρέστης.
ὥς νῦν μοι ἐθέλουσα παρίστασο καὶ με φύλασσε.
σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ ῥέξω βούνῃνιν εὐρυμέτωπον,
ἀδμήτην, ἣν οὔπω ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ἀνὴρ·
τήν τοι ἐγὼ ῥέξω, χρυσὸν κέρασιν περιχεύας.”

290

“Ὡς ἔφαν εὐχόμενοι, τῶν δ' ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἡρήσαντο Διὸς κούρη μεγάληοιο,
βάν ῥ' ἔμεν ὥστε λέοντε δύω διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
ἄμ φόνον, ἂν νέκυας, διὰ τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα.

Οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ Τρώας ἀγήνορας εἶας' Ἔκτωρ
εὖδειν, ἀλλ' ἄμυδις κικλήσκετο πάντας ἀρίστους,
ὅσσοι ἔσαν Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες·
τοὺς ὅγε συγκαλέσας, πυκινὴν ἡρτύνετο βουλὴν·

300

“Τίς κέν μοι τόδε ἔργον ὑποσχόμενος τελέσειεν
δώρῳ ἔπι μεγάλῳ; μισθὸς δέ οἱ ἄρκιος ἔσται.
δώσω γὰρ δῖφρον τε δύω τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους,
οἳ κεν ἄριστοὶ ἔωσι θεῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅστις κε τλαίῃ, οἳ τ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἄροιτο,

Athene sent a heron ; in dim night
 They saw it not, but heard its cry ; whereat,
 •Much-cheer'd, Odysseus on the Goddess cried :
 “ Child of the Ægis-wielder, hear my prayer ;
 Daughter of Zeus, who ever at my side
 Standest in danger, nor unmark'd of thee
 I move—now most, Athene, show thy love ;
 Grant to our well-bench'd galleys we return
 After some deed the Trojans long may rue.”

And Diomed in turn address'd his prayer ;
 “ Hear me, me also, mighty child of Zeus !
 And be to me, as to my sire in Thebes
 Of old thou wast, companion ; when he went
 In embassy before Achaia's host,
 And left them at Æsopus' stream, but bare
 Onward their peaceful message into Thebes
 To the Cadmeians ; and, returning, wrought
 Upon them wondrous deeds, through thee, through thee,
 Great Goddess, who wast helpful to his arm !
 So now to me be helpful ; guard me home ;
 And on thine altar I will offer up
 A heifer, one year old, and broad of front,
 Unbroken, ne'er submitted to the yoke :
 This will I offer, and with gilded horns.”

So pray'd they, and Athene heard their prayer.

Thereafter, like two lions, quite alone,
 In darkness, and o'er bodies of the dead,
 Through spilth of gore and arms, they trod their way.

The while nor Hector suffer'd his brave host
 To slumber, but together call'd the best,
 All who were chiefs and captains in their camp ;
 To whom in council he address'd his rede :

“ Who for my sake and for a rich reward
 Will forth adventure to a perilous raid ?
 Large guerdon shall be his ; for I will give
 The chariot and the pair of proudneck'd steeds,
 Of all most perfect from Achaia's host,
 To whoso dares (and great the fame thereto)

νηῶν ὠκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἔλθέμεν, ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι
 ἢ ἐφυλάσσονται νῆες θαλῶς τὸ πάρος περ,
 ἢ ἥδη χεῖρες σσι ὑφ' ἡμετέρησι δαμέντες
 φύξιν βουλευούσιν μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν
 νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι, καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῶ.”

310

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
 ἦν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δόλων, Εὐμήδεος υἱός,
 κήρυκος θείοιο, πολύχρυσος πολύχαλκος·
 ὃς δὴ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνος ἔην μετὰ πέντε κλισιγνήτησιν.
 ὃς ῥα τότε Τρωσὶν τε καὶ Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“Ἑκτορ', ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 νηῶν ὠκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἔλθέμεν ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνάσχεο, καὶ μοι ὄμοσσον
 ἢ μὲν τοὺς ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ
 δωσέμεν, οὐ φορέουσιν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.
 σπρὶ δ' ἐγὼ οὐχ ἄλιος σκοπὸς ἔσσομαι οὐδ' ἀπὸ δόξης.
 τόφρα γὰρ ἐς στρατὸν εἶμι διαμπερὲς, ὅφρ' ἂν ἴκωμαι
 νῇ Ἀγαμεμνονέην, ὅθι που μέλλουσιν ἄριστοὶ
 βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἢ φευγέμεν, ἢ μάχεσθαι.”

320

“Ὡς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἐν χερσὶ σκῆπτρον λάβε καὶ οἱ ὄμοσσαν·
 “ἴστω νῦν Ζεὺς αὐτὸς, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις” Ἡρῆς,
 μὴ μὲν τοῖς ἵπποισιν ἀνὴρ ἐποχῆσεται ἄλλος
 Τρώων, ἀλλὰ σέ φημι διαμπερὲς ἀγλαΐεσθαι.”

330

“Ὡς φάτο καὶ ῥ' ἐπίορκον ἐπώμοσε, τὸν δ' ὀρόθυνεν.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀμφ' ὥμοισιν ἐβάλλετο καμπύλα τόξα,
 ἔσσατο δ' ἔκτοσθεν ῥινὸν πολιοῖο λύκοιο,
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπὶ κτιδέην κυνέην, ἔλε δ' ὄξυν ἄκοντα,
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι προτὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν
 ἐλθὼν ἐκ νηῶν ἅψ' Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἀποΐσειν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν κάλλιφ' ὄμιλον,
 βῆ ῥ' ἂν ὁδὸν μεμαώς· τὸν δὲ φράσατο προσιόντα
 διογενῆς Ὀδυσσεύς, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν·

340

“Οὗτός τις, Διόμηδες, ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεται ἀνὴρ,
 οὐκ οἶδ' ἢ νήεσσιν ἐπίσκοπος ἡμετέρησιν,
 ἢ τινα συλήσῃν νεκρῶν κατατεθνηώτων
 ἀλλ' ἐώμέν μιν πρῶτα παρεξελθεῖν πεδίοιο

Seek their swift galleys, and espy, and learn
Whether they yet be guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,
They counsel flight amongst them, and are slack
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone."

He ceased ; but all long time in silence sate.

A certain man, named Dolon, ill to view,
But fleet of foot, and wealthy, dwelt in Troy,
Son of Eumedes herald of the town ;
One son, amongst five sisters born and bred ;
He first to Hector and to Troy replied :

"Hector, my heart and daring prompt me forth
To seek their ships, and, as thou tell'st, espy ;
But raise aloft thy sceptre ; swear thereon
To give me the enamell'd car and steeds
Which bear the great Peleion on the field.
So I to thee will prove no idle spy
Nor disappoint thy hopes, but pierce their camp
To Agamemnon's galley, where perchance
They hold their council, or to flight or war."

To whom with lifted sceptre Hector sware :
"Now Zeus himself, far-thundering, Here's Lord,
Bear witness, that no other Trojan brave
Shall mount that chariot or shall guide those steeds,
Which thou shalt have, thy glory and thy pride."

He spoke, and sware an oath forsworn, yet cheer'd
The other forth, who straightway rose and flung
About his shoulders crookbent bow, and donn'd
A grey wolf-skin, and bound about his head
A cap of weasel-fur, and took a spear ;
Then started from their camp towards the fleet ;
So started—but was destined ne'er to bring
Report to Hector, nor himself return.

Soon, when were left behind some little space
Their cars and horses, eager on his path
He hasted on, till brave Odysseus first
Perceived him, and to Diomed said thus :

"This man comes, Diomed, from out their camp ;
Whether to spy our fleet or rob the slain
I know not. Let him pass us on the field

τυτθόν· ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαίξαντες ἔλοιμεν
καρπαλίμως· εἰ δ' ἄμμε παραφθήησι πόδεςσιν,
αἰεὶ μιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατόφι προτιειλεῖν,
ἔγχει ἐπαίσσων, μή πως προτὶ ἄστυ ἄλυξῃ·”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρέξ ὁδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν
κλινθήτην· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὦκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίῃσιν. 350
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀπέην ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὖρα πέλονται
ἡμιόνων—αἱ γάρ τε βοῶν προφερέστεραί εἰσιν
ἐλκόμεναι νεοῖο βαθείης πηκτὸν ἄροτρον—
τὼ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη δοῦπον ἀκούσας·
ἔλπετο γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέψοντας ἑταίρους
ἐκ Τρώων ἵεναι, πάλιν Ἑκτορος ὀτρύνειντος,
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀπεςαν δουρηνεκὲς ἥ καὶ ἔλασσαν,
γυνῶ ῥ' ἄνδρας δηῖους, λαιψῆρά δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
φευγέμεναι· τοὶ δ' αἶψα διώκειν ὠρμήθησαν.
ὥς δ' ὅτε καρχαρόδοντε δῶα κύνε, εἰδότε θήρης, 360
ἥ κεμάδ' ἦε λαγῶν ἐπείγετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
χῶρον ἀν' ὑλήενθ', ὁ δέ τε προθέησι μεμηκῶς,
ὥς τὸν Τυδείδης ἠδὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεὺς
λαοῦ ἀποτμήξαντε διώκετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἐμελλε μιγήσεσθαι φυλάκεσσιν
φεύγων ἐς νῆας, τότε δὴ μένος ἐμβαλ' Ἀθήνη
Τυδείδῃ, ἵνα μή τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
φθαίῃ ἐπευξάμενος βαλέειν, ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι.
δουρὶ δ' ἐπαίσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

“Ἡὲ μὲν, ἦέ σε δουρὶ κιχήσομαι, οὐδέ σέ φημι 370
δηρὸν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄλυξεν αἰπὺν ὕλεθρον·”

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἔγχος ἀφῆκεν, ἐκὼν δ' ἡμάρτανε φωτός,
δεξιτερὸν δ' ὑπὲρ ὧμον ἐύξου δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ
ἐν γαίῃ ἐπάγη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη τάρβησέν τε
βαμβαίνων—ἄραβος δὲ διὰ στόμα γίγνεται ὀδόντων—
χλωρὸς ὑπαὶ δῖους. τὼ δ' ἀσθμαίνοντε κιχήτην,
χειρῶν δ' ἀψάσθην· ὁ δὲ δακρύσας ἔπος ἠύδα·

Some little way ; then easily will we spring
 And take him captive ; for, though he perchance
 In speed excel us, yet advancing still
 Against him spear in hand, we drive him off
 From his own camp, and far escape to Troy."

They whisper'd thus, and crouch'd beside the path
 'Mongst the dead bodies hidden ; and he pass'd
 Swift running by them—witless, to his death !

Far as one strain of mules may reach (for mules
 Better than oxen through stiff fallow land
 Haul the strong plough) he pass'd them, ere they rose
 And follow'd quick : whose steps he heard, and paused
 Gladly, for in his heart he hoped the sound
 Of his own comrades hasting to recall
 Himself by Hector's bidding back to Troy.
 But, when within a spear's-cast or less space
 They gain'd, he knew them foes, and turn'd his limbs
 Nimble to flight, and they to hard pursuit.
 As when two jag-tooth'd hounds well-skill'd of chace
 Press o'er some wooded dale full furiously
 A fawn or hare, that moaning flees before,
 So Tydeus' dauntless Son and Odysseus
 Drove him in front and press'd full furiously
 Upon him ; till, when fleeing he had fall'n
 Almost upon the outposts of the guard,
 Athene breathed on Tydeus' Son despatch,
 Lest, if another of Achaia's host
 Should now forestall him, and with prayer to heaven
 Smite Dolon, he be second at the death ;
 Therefore with brandish'd spear he cried, and said :

"Halt, or my spear shall strike thee ; then, I ween,
 Short thy escape from slaughter at our hands."

He spake, and hurl'd his spear, but err'd prepense :
 O'er the right shoulder of the foe the point
 Pass'd, and the polish'd shaft stood fix'd in earth
 Before him. All aghast, with muttering lips
 And chattering teeth, and pale with fear, he stopp'd ;
 Till they, for breath now panting, gain'd his side
 And seized his hands ; whom he with tears implored ;

“Ζωγρεῖτ’, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐμὲ λύσομαι· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον
χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολὺκμητός τε σίδηρος,
τῶν κ’ ὕμμι χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ὑπερῖσιν ἄποινα,
εἰ κεν ἐμὲ ζῶν πεπύθοιτ’ ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.” 380

Τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολὺμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
“θάρσει, μηδὲ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιος ἔστω·
ἀλλ’ ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως καταλέξον·
πῇ δ’ οὕτως ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεαι οἶος
νύκτα δι’ ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ’ εὐδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
[ἢ τινα συλήσων νεκρῶν καταπεθνηώτων;]
ἦ σ’ ἔκτωρ προέηκε διασκοπιᾶσθαι ἕκαστα
νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς; ἦ σ’ αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;”

Τὸν δ’ ἡμείβετ’ ἔπειτα Δόλων—ὑπὸ δ’ ἔτρεμε γυῖα· 390
“πολλῇσιν μ’ ἄτρησι παρέκ νόον ἤγαγεν ἔκτωρ,
ὅς μοι Πηλεΐωνος ἀγαυοῦ μώνυχας ἵππους
δωσέμεναι κατένευσε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ·
ἠνώγει δέ μ’ ἰόντα θοὴν δαὶ νύκτα μέλαιναν
ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἕκ τε πυθέσθαι
ἢ φυλάσσονται νῆες θοαὶ ὥς τὸ πάρος περ,
ἢ ἤδη χεῖρεσσιν ὑφ’ ἡμετέρησι δαμέντες
φύξιν βουλεύσασθε μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ’ ἐθέλοιτε
νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῶ.”

Τὸν δ’ ἐπιμειδίσας προσέφη πολὺμητις Ὀδυσσεύς· 400
“ἦ ῥά νύ τοι μεγάλων δῶρων ἐπεμαίετο θυμὸς,
ἵππων Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· οἱ δ’ ἄλεγενοιὶ
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἢδ’ ὀχέεσθαι,
ἄλλω γ’ ἢ Ἀχιλῆϊ, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μήτηρ.
ἀλλ’ ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως καταλέξον·
ποῦ νῦν δεῦρο κιῶν λίπες ἔκτορα, ποιμένα λαῶν;
ποῦ δέ οἱ ἔντεα κεῖται ἀρήϊα, ποῦ δέ οἱ ἵπποι;
πῶς δ’ αἰ τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων φυλακαὶ τε καὶ εὐναί;
[ἄσσα τε μητιόωσι μετὰ σφίσιν, ἢ μεμάασιν
αὖθι μένειν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἢ πόλινδε
ἀψ’ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ’ Ἀχαιοῦς.]” 410

Τὸν δ’ αὖτε προσέειπε Δόλων, Εὐμήδεος υἱός·
“τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ τοι ταῦτα μάλ’ ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.
ἔκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν, ὅσοι βουληφόροι εἰσὶν,
βουλὰς βουλεύει θεῖον παρὰ σήματι Ἴλον,

“Spare me ; I yield me captive, and will give
Large ransom ; great the substance in my home,
Brass, gold, and well-wrought iron, stored up,
Whence will my father priceless ransom yield,
When he shall learn me captive in your fleet.”

To whom thus answering sage Odysseus said :
“Take heart ; nor let thy death be in thy thought.
Rather speak freely all, and tell me this—
Whither through night's dim darkness mak'st thou way
Towards our fleet, whilst others are at rest ?
To strip some body ? Or hath Hector sent
To spy what now is passing in our ships ?
Or doth thine own brave heart thus prompt thee forth ? ”

To whom then Dolon thus, with shaking knees :
“To this dire trouble, against my better sense,
Hath Hector guiled me, swearing to bestow
The horses and the bright enamell'd car
Of Peleus' Son, and bidding me by night
Venture amongst your barks, to spy, and learn
Whether your fleet be guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,
Ye counsel flight amongst you, and are slack
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone.”

Whom with slow smile Odysseus answer'd thus :
“Vast, verily, thy ambition—the great steeds
Of Peleus' noble Son ! But hard were they
For mortal man to manage or to yoke,
Save one of an immortal mother born,
Their lord Achilles ! Now inform me this ;
Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of the realm ?
Where lies his warlike mail, and where his steeds ?
How is't with the others at their posts and tents ?
What counsel they amongst them ? Or to bide
Far from their city and so near our fleet,
Or after this their victory to return ? ”

To whom Eumedes' Son made answer thus :
“Also these things will I inform at full.
Hector, with all who have in senate seat,
Holds council, clear of all the din, and near
To Ilus' tomb ; but of the guards, great chief,

νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβου· φυλακὰς δ' ἄς εἶραι, ἥρως,
οὔτις κεκριμένη ρύεται στρατὸν οὐδὲ φυλάσσει.
ὅσσαι μὲν Τρώων πυρὸς ἐσχάrai, οἷσιν ἀνάγκη,
οἱ δ' ἔγρηγόρθασι φυλασσέμεναι τε κέλονται
ἀλλήλοισι. ἀτὰρ αὖτε πολὺκλήτοι ἐπίκουροι
εὖδουσι· Τρωσὶν γὰρ ἐπιτραπέουσι φυλάσσειν·
οὐ γάρ σφιν παῖδες σχεδὸν εἴαται οὐδὲ γυναικες.”

420

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
“πῶς γὰρ νῦν, Τρώεσσι μεμυγμένοι ἵπποδάμοισιν
εὖδουσι, ἢ ἀπάνευθε; δίειπέ μοι, ὄφρα δαείω.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Δόλων, Εὐμήδεος υἱός·
“τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ταῦτα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.
πρὸς μὲν ἄλods Κᾶρες καὶ Παῖονες ἀγκυλότοξοι
καὶ Λέλεγες καὶ Καύκωνες δῖοι τε Πελασγοί,
πρὸς Θύμβρης δ' ἔλαχον Λύκιοι Μυσοί τ' ἀγέρωχοι
καὶ Φρύγες ἵπποδάμοι καὶ Μήονες ἵπποκορυσταί.
ἀλλὰ τίη ἐμὲ ταῦτα διεξερέεσθε ἕκαστα;
εἰ γὰρ δὴ μέματον Τρώων καταδύναι ὄμιλον,
Θρήικες οἷδ' ἀπάνευθε νεήλυδες, ἔσχατοι ἄλλων·
ἐν δέ σφιν Ῥῆσὺς βασιλεὺς, πᾶις Ἱιονῆος.
τοῦ δὴ καλλίστους ἵππους ἴδον ἠδὲ μεγίστους·
λευκότεροι χιόνος, θείειν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖοι.
ἄρμα δέ οἱ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ εὖ ἤσκηται·
τεύχεα δὲ χρύσεια πελώρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
ἤλυθ' ἔχων· τὰ μὲν οὔτι καταθνητοῖσιν ἔοικεν
ἄνδρεςσιν φορέειν, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ πελάσσετον ὠκυπόροισιν,
ἡέ με δῆσαντες λίπετ' αὐτόθι νηλεῖ δεσμῷ,
ὄφρα κεν ἔλθητον καὶ πειρηθῆτον ἐμεῖο,
ἡέ κατ' αἴσαν ἔειπον ἐν ὑμῖν, ἡέ καὶ οὐκί.”

430

440

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
“μὴ δὴ μοι φύξιν γε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ,
ἐσθλά περ ἀγγελίας, ἐπεὶ ἴκεο χεῖρας ἐς ἀμάς.
εἰ μὲν γάρ κέ σε νῦν ἀπολύσομεν ἢ μεθῶμεν,
ἢ τε καὶ ὕστερον εἴσθα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
ἢ ἐδιοπτεύσω, ἢ ἐναντίβιον προλεμίζω·

450

Thou askest—they are on no fixèd posts
To watch or save the camp ; but, where the fires
Amongst the Trojans (who needs must keep guard)
Show blazing, there men wake, and each bids each
Keep heedful watch ; but all their famed allies
Slumber, and to the Trojans leave this care ;
They have not wife or child imperil'd here.”

Whom sage Odysseus, answering, quèstion'd more :
“ Rest these allies commingled with the host
Of warrior Trojans, or themselves apart ? ”

To whom then Dolon thus, Eumedes' Son :
“ Also these things will I inform at full.
Seaward the plumed Pæonian archer-troop,
The Carians, Caucons, and Lelegians lie ;
With these the brave Pelasgians ; on the side
Of Thymbra their allotted spaces hold
The Lycians, the proud Mysians, and the host
Of Phrygia, and the helm'd Mæonian tribes.
But wherefore thus inquire the camp of each ?
For, would ye have a foray on their camp,
Here lie the Thracians, on the skirts of all
Alone, and late-arrived ; and with them came
Rhesus, the-son of Eioneus, their King.
Largest, most beauteous on this earth, his steeds,
Whiter than snow, and footed like the winds,
I late beheld ; and eke his car is wrought
In gold and silver ; and of gold his arms,
Of size prodigious, marvel to behold,
Such as 'twould seem no mortal man might bear,
But worthy to enclothe immortal Gods.
Now therefore take me captive to your ships,
Or bind with ruthless bonds, and leave me here
Till ye return, and of my words have proof,
Whether I now have told you false or true.”

But thus brave Diomed with stern-set brow :
“ Hope not, how good soe'er thy tidings given
Hope not, O Dolon, from our hands escape
For, if we for a ransom set thee free,
Hereafter might'st thou to our fleet again,
Whether to spy, or fight in open field :

εἰ δὲ κ' ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμείς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης,
οὐλέτ' ἔπειτα σὺ πῆμά ποτ' ἔσσεαι Ἀργείοισιν."

Ἡ καὶ ὁ μὲν μιν ἔμελλε γενεῖου χειρὶ παχείῃ
ἀψάμενος λίσσασθαι, ὁ δ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσεν
φασγάνῳ ἀλξας, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·
φθεγγομένου δ' ἄρα τοῦγε κάρη κονίησιν ἐμίχθη.
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κτιδέην κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔλοντο
καὶ λυκέην καὶ τόξα παλίντοια καὶ δόρυ μακρόν·
καὶ τὰ γ' Ἀθηναίῃ ληϊτίδι δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
ὑψόσ' ἀνέσχθε χειρὶ καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠΐδα·

460

“Χαῖρε, θεὰ, τοῖσδεσσι· σὲ γὰρ πρώτην ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
πάντων ἀθανάτων ἐπιδωσόμεθ'· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὖτις
πέμψον ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν ἵππους τε καὶ εὐνάς.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἐφώνησεν, καὶ ἀπὸ ἔθεν ὑψόσ' αἰέρας
θήκεν ἀνὰ μυρίκην· δέελον δ' ἐπὶ σῆμά τ' ἔθηκεν,
συμμάρψας δόνακας μυρίκης τ' ἐριθηλέας ῥῆζους,
μὴ λάθοι αὖτις ἰόντε θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν.
τῷ δὲ βάτην προτέρω διὰ τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἶμα,
αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν τέλος ἵζον ἰόντες.
οἱ δ' εὗδον καμᾶτ' ἀδηκότες, ἔντεα δέ σφιν
καλὰ παρ' αὐτοῖσι χθονὶ κέκλιτο, εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
τριστοιχί· παρὰ δέ σφιν ἐκάστω δίζυγες ἵπποι.
Ῥῆσος δ' ἐν μέσῳ εὔδε, παρ' αὐτῷ δ' ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἔξ ἐπιδιφριάδος πυμάτης ἱμάσι δέδεντο.
τὸν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς προπάροιθεν ἰδὼν Διομήδεϊ δεῖξεν·

470

“Οὗτός τοι, Διόμηδες, ἀνὴρ, οὗτοι δέ τοι ἵπποι,
οὓς νῶϊν πίφαισκε Δόλων, ὃν ἐπέρνομεν ἡμεῖς.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ, πρόφερε κρατερὸν μένος· οὐδέ τί σε χρεὶ
ἑστάμεναι μέλεσιν σὺν τεύχεσιν, ἀλλὰ λυτοὶ ἵππους·
ἢ ἐσὺ γ' ἀνδρας ἔναιρες, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἵπποι.”

480

Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἔμπνευσε μένος γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
κτεῖνε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην, τῶν δὲ στῆνος ὤρνυτ' ἀεικλῆς
ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' αἶματι γαῖα.

But, if thou perish now beneath our arms,
Thou wilt not give annoy to Argos more."

He spoke ; the other sought to reach his beard
With his broad hand entreating ; but the sword
Clove through his neck, disparting either side ;
As he would speak, his head was in the dust ;
Off whom the cap of weasel-fur they stripp'd,
The wolf-skin, the long spear, and crookbent bow :
These sage Odysseus, lifting up on high,
Vow'd to Athene Goddess of the spoil :
"Hail, Goddess, hail ! In these have thou delight ;
And, as on thee of all the Olympian powers
We first will call, so gracious be our guide
To the encampment and the steeds of Thrace."

He spake, and from him lifted high and laid
The arms within a tamarisk-bush conceal'd, -
But heap'd a mark with rushes and fresh boughs
Pluck'd from the bush, lest haply on return
Through the dim night the spot escape their ken.

Then on, through arms bestrewn and spilth of gore,
They trod their way, and quickly gain'd the post
Where lay the Thracians camp'd ; whom all asleep
They found, and sated with fatigue, their arms
Beside them in good order on the ground
Piled in three rows, and near each warrior stood
His chariot's pair. But midmost Rhesus lay,
Their King, and at his feet those horses stood
Fast to the splash-board's rim by headstalls bound.
Odysseus saw, and said to Diomed :

"This, Diomed, the man, and these the steeds,
Whereof, or e'er we slew him, Dolon told.
Now warm we to the work ; 'tis not thy part
To stand full-arm'd and idle : loose the steeds ;
Or ply thy sword, and be the steeds my care."

He spoke ; and azure-eyed Athene breathed
A spirit fierce on Tydeus' Son, who straight
'Gan slaughter, right and left ; and ceaseless rose
(As half-awaked they perish'd by his sword)
Their groans ; and earth was redden'd with their blood.

ὥς δὲ λέων μῆλοισιν ἀσημάντοισιν ἐπελθὼν,
 αἶγεςιν ἢ ὀίεσσι, κακὰ φρονέων ἐνορούσῃ,
 ὥς μὲν Θυρίϊκας ἄνδρας ἐπώχετο Τυδέος υἱός,
 ὄφρα δυώδεκ' ἐπεφνεν. ἀτὰρ πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς,
 οὐτινα Τυδεΐδης ἄορι πλήξειε παραστάς,
 τὸν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μετόπιθθε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἐξερύσασκεν, 490
 τὰ φρονέων κατὰ θυμὸν, ὅπως καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
 ῥεῖα διέλθοιεν μηδὲ τρομεοῖατο θυμῷ
 νεκροῖς ἀμβαίνοντες· ἀήθεσσο γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτῶν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ βασιλῆα κιχήσατο Τυδέος υἱός,
 τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἀπηύρα
 ἀσθμαίνοντα· κακὸν γὰρ ὄναρ κεφαλῇφιν ἐπέστη
 [τὴν νύκτ', Οἰγείδαο πάϊς, διὰ μῆτιν Ἀθήνης].
 τόφρα δ' ἄρ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσσεὺς λύε μώνυχας ἵππους,
 σὺν δ' ἤειρεν ἱμάσι, καὶ ἐξῆλαυνεν ὁμίλου
 τόξῳ ἐπιπλήσσω, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάστιγα φαεινὴν 500
 ποικίλου ἐκ δίφροιο νοήσατο χερσὶν ἐλέσθαι·
 ῥοίζησεν δ' ἄρα πιφάυσκων Διομήδεϊ δίφρῳ.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μερμήριζε μένων ὅ τι κύντατον ἔρδοι,
 ἢ ὅγε δίφρον ἐλὼν, ὅθι ποικίλα τεύχε' ἔκειτο,
 ῥυμοῦ ἐξερύοι, ἢ ἐκφέροι ὑψόσ' αἰέρας,
 ἢ ἔτι τῶν πλεόνων Θρηγκῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.
 εἶος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα, τόφρα δ' Ἀθήνη
 ἐγγύθεν ἵσταμένη προσέφη Διομήδεα δῖον·

“Νόστου δὴ μνήσαι, μεγαθύμου Τυδέος νιέ,
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, μὴ καὶ πεφοβημένος ἔλθῃς,
 μὴ πού τις καὶ Τρώας ἐγείρῃσιν θεὸς ἄλλος.” 510

“Ὡς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὅπα φωνησάσης,
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο· κόπτε δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς
 τόξῳ· τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Οὐδ' ἀλαθσκοπίην εἶχ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων,
 ὥς ἴδ' Ἀθηναίην μετὰ Τυδέος υἱὸν ἔπουσαν·

As lion, falling on a guardless flock
Of sheep or goats, springs slaughterous in their midst,
So through those men of Thrace ranged Tydeus' Son
Slaughtering, till twelve had perish'd ; but the while,
As one by one he slew them with his sword,
The sage Odysseus by the foot seized each,
And drew the body back, devising well
How with all ease the glossy steeds might step
From out the fray, nor, treading on the slain,
Be frighted, as unwonted to the war.
Then on their King, thirteenth, Tydides fell
And took his sweet life from him, where he lay
Heavily breathing ; o'er whose head that night,
Sent by the ordering of Athene's will,
Ill dream took stand—the son of Ceneus' house !
And Odysseus had loosed the steeds and leash'd
With thongs together, and from out the throng
Now drave them, plying for a goad his bow,
Since he had minded not to take to hand
The glittering lash that lay upon their car :—
Then whistled shrill to noble Diomed ;
Who yet remain'd still pondering, what yet more
Might be achieved of daring ; should he seize
The car whereon the enamell'd mail lay bright
And draw it by the pole away, or lift
The armour off, and bear it to the ships ;
Or should he on the Thracians turn once more ?
But, while the thought went coursing through his heart,
Athene by his side address'd him thus :

“ Mind thee, Tydides, now of safe return,
Lest peradventure thou shouldst make thy way
Back to the hollow galleys driven in flight.
Some God perchance will wake the men of Troy.”

She spoke ; the hero knew the voice divine,
And straightway sprang and mounted o'er the steeds ;
Odysseus lash'd them with his bow, nor loth
They flew towards Achaia's camp and fleet.

Nor idle watch Apollo held in heaven ;
And, when he view'd Athene by the side

τῇ κοτέων Τρώων κατεδύσετο πουλὺν ὄμιλον,
 ὦρσεν δὲ Θρηκῶν βουληφόρον Ἴπποκόωντα,
 ῥῆσιν ἀνεψίδν ἐσθλόν. ὁ δ' ἐξ ὕπνου ἀγορούσας,
 ὡς ἶδε χῶρον ἐρήμον, ὅθ' ἕστασαν ὠκέες ἵπποι 520
 ἀνδρας τ' ἀσπαίροντας ἐν ἀργαλέησι φονῇσιν,
 ὦμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα φίλον τ' ὀνόμηνεν ἐταῖρον.
 Τρώων δὲ κλαγγή τε καὶ ἄσπετος ὦρτο κυδοιμὸς
 θυνόντων ἀμυδῖς. θηεῦντο δὲ μέρμερα ἔργα,
 ὅσσ' ἀνδρες ῥέξαντες ἔβαν κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νῆας.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι σκοπὸν Ἑκτορος ἔκταν,
 ξυθ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μὲν ἔρυνξε διίφίλος ὠκέας ἵππους,
 Τυδείδης δὲ χαμᾶζε θορὼν ἔναρα βροτόεντα
 ἐν χεῖρεσσ' Ὀδυσῆϊ τίθει, ἐπεβήσετο δ' ἵππων.
 μᾶστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην 530
 [νῆας ἐπι γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ].
 Νέστωρ δὲ πρῶτος κτύπον αἶε φώνησέν τε·

“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,
 ψεύσομαι, ἣ ἔτυμον ἔρέω; κέλεται δέ με θυμός.
 ἵππων μ' ὠκυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὐατα βάλλει.
 αἱ γὰρ δὴ Ὀδυσσεύς τε καὶ ὁ κρατερὸς Διομήδης
 ὦδ' ἄφαρ ἐκ Τρώων ἔλασάματο μώνυχας ἵππους.
 ἀλλ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα κατὰ φρένα μή τι πάθωσιν
 Ἀργείων οἱ ἄριστοι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ.”

Οὐπω πάν εἴρητο ἔπος, ὅτ' ἄρ' ἤλυθον αὐτοί. 540
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν κατέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, τοὶ δὲ χαρίντες
 δεξιῇ ἡσπάζοντο ἔπεσσί τε μελιχίοισιν.
 πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινε Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·

“Εἴπ' ἄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 ὅπως τούσδ' ἵππους λάβητον· καταδύντες ὄμιλον
 Τρώων; ἣ τίς σφωε πόρεν θεὸς ἀντιβολήσας;

Of Tydeus' Son attendant, all in wrath
 Descending to the Trojan crowded throng;
 He woke a counsellor of Thrace, one nigh
 Akin to Rhesus, brave Hippocoön :
 Who, starting up from sleep, look'd round, and saw
 The place now empty where the steeds had been,
 His gallant comrades weltering in their blood,
 And sobb'd, and shrieking call'd his dear lord's name :
 Whereat a sound of lamentation rose
 Shrill, quenchless ; as the Trojans thither flocked
 In throng tumultuous, gazing all aghast
 On that disastrous havoc, wrought by men
 Unknown, and now amongst their ships secure.

But when the heroes reach'd where Hector's scout
 Had perish'd, there Odysseus stay'd the steeds,
 Whilst Diomed sprang down, and lifting put
 Into the other's hands the bloodstain'd spoils,
 Then mounted quick the steed again ; they plied
 The lash ; nor loth the horses sought the fleet.

Nestor first caught the beating hoofs, and spake ;
 " Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host !
 I know not if I utter false or true ;
 But thus my heart impels me. On mine ears
 The tramp of horses at full gallop strikes.
 Might it but be that gallant Diomed
 And sage Odysseus drive them hitherwards,
 Won from the Trojan chieftains spoil and prey !
 But much I dread, lest by this rising din
 The two, our bravest, there are sore bested.

Scarce had he ended, when the two appear'd
 And straight dismounted ; blithe around them came
 The others, with warm hands and glad address
 Giving them cheer ; but agèd Nestor first :

" Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast !
 How got ye, tell me quick, these noble steeds ?
 Or by a foray on the camp of Troy ?
 Or did some God accost ye and bestow

αἰνῶς ἀκτίνεσσιν ἐοικότες ἡελίοιο.

αἰεὶ μὲν Τρώεσσ' ἐπιμίσσομαι, οὐδέ τί φημι
μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσὶ, γέρων περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής·
ἀλλ' οὐπω τοίους ἵππους ἴδον· οὐδ' ἐνόησα.

550

ἀλλὰ τιν' ὕμ' οἶω δόμεναι θεὸν ἀντιάσαντα·
ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ πφῶϊ φίλῃ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
κούρη τ' αἰγίοχοιο Διὸς, γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·

“ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδῃ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ῤεῖα θεὸς γ' ἐθέλων καὶ ἀμείνονας ἤεπερ οἶδε
ἵππους δωρήσαιο, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰσιν.
ἵπποι δ' οἶδε, γεραιὲ, νεήλυδες, οὓς ἔρευνεις,
Θρηίκιοι· τὸν δέ σφιν ἄνακτ' ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
ἔκτανε, παρ δ' ἐτάρους δυοκαίδεκα πάντας ἀρίστους.

560

τὸν τρισκαίδεκατον σκοπὸν εἵλομεν ἐγγύθι νηῶν,
τόν ῥα διοπτῆρα στρατοῦ ἔμμεναι ἡμετέροιο
Ἔκτωρ τε προέηκε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγανού·”

Ὡς εἰπὼν τᾶφροιο δῆλασε μᾶνυχας ἵππους
καρχαλῶν· ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἴσαν χαίροντες Ἀχαιοί.
οἱ δ' ὅτε Τυδεΐδῃ κλισίῃν εὐτυκτον ἵκοντο,
ἵππους μὲν κατέδησαν ἐυτμήτοισιν ἱμάσιν
φάτῃν ἐφ' ἱππεΐῃ, ὅθι περ Διομήδεος ἵπποι
ἔστασαν ὠκύποδες μελιηδέα πυρὸν ἔδοντες.

570

νῆϊ δ' ἐνὶ πρύμνῃ ἔναρα βροτόεντα Δόλωνος
θῆκ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ὅφρ' ἱρὸν ἐτοιμασσαίατ' Ἀθήνη.
αὐτοὶ δ' ἰδρῶ πολλὸν ἀπενίζοντο θαλάσση
ἔσβάντες, κνήμας τ' ἠδὲ λόφον ἀμφί τε μηρούς.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σφιν κύμα θαλάσσης ἰδρῶ πολλὸν
νίψεν ἀπὸ χρωτὸς, καὶ ἀνέψυχθεν φίλου ἦτορ,
ἔς ῥ' ἀσαμίνθους βάντες ἐυξέστας λούσαντο.
τῷ δὲ λοεσσαμένῳ καὶ ἀλειψαμένῳ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
δεῖπνῳ ἐφίζανέτην, ἀπὸ δὲ κρητῆρος Ἀθήνη
πλείου ἀφυσσάμενοι λείβον μέλιηδέα οἶνον.

These miracles of radiance—like the sun?
 Oft on the field I show, nor guilty plead,
 • Old though I be, of loitering at the ships ;
 But ne'er have I beheld, nor ev'n in thought
 Conceived such horses. Some great God, I trow,
 Hath met you and bestow'd them ; dear are both
 To Zeus, the Ægisbearer, Lord in heaven,
 Dear to Athene too, his virgin child."

Whom answering, sage Odysseus thus return'd :
 "Yea, Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !
 A God, if so he listed, with all case
 Better than these thou seest, though these be good,
 Might well bestow ; the Gods are far supreme.
 But these, whereof thou question'st me, my sire,
 Are Thracian-bred, and latest reach'd the camp ;
 Whose lord by gallant Diomed lays slain, *
 And with him other twelve, their country's best.
 Hard by the fleet, thirteenth,* a scout we caught,
 Whom Hector and the other chiefs of Troy
 Had forward sent to spy upon our camp."

He spoke, and through the trench drove on those steeds
 Glorying ; with whom exultant follow'd all
 To the pavilion of brave Tydeus' Son.
 The horses there with clean-cut thongs they bound
 Fast to the manger, where the hero's own
 Stood eating corn, as honey to their mouths ;
 Whilst Odysseus laid down the bloodstain'd spoils
 Of Dolon at his galley's stern, and there
 Design'd the offering to Athene due.

Then in the sea they cleansed them of the sweat
 That clung about their knees, and throats, and thighs ;
 And when the wave had wash'd them clean of sweat,
 And the dear hearts within them beat refresh'd,
 Into their polish'd baths they went, and bathed.
 Thereafter, all anointed with pure oil,
 They sate them to their supper ; nor forgot
 To pour the offering of their sweetest wine,
 Due to Athene from a full-brimm'd cup. •

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α΄.



Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀριστεία.

Ἡὼς δ' ἐκ λεχέων παρ' ἀγαυοῦ Τιθωνοῖο
 ὤρνυθ', ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἡδὲ βροτοῖσιν·
 Ζεὺς δ' Ἐριδα προΐαλλε θεὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
 ἀργαλέην, πολέμοιο τέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαν.
 στῆ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακίηται νηὶ μελαίνῃ,
 ἥ ῥ' ἐν μεσσήτῳ ἔσκε γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσσε,
 ἡμὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο
 ἡδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί ῥ' ἔσχατα νῆας εἰσας·
 εἵρυσαν, ἡνορέῃ πῖσυννοι καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν.
 ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἦνσε θεὰ μέγα τε δεινόν τε
 ὄρθι', Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ' ἐκάστῳ
 καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμίζεῖν ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι.
 [τοῖσι δ' ἄφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ἢ ἐνέεσθαι
 ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν.]

10

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἐβόησεν ἰδὲ ζώννυσθαι ἄνωγεν
 Ἀργείους· ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσετο νόροπα χαλκόν.
 κνημίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκεν
 καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
 δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν,
 τὸν ποτὲ οἱ Κινύρης δῶκε ξεινήϊον εἶναι.
 πεύθετο γὰρ Κύπρουδε μέγα κλέος, οὐνεκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἐς Τροίην νήεσσιν ἀναπλεύσεσθαι ἔμελλον·
 τοῦνεκά οἱ τὸν δῶκε, χαριζόμενος βασιλῆϊ,
 τοῦ δ' ἦτοι δέκα οἴμοι ἔσαν μέλανος κυάνιοι,
 δώδεκα δὲ χρυσοῖο καὶ εἴκοσι κασσιτέραιοι.
 κυάνεοι δὲ δράκοντες ὀρωρέχατο· προτὶ δειρὴν

20

ILIAD XI.

BEARER of light to mortal and to God,
Dawn had now risen from her couch, and left
The side of famed Tithonus, when, from Zeus
Sent to Achaia's camp, Strife, evil Strife,
Flew forth, and waved aloft the flag of war.
High on Odysseus' black-hull'd ship she stood,
The midmost galley, whence her voice might go
To either side—the Telamonian's tent
Or Peleus' Son's ; for those two, in the trust
Of their stout manhood and their might of arm,
On the fleet's furthest flanks had moor'd their barks.
Thence loud and dread her shout the Goddess raised,
In every Achaian kindling dauntless heart
Strong to unending onset and affray ;
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought
Of battle than aboard their hollow barks
Home to their own dear fatherland return !
Atrides raised his voice and bade the host
Be arm'd, and girt himself in dazzling mail.
And first the enamell'd greaves about his limbs
He bound, with silvern anklets clasp'd below ;
The breastplate then, the gift of Cynaras,
He put about his chest—the gift bestow'd
Of an old friendship ; when to Cyprus came
The rumour bruited wide that Argos' sons
Would sail anon to Troy, then Cynaras
Bestow'd this gift, a grace unto the King.
Ten were the bars thereon of deep blue steel,
Twenty of glittering tin, and twelve of gold,
And azure dragons, three on either side,
Strain'd upward tow'rd the gorget, flickering bright

τρεῖς ἑκάτερθ', ἵρισσιν ξοικότες, ἄστε Κρονίων
 ἐν ἰέφει στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βύλετο ξίφος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦλοι
 χρύσειοι πάμφαινον, ἀτὰρ περὶ κουλεὸν ἦεν 30
 ἀργύρεον, χρυσέοισιν ἀορτήρεσσι ἀρηρός.
 ἄνδ' ἔλετ' ἀμφιβρότην πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα θούριν,
 καλὴν, ἣν πέρι ρῆν κύκλοι δέκα χάλκεοι ἦσαν,
 ἐν δέ οἱ ὀμφαλοὶ ἦσαν ἐέκοσι κασσιτέριοι
 λευκοὶ, ἐν δὲ μέσοισιν ἦν μέλανος κυάνιοι.
 τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργῶ βλοσυρῶπις ἔστεφάνωτο
 δεινὸν δερκομένη, περὶ δὲ Δεῦμος τε Φόβος τε.
 τῆς δ' ἔξ ἀργύρεος τελαμῶν ἦν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτοῦ
 κυάνεος ἐλέλικτο δράκων, κεφαλαὶ δέ οἱ ἦσαν 40
 τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφέες, ἐνὸς αὐχένος ἐκπεφυυῖαι.
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραφύλληρον
 ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.
 εἴλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε δύω, κεκορυθμένα χαλκῷ,
 ὄξέα· τῇλε δὲ χαλκὸς ἀπ' αὐτόφιν οὐρανὸν εἴσω
 λάμπ'· ἐπὶ δ' ἐγδούπησαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἴρις,
 τιμῶσαι βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκῆνης.

Ἥνιόχῳ μὲν ἔπειτα ἐὼ ἐπέτελλεν ἕκαστος
 ἵππους εὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὖθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
 αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλέες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
 ῥώνοντ'· ἄσβεστος δὲ βοὴ γένετ' ἡῶθι πρὸ. 50
 φθάν δὲ μέγ' ἱππήων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ κοσμηθέντες,
 ἱππῆες δ' ὀλίγον μετεκίαθον. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμὸν
 ὤρσε κακὸν Κρονίδης, κατὰ δ' ὑψόθεν ἦκεν ἔρσας
 αἵματι μυδαλέας ἐξ αἰθέρος, οὔνεκ' ἔμελλεν
 πολλὰς ἰφθίμους κεφαλὰς Ἰλίδι προιάψειν.

Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο,
 Ἕκτορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα,
 Αἰνεΐαν θ', ὃς Τρῶσιν θεὸς ὥς τίετο δῆμῳ,
 τρεῖς τ' Ἀντηγόριδας, Πόλυβον καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,
 ἡΐθεόν τ' Ἀκάμαντ', ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν. 60

As rainbows on some cloud by Kronos' Son
 Fix'd for a sign to language speaking men.
 About his shoulders next he threw the sword,
 The hilt whereof was boss'd with gold, the sheath
 Was silver, but by golden Hooks fast hung :
 Then raised the shield, all-sheltering, helm to heel,
 With fair enamel wrought and rich relief,
 Wiely and light ; ten brazen circles show'd
 Upon it ; white thereon shone twenty studs
 Of tin, but midmost one dark-blue of steel.
 Centred upon it lay the visage dread
 Of Gorgon, frowning grim ; and on its round
 Terror and Flight. Within was silvern thong,
 Whereon an azure dragon lay encurl'd,
 Three crests uprearing from a single throat.
 The helmet then he set about his head,
 Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
 Four-crested, double-coned ; and in his hands
 Took two strong javelins, tipt with sharpest brass ;
 Far from their points the glitter rose to heaven,
 Whilst Here and Athene peal'd on high
 Thunders in honour of Mycenæ's king.

Then each brave chieftain gave his driver word
 To rein the horses to the trench in line ;
 Whilst they émpanoplied in arms themselves
 Advanced together : clear i' the face of dawn
 Their quenchless cry went up : in front at first
 The champions nigh their drivers stood, till these
 Some little space fell back. And through the host
 Zeus breathed tumultuous spirit, shedding down
 A dew all thick and foul with blood from heaven,
 For that he now would hurl to Hades' gloom
 Full many a mighty hero ere his time.

Adverse, the Trojans, where the plain sprang up,
 Ranged them round Hector and Polydamas,
 Æneas, honour'd as a God in Troy,
 Antenor's sons, Agenor, Polybus,
 And, fair as an Immortal, Acamas ;

Ἔκτωρ δ' ἐν πρῶτοισι φέρ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην.
οἶος δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἀναφαίνεται οὐλιος ἀστήρ
παμφαίνων, τότε δ' αὖτις ἔδυνε φεα σκιέοντα,
ὥς ἔκτωρ ὅτε μὲν τε μετὰ πρῶτοισι φάνεσκεν,
ἄλλοτε δ' ἐν πυμάτοισι κελεύων· πᾶς δ' ἄρα χαλκῷ
λάμφ' ὥστε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

Οἱ δ', ὥστ' ἀμητῆρες ἐναντίοι ἀλλήλοισιν
δῖον ξλαύνωσιν, ἀνδρὸς μάκαρος κατ' ἄρουραν
πυρῶν ἢ κριθέων· τὰ δὲ δράγμᾶτα ταρφέα πίπτει·
ὥς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες
70 δῆρουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μυνόντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο·
ἴσας δ' ὑσμίνῃ κεφαλὰς ἔχεν· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὥς
θύνον. Ἔρις δ' ἄρ' ἔχαιρε πολύστονος εἰσορόωσα·
οἷη γάρ ῥα θεῶν παρετύγχανε μαρναμένοισιν,
εἰ δ' ἄλλοι οὐ σφιν πάρεσαν θεοὶ, ἀλλὰ ἔκκληιο
σφοῖσιν ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθεῖατο, ἦχι ἐκάστω
δῶματα καλὰ τέτυκτο κατὰ πτύχας Οὐλύμποιο.
[παντες δ' ἠτιόωντο κελαινεφέα Κρονιῶνα,
οὔνεκ' ἄρα Τρῶεσσιν ἐβούλετο κύδος ὀρέξαι.
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' οὐκ ἀλέγιζε πατήρ· ὁ δὲ νόσφι λιασθεὶς
80 τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίῳ,
εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
χαλκοῦ τε στεροπὴν, ὀλλύντας τ' ὀλλυμένους τε.]

Ὅφρα μὲν ἦὼς ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἡμαρ,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἦπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός·
ἦμος δὲ δρυτόμος περ ἀνὴρ ὠπλίσσατο δεῖπνον
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσησιν, ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο χεῖρας
τάμνων δένδρεα μακρὰ, ἄδος τέ μιν ἴκετο θυμὸν,
σίτου τε γλυκεροῖο περὶ φρένας ἕμερος αἰρεῖ,
τῆμος σφῇ ἀρετῇ Δαναοὶ ῥήξαντο φάλαγγας,
90 κεκλόμενοι ἐτάροισι κατὰ στίχας· ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔλε δ' ἄνδρα Βιήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,

But vanmost still show'd Hector's orbèd shield ;
Bright as the star of bale from out the clouds
Shows shining, but anon within them lost ;
So Hector now amongst the foremost show'd,
And then for ordering in the rear was lost ;
And the whole man flash'd bright in brazen mail
Like lightning of the mighty Father Zeus.

As mowers, rank to rank, each facing each,
Sweep clear the space between them, in the field
Of some rich man, and whick the trusses fall
Of wheat, perchance, or barley ; thus those hosts,
Ravaging all before them, sprang to war,
Nor either knew a thought of deadly fear.
Erect they held their heads in equal fight,
Furious as wolves : whom Strife, tear-gendering Strife,
Rejoiced beholding ; She of Powers divine
Alone partook that battle ; other God
Was none there present : but they sate withdrawn
Each in the chambers where his mansion stood
Fair in the folds of steep Olympus built.
And much they murmur'd 'gainst their cloudwrapt Lord,
For that he will'd this triumph unto Troy :
Whom he, their Father, reck'd not ; but, apart,
Rejoicing in lone glory gazing sate
O'er the great city and Achaia's fleet,
The gleam of arms, men slaying, and being slain.

While yet 'twas Morn, and sacred Day wax'd on,
Darts flew, and warriors fell to both alike ;
But at that hour when in a mountain-glen
A wood-cutter prepareth his repast,
What time with felling of tall trees his hands
Have had their fill, and comes disgust thereof,
But sweet food's craving taketh all his mind ;
Then by their good right arms the Danaans burst
Their foe's best phalanx ; each throughout their ranks
Cheering his comrade. Foremost from the mass
Leapt Agamemnon forth, and slew the chief,
Bienor ; first the chief he slew, and then

αὐτὸν, ἔπειτα δ' ἑταῖρον Ὀϊλῆα πλήξιππον.
 ἦτοι ὄγ' ἐξ ἵππων κατεπάλμενος ἀντίος ἔστη·
 τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα μετώπιον ὀξεί δουρὶ
 νύξ', οὐδὲ στεφάνη δόρυ οἱ σχέθῃ χαλκοβάρεια,
 ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς ἦλθε καὶ ὀστέου, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
 ἔνδον ἅπας πεπύλακτο· θάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὖθι ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
 στήθεσι παμφαίνοντας, ἐπεὶ περιδύσε χιτῶνας· 100
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' Ἴσόν τε καὶ Ἀντιφον ἐξεναρίξων,
 υἱὲ δῶα Πριάμοιο, νύθον καὶ γνήσιον, ἄμφω
 εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἔοντας· ὁ μὲν νύθος ἠνιόχευεν,
 Ἀντιφος αὖ παρέβασκε περικλυτός· ὦ ποτ' Ἀχιλλεύς
 Ἰδῆς ἐν κνημοῖσι δίδῃ μόσχοισι λύγοισιν,
 ποιμαίνοντ' ἐπ' ὄεσσι λαβῶν, καὶ ἔλυσεν ἀποίνων.
 δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο κατὰ στήθεος βάλε δουρὶ,
 Ἀντιφον αὖ παρὰ οὖς ἔλασε ξίφει, ἐκ δ' ἔβαλ' ἵππων.
 σπερχόμενος δ' ἀπὸ τοῖν ἐσύλα τεύχεα καλὰ, 110
 γιγνώσκων· καὶ γὰρ σφε πάρος παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν
 εἶδεν, ὅτ' ἐξ Ἰδῆς ἄγαγεν πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
 ὥς δὲ λέων ἐλάφοιο ταχείης νήπια τέκνα
 ῥηϊδίως συνέαξε, λαβῶν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν,
 ἐλθὼν εἰς εὐνὴν, ἀπαλὸν τέ σφ' ἦτορ ἀπηύρα·
 ἢ δ' εἴπερ τε τύχησι μάλα σχεδόν, οὐ δύναταί σφιν
 χραισμεῖν· αὐτὴν γάρ μιν ὑπὸ τρόμος αἰνὸς ἰκάνει·
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἤϊξε διὰ δρυμὰ πικνὰ καὶ ὕλην
 σπεύδουσ', ἰδρώουσα, κραταιοῦ θηρὸς ὑφ' ὀρμῆς·
 ὥς ἄρα τοῖς οὕτως δυνατό χραισμησαὶ ὄλεθρον 120
 Τρώων, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι φέβοντο.
 Αὐτὰρ ὁ Πείσανδρόν τε καὶ Ἴππόλοχον μενεχάρμην,
 νιέας Ἀντιμάχοιο δαΐφρονος, ὅς ῥα μάλιστα
 χρυσὸν Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεδεγμένος, ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,
 οὐκ εἶασχ' Ἐλπίην δόμεναι ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ,
 τοῦπερ δὴ δύο παῖδε λάβε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων

The driver of his steeds, Oilcus hight,
Who leapt to earth, and took his stand against him,
But whom the King's spear through the forehead pierced
Advancing ; nor the brass-bound vizor held
Firm, but the point pass'd through it, through the skull
Propell'd, and spattering all the brain within,
And quell'd him in his onset—whom the king
Left where they lay, with naked gleaming breasts
Stript of their corslets ; but himself advanced
On Antiphus and Isus : they the sons
Of Priam, bastard one, the other fruit
Of wedlock, two upon the selfsame car,
The bastard brother driving, by his side
Brave Antiphus upstanding : these of yore
Achilles captive took on Ida's knolls
Feeding their flocks, and bound with limber withes,
And, after, freed for ransom : whom this day
Broadruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Slew both—above the nipple in the chest
With javelin piercing Isus, but with sword
Smiting above the ear and from the car
Dashing his brother down ; and quick 'gan strip
Off both their beauteous mail, and knew his spoil,
For he had seen them erst amongst the flect,
Captives from Ida by the Fleetfoot brought.
As when a lion prowling tow'rd his lair
Falls on the tender fawns of some swift hind,
Seizes 'twixt violent fangs, and with all ease
Crushes them up, and takes their delicate life ;
Whom, though the hind be nigh, she cannot save,
But trembling fear comes o'er her, and she speeds
Through dell, through forest, sweating every pore
For dread of that fierce onset ; so of Troy
Affrighted none could fend that slaughter off.
Pisander next and brave Hippolochus,
Sons of a warlike sire, Antimachus
(Who erst in council raised the strongest voice,
For gold of Alexander freely given,
'Gainst the return of Helen to her home),
These two, his sons, the King now caught, who drave

εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἔοντας, ὁμοῦ δ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους·
 ἐκ γάρ σφεας χειρῶν φύγον ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,
 τῷ δὲ κυκηθῆτην· ὁ δ' ἐναντίον ὦρτο λέων ὥς
 Ἀτρείδης· τῷ δ' αὖτ' ἐκ δίφρου γουναζέσθην·

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• “Ζώγρει, Ἀτρέος υἱέ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα·
 πολλὰ δ' ἐν Ἀντιμάχοιο δόμοις κειμήλια κεῖται,
 χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,
 τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιο πατὴρ ὑπερείσι' ἄποινα,
 εἰ νῶϊ ζωὸς πεπύθουτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.”

Ὡς τώγῃ κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην βασιλῆα
 μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν· ἀμείλικτον δ' ὅπ' ἤκουσαν·

“Εἰ μὲν δὴ Ἀντιμάχοιο δαίφρονος υἱέες ἐστὸν,
 ὅς ποτ' ἐνὶ Τρώων ἀγορῇ Μενέλαον ἄνωγεν,
 ἀγγελίην ἐλθόντα σὺν ἀντιθέῳ Ὀδυσῆϊ,
 αὖθι κατακτεῖναι μῆδ' ἐξέμεν ἄψ' ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς,
 νῦν μὲν δὴ τοῦ πατρὸς ἀεικέα τίσσετε λῶβον.”

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Ἡ καὶ Πείσανδρον μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων ὥς χαμάζε,
 δουρὶ βαλὼν πρὸς στήθος· ὁ δ' ὑπτίος οὐδὲι ἐρείσθη.
 Ἱππόλοχος δ' ἀπόρουσε, τὸν αὖ χαμαὶ ἐξενάριξεν,
 χεῖρας ἀπὸ ξίφει τμήξας ἀπὸ τ' αὐχένα κήψας,
 ὅλμον δ' ὥς ἐσσευε κυλίνδεσθαι δι' ὀμίλου.
 τοὺς μὲν ἔασ'· ὁ δ' ὅθι πλείσται κλονέοντο φύλαγγες,
 τῇ ῥ' ἐνόρουσ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.
 πεζοὶ μὲν πεζοὺς ὄλεον φεύγοντας ἀνάγκη,
 ἵππεῖς δ' ἵππηας—ὑπὸ δέ σφισιν ὦρτο κούνη
 ἐκ πεδίου, τὴν ὦρσαν ἐρίγδουποι πόδες ἵππων—
 χαλκῷ δηϊόωντες. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 αἶεν ἀποκτείνων ἔπετ', Ἀργείοισι κελεύων.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε πῦρ αἰδὼλον ἐν ἀξύλῳ ἐμπέσῃ ὕλῃ·
 πάντῃ τ' εἰλυφόων ἄνεμος φέρει, οἱ δέ τε θάμνοι
 πρόρρηξοι πίπτουσιν ἐπειγόμενοι πυρὸς ὀρμῇ·
 ὥς ἄρ' ὑπ' Ἀτρείδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι πίπτει κάρηνα
 Τρώων φευγόντων, πολλοὶ δ' ἐριαύχενες ἵπποι
 κέιν' ὄχρα κροτάλιζον ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας,

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Two on one chariot, all too near their foe ;
Whose glossy reins had slidden from their grasp ;
And low they crouch'd, appall'd, when face to face
Atrides, lion-like, against them rose ;
Whom from the car they thus besought, and cried :

“Spare us, O Son of Atreus, spare our lives,
And take of our redemption ample price ;
Rich is the substance of Antimachus,
Gold, brass, and well-wrought iron, storèd up ;
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee
Then when he learns us captive in the fleet.”

Thus they with honey'd words besought the King
Lamenting, but no honey'd answer heard :

“Sons if ye be of that Antimachus
Who then, when Menelaus came to Troy
With godlike Odysseus in embassy,
Bade slay him nor to Argos grant return,
Welcome ; for that foul wrong requite me now.”

He spoke, and dash'd Pisander from the car
Headlong to earth, spear-smitten through the chest :
Hippolochus the while had leapt to earth,
But Agamemnon slew him there, his hands
Lopping off first, then cleaving through the neck,
And like a millstone trundled through the throng
Sent him ; so left he these ; but where the ranks
Throng'd thickest thither sprang, and in his wake
Achaia's mailèd men : each slaying each,
Footman press'd footman in that rout embroil'd,
And horseman horseman ; o'er them from the plain
Clouded the dust from under the thundering hoofs
And wide their spears wrought ravage : but the King
Press'd foremost, slaughtering still, and cheer'd his host.
As when upon an unhewn forest falls
A fire consuming, and all sides the wind
Rolls it together, root and branch the glades
Sink prone before the onset of the flame ;
So 'fore the step of Agamemnon sank
The crests of fleeing Trojans : to and fro
Along the lines of battle proudneck'd steeds
Rattling their empty chariots sought forlorn

ἡνιόχους ποθέοντες ἀμύμονας. οἳ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κεῖατο, γύπεσσιν πολὺ φίλτεροι ἢ ἀλόχοισιν.

Ἔκτορα δ' ἐκ βελέων ὑπαγε Ζεὺς ἐκ τε κοινῆς
ἐκ τ' ἀνδροκτασίης ἐκ θ' αἵματος ἐκ τε κυδοιμοῦ.
Ἄτρείδης δ' ἔπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι κελεύων.
οἳ δὲ παρ' Ἴλου σῆμα παλαιοῦ Δαρδανίδαο,
μέσσον καὶ πεδίου, παρ' ἐρινεὸν ἐσσεύοντο
ἰέμενοι πόλιος· ὁ δὲ κεκληγῶς ἔπετ' αἰεὶ
Ἄτρείδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκοντο,
ἔνθ' ἄρα δὴ ἴσταντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀνέμιμνον.
οἳ δ' ἔτι καὶ μέσσον πεδίου φοβέοντο, βόες ὥς,
ἄστε λέων ἐφόβησε μολῶν ἐν νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ
πάσας· τῇ δέ τ' ἰὴ ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·
τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβῶν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δε θ' αἶμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει·
ὥς τοὺς Ἄτρείδης ἔφεπε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστατον· οἳ δ' ἐφέβοντο,
πολλοὶ δὲ πρηνεῖς τε καὶ ὑπτιοὶ ἔκπεσον ἵππων
Ἄτρείδεω ὑπὸ χερσίν· περικρὸ γὰρ ἔγχεϊ θύεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλεν ὑπὸ πτόλιν αἰπὺ τε τεῖχος
ἵξεσθαι, τότε δὴ ῥα πατέρ' ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
Ἰδης ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο πιδηέσεως,
οὐρανόθεν καταβάς· ἔχε δ' ἀστεροπὴν μετὰ χερσίν.
Ἴριν δ' ὥτρυνε χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσαν·

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“Βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα, τὸν Ἔκτορι μῦθον ἐνίσπες.
ὄφρ' ἂν μὲν κεν ὄρῃ Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τόφρ' ἀναχωρεῖτω, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἀνώχθω
μάρνασθαι δηῖτοισι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἡ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἢ βλήμενος ἰῶ
εἰς ἵππους ἄλεται, τότε οἳ κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω
κτείνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἀφίκεται
δύη τ' ἡέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ.”

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Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε πσodήνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις,

Their noble lords ; but they on earth lay dead
Sweeter to vultures than to women now !

Clear of the moil, the bloodshed, and the fray,
Clear of the dust and darts, had Zeus withdrawn
Hector, the while Atrides press'd pursuit
Foremost himself, and beckon'd off his host.
O'er the mid plain, and past the fig-tree, nigh
The Tomb of Ilus, son of Dardanus,
The Trojans now had rush'd in panic-flight
Hot for their walls, yet ever on their heels
Blood-spatter'd, unwithstood, came Atreus' Son ;
Till by the beech-tree and the Scaean gates
Some stood at last and rallied side by side.
Not less the remnant on the mid plain show'd
Frighted like kine on whom a lion comes
At dead of night, and drives in panic all,
But manifest to one shows sudden death ;
Whose neck at first 'twixt violent fangs he breaks,
But laps anon the offal and the blood ;
So sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Slaying the hindmost, press'd on Troy dismay'd :
Headlong and flat dropp'd hundreds from their seats ;
Vanmost, and fiercest with his spear, he ranged ;
Till, when he fain would gain the steep town-wall,
The Father of Immortals and of men
With thunderbolt in hand came down from heaven,
Took seat on many-fountain'd Ida's peaks,
Call'd gold-wing'd Iris to his side, and spoke :

“ Hie hence, swift Iris ; bear to Hector this :
So long as he beholds Achaia's king
Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,
So long let him remain apart and bid
Others endure the burden of the fray ;
But when by wound of arrow or of spear
Back to his chariot hath the King been driven,
Bid him then fight, to whom I grant the strength
To slaughter, till he gain the well-bench'd barks,
And the sun sink, and sacred darkness fall.”

He spoke, nor windfoot Iris disobey'd ;

βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὁρέων εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
 εὖρ' υἷον Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἴεκτορα δῖον,
 ἔσταότ' ἐν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι κολλητοῖσιν·
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·

• “Ἴεκτορ, υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε,
 Ζεὺς με πατὴρ προέηκε· τεῖν τάδε μυθήσασθαι.
 200 ὄφρ' ἂν μὲν κεν ὄρῃς Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
 τόφρ' ὑπέεικε μάχης, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἀνωχθὶ
 μάρνασθαι δηλοῖσι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἦ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἦ βλήμενος ἰῶ
 εἰς ἵππους ἄλεται, τότε τοι κράτος ἐγγυαλίζει
 κτείνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἐυσσέλμους ἀφίκηαι
 δύη τ' ἡέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ.”

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις,
 210 Ἴεκτωρ δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,
 πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρα κατὰ στρατὸν ὥχετο πάντη,
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνῆν,
 οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐξαντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν,
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας.
 ἀρτύνθη δὲ μάχη, στὰν δ' ἀντίοι· ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔθελεν δὲ πολὺ προμάχεσθαι ἀπάντων.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,
 220 ὅστις δὴ πρῶτος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἦλθεν
 ἦ αὐτῶν Τρώων ἢ ἐκλειτῶν ἐπικούρων.

Ἰφιδάμας Ἀντηνορίδης, ἡὕς τε μέγας τε,
 ὃς τράφη ἐν Θρήκῃ ἐριβώλακι, μητέρει μῆλων·
 Κισσηὶς τόνγ' ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἐνὶ τυτθὸν ἔοντα
 μητροπάτωρ, ὃς τίκτε Θεανῶ καλλιπάρηγον·
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἦβης ἐρικυδέος ἵκετο μέτρον,
 αὐτοῦ μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ' ὄγε θυγατέρα ἦν·
 γήμας δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο μετὰ κλέος ἵκετ' Ἀχαιῶν
 σὺν δυοκαίδεκα νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, αἳ οἱ ἔποντο.
 τὰς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐν Περκώτῃ λίπε νῆας εἰσας,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς ἐὼν εἰς Ἴλιον ἐίληλούθει·

To Ilion down from Ida's peaks she flew
 And found in battle Priam's noble Son
 Standing amongst the steeds and join'd cars ;
 Nigh him she took her station, and began :

“ Hector, for counsel pæer to very Zeus !
 Me hath the Father sent to bear thee this :
 So long as thou behold'st Achaia's king
 Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,
 So long He bids thee hold apart and let
 Others endure the burden of the fray ;
 But, when by wound of arrow or of spear
 Back to his chariot hath the King been driven,
 He bids thee fight, to whom He grants the strength
 To slaughter, till thou gain the well-bench'd barks,
 And the sun sink and sacred darkness fall.”

So speaking, fleetfoot Iris pass'd away.
 But Hector leap'd in armour to the earth,
 And, waving two sharp spears, along the line
 Moved, and revived the battle where he moved.
 They rallied, and against their foe stood firm ;
 Likewise the foe adverse made stronger rank :
 So was the fight recover'd ; face to face
 They stood, till first from out the line the king
 Leapt forth anew, the foremost fain for blood.

Now ye whose homes are on th' Olympian steep
 Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer and sing
 Who first met Agamemnon, arm to arm,
 Or of proud Troy or of her famed allies.
 Iphidamas, Antenor's son, a man
 Mighty and huge, nurtured in deep-glebed Thrace,
 The mother-land of flocks : from childhood up
 His mother's father, Cisseus, who begat
 Fairfaced Theano, rear'd him in his halls ;
 And, when he reached his prime of glorious youth,
 Gave him his daughter, and still held him there ;
 He wedded, but from bridal chamber straight
 Went for this rumour of Achaia's host
 With twelve beak'd barks that follow'd in his train.
 The galleys in Percotè's port he left,
 But by mainland to Ilion made his way ;

ὅς ῥα τότε Ἴφιδάμειον Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἦλθεν.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Ἴφιδάμειος μὲν ἄμαρτε, παραὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,
Ἴφιδάμειος δὲ κατὰ ζώνην, θώρηκος ἔνερθεν,
νύξ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρεῖν χειρὶ πιθήσας·
οὐδ' ἔτορε ζωστήρα πανσίολον, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
ἀργύρῳ ἀντομένη, μόλιβος ὥς, ἐτράπετ' αἰχμή.
καὶ τότε χειρὶ λαβὼν εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἔλκ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶς ὥστε λῖς, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς
σπάσματο· τὸν δ' ἄορι πληῖξ' αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
ὥς ὁ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν κοιμήσατο χάλκεον ὕπνου
οἰκτρὸς, ἀπὸ μνηστῆς ἀλόχου, ἀστοῖσιν ἀρήγων,
κουριδίης, ἧς οὔτι χάριν ἶδε, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν·
πρῶθ' ἑκατὸν βόους δῶκεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χίλιν ὑπέστη,
αἶγας ὁμοῦ καὶ οἷς, τὰ οἱ ἄσπετα ποιμαίνοντο.
δὴ τότε γ' Ἴφιδάμειος Ἀγαμέμνων ἐξενάρηξεν,
βῆ δὲ φέρων ἀν' ὄμιλον Ἀχαιῶν τεύχεα καλὰ.

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Τὸν δ' ὥς οἷν ἐνόησε Κόων, ἀριδείκετος ἀνδρῶν,
πρεσβυγενὴς Ἀντηνορίδης, κρατερόν ῥα ἐπένθος
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκάλυψε, κασσιγνήτοιο πεσόντος.
στῆ δ' εὐρὰξ σὺν δουρὶ, λαθὼν Ἀγαμέμνονα διόω,
νύξε δέ μιν κατὰ χεῖρα μέσσην, ἀγκῶνος ἔνερθεν,
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκή.
ρίγησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπέληγε μάχης ἡδὲ πτολέμοιο,
ἀλλ' ἐπόρουσε Κόωνι ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἔγχος.
ἦτοι ὁ Ἴφιδάμειος κασίγνητον καὶ ὄπατρον
ἔλκε ποδὸς μεμαῶς, καὶ αὐτῇ πάντας ἀρίστους·
τὸν δ' ἔλκοντ' ἀν' ὄμιλον ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης
οὔτῃσε ξυστῶ χαλκήρεϊ, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
τοῖο δ' ἐπ' Ἴφιδάμειον κάρη ἀπέκοψε παραστάς.
ἐνθ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὲς ὑπ' Ἴφιδάμειον βασιλῆϊ
πότμον ἀναπλήσαντες ἔδυν δόμον Ἀΐδος εἴσω.

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Who now tow'rd Agamemnon dauntless moved ;
 And each had near'd the other on the field,
 • When Atreus' Son first threw, yet err'd ; the spear
 Pass'd by his side ; Iphidamas then struck
 Low in the corslet's belt, and following press'd,
 Trusting his good right arm, the javelin on ;
 But pierced not through the ena'mell'd belt ; the point,
 Encountering boss of silver, turn'd like lead ;
 The staff whereof the king then seized, and drew
 Towards him, as some lion draws his prey,
 Plucking it from the other, through whose neck
 His sword then shore, and 'neath him loosed the limbs :
 Lapp'd in an iron slumber, prone he dropp'd,
 Most piteous, for Troy's warfare dying far
 From home and wedded wife, of whom delight
 He scarce had known, though bounteous dower he gave,
 A hundred oxen first, whereto he pledged
 From countless herds a thousand sheep and goats.
 But by the arm of Atreus' son he fell,
 Who pass'd and bore his armour through the throng.

Coön, Antenor's eldest-born, beheld, *
 And thick the mist of grief came o'er his eyne ;
 Unmark'd of Agamemnon, spear in hand
 Upon his flank he station took, and threw,
 And pierced him 'neath the elbow through the arm,
 Through which the shining point held straight its path.
 Shrank for a moment, as he felt the wound,
 The king, yet ceased not therefore from the fray,
 But with his tempest-toughen'd ashen spear
 Sprang upon Coön trailing by the foot
 The body of his brother, calling loud
 The bravest to his help, and struck him hard,
 Under the buckler with that brass-tipp'd lance,
 And loosed the limbs beneath him. Where he fell
 Prone on Iphidamas, the king then took
 Near stand, and with his sword smote off his head.
 Thus by the arm of Atreus' royal Son
 Two children of Antenor there fulfill'd
 Their bloody dooms and sank to Hades' realm.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
 ἔγχεϊ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν,
 ὄφρα οἱ αἶμ' ἔτα θερμὸν ἀνήνοθεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς,
 αὐτὰρ ἔπει τὸ μὲν ἔλκος ἐτέρσετο, παύσατο δ' αἶμα,
 ὀξέϊαι δ' ὀδύναι δύνον μένος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
 ὥς ὅ' ὅτ' ἂν ὠδίνουσας ἔχῃ βέλος ὀξὺ γυναιῖκα,
 δριμὺν, τό τε προῖεϊσι μογοστόκοι Εἰλείθυιαι,
 "Ἡρης θυγατέρες πικρὰς ὠδῖνας ἔχουσαι,
 ὥς ὀξεῖ' ὀδύναι δύνον μένος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
 ἐς δίφρου δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν
 νηυσὶν ἐπι γλαφυρήσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἤχθετο γὰρ κῆρ.
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνῶς·

270

“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,
 ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν νηυσὶν ἀμύνετε ποντοπόροισιν
 φύλοπιν ἀργαλέην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔμε μῆτιέτα Ζεὺς
 εἶασε Τρῶεσσι πανημέριον πολεμίζειν.”

“ὦς ἔφαθ', ἡνιόχος δ' ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
 νῆας ἐπι γλαφυράς· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην·
 ἄφρεον δὲ στήθεα, ραίνονται δὲ νέρθε κονίη,
 τειρόμενον βασιλῆα μάχης ἀπάνευθε φέροντες.

280

“Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς ἐνόησ' Ἀγαμέμνονα νόσφι κίοντα,
 Τρωσὶ τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

“Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
 ἄνδρες ἔσστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
 οἴχετ' ἀνὴρ ὠρίστος, ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὖχος ἔδωκεν
 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης. ἀλλ' ἰθὺς ἐλαύνετε μώνυχας ἵππους
 ἰφθίμων Δαναῶν, ἵν' ὑπέρτερον εὖχος ἄρῃσθε.”

290

“ὦς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε πού τις θηρητὴρ κύνας ἀργιόδοντας
 σεύῃ ἐπ' ἀγροτέρῳ συὲ καπρίῳ ἢ λέοντι,
 ὥς ἐπ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν σευῇ Τρῶας μεγαθύμους
 Ἐκτωρ Πριαμίδης, βροτολοιγῷ ἴσος Ἀρηϊ.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐν πρόποισι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
 ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὑσμίνῃ ὑπεραεὶ ἴσος ἀέλλῃ,
 ἦτε καταλλομένη ἰοειδέα πόντοισ' ὀρίνει.

Nor ceased he ranging through the ranks of men,
Smiting with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stone,
• Whilst from the wound the blood still spirted warm :
But when the scathe was chill'd and ceased the blood,
Keen grew the pangs of pain that rack'd his frame.
As on a woman in her travail falls
The last keen dart of anguish to her pain,
Sent by the Eilythuiæ who preside
Queens over childbirth, being of Herè born,
And have their quivers full of bitter pangs :
So sharp the pangs 'gan rack Atrides' frame.
Stung to the core he sprang upon his car,
And to the hollow galleys bade be driven,
Yet turning, to the Danaans loudly cried :

“ Friends, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host !
Remains for you to guard from off our sails
The baleful battle ; for to me great Zeus
Grants not to fight the whole day out with Troy.”

He spoke, his driver tow'rd the hollow ships
Thong'd the sleek horses, nothing loth they flew,
Whose chests with foam, whose flanks with dust, grew white,
As from the fray they bore the wounded King.

Whom Hector spied departing, and afar
Shouted with cry to Lycia and to Troy :

“ Ho, Lycians, Trojans, Dardan men-at-arms !
Stand forth, be men, and mindful of your might :
Their mightiest flees ; and Zeus in turn to me
Vouchsafes the glory ; charge ye therefore, charge,
Down with your hoovèd horses on the foe ;
The stronger they, the nobler name ye win !”

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.
As on a lion or a wild tusk'd boar
A hunter slips and cheers his white-tooth'd hounds,
So on the Achaians Hector, Priam's son,
Peer to fierce Ares, slipp'd the men of Troy,
Himself with heart high-lifted foremost strode,
And fell upon their battle, as some storm
Leaps from above and breaks the violet sea.

“Ενθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ’ ὕστατον ἐξευάριξεν
Ἐκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κύδος ἔδωκεν;

300

Ἄσαϊον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ὀπίτην
καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην καὶ Ὀφύλιον ἠδ’ Ἀγέλαον
Λίσκμυόν τ’ Ὀρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόνοον μενεχάρμην.
τοὺς ἄρ’ ὄγ’ ἠγεμόνας Δαῦαῶν ἔλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
πληθύν, ὥς ὁπότε νέφεα Ζέφυρος στυφελίξῃ
ἀργεστῶ Νότιοι, βαθείῃ λαίλαπι τύπτων·
πολλὸν δὲ τρόφι κῦμα κυλίνδετα, ὑψόσε δ’ ἄχνη
σκίδνεται ἐξ ἀνέμοιο πολυπλάγκτοιο ἰωῆς·
ὥς ἄρα πυκνὰ καρήαθ’ ὑφ’ Ἐκτορι δάμνατο λαῶν.

“Ενθα κε λουγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο,
καὶ νύ κεν ἐν νήεσσι πέσον φεύγοντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
εἰ μὴ Τυδείδῃ Διομῆδει κέκλετ’ Ὀδυσσεύς·

310

“Τυδείδῃ, τί παθόντε λελάσμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
ἀλλ’ ἄγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ’ ἔμ’ ἵστασο· δι’ γὰρ ἔλεγχος
ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν νῆας ἔλῃ κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ·”

Τὸν δ’ ἀπαμβρόμενος ἐπροσέφη κρατερὸς Διομῆδης·
“ἦτοι ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι· ἀλλὰ μίνυνθα
ἡμέων ἔσσεται ἦδος, ἐπεὶ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
Τρωσὶν δὴ βόλεται δοῦναι κράτος ἥπερ ἡμῖν.”

Ἦ καὶ Θυμβραῖον μὲν ὑφ’ ἵππων ὥσε χαμάζε,
δουρὶ βαλὼν κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἀντίθεον θεράποντα Μολίονα τοιοῦτον ἄνακτος.
τοὺς μὲν ἔπειτ’ εἶασαν, ἐπεὶ πολέμου ἀπέπαυσαν·
τῷ δ’ ἂν’ ὄμιλον ἰόντε κυδοίμεον, ὥς ὅτε κάπρω
ἐν κυσὶ θηρευτῇσι μέγα φρονέοντε πέσητον·
ὥς ὄλεκον Τρώας παλινورμένω· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀσπασίως φεύγοντες ἀνέπνεον Ἐκτορα δῖον.

320

“Ενθ’ ἐλέτην δίφρον τε καὶ ἀνέρε δήμου ἀρίστω,
νῆε δὴ Μέροπος Περκωσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων
ἦδε μαντοσύνα, οὐδὲ οὖς παῖδας ἔασκεν·
στείχειν ἐς πᾶλεμον φθισήνορα· τῷ δέ οἱ οὔτι
πειθίσθηεν· κῆρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο.

330

Whom first, whom last, slew Hector, Priam's son,
 When Zeus vouchsafed this glory to his arm?
 Asæus first, and then Autonous,
 Opites, and the brave Opheltius,
 Æsymnus, Orus, and Hipponous,
 And Agelaüs ; these of chiefs he slew,
 But after these a nameless number more.
 As, when with sudden whirlwind Zephyr smites
 The clouds foregather'd by the summery west,
 Billow on billow rolling, nursed up high,
 Falls, and from off their summits far the foam
 Is scatter'd by the gust of wandering wind ;
 So thick the crests of men 'neath Hector fell ;
 Yea, and resistless wrack had then been wrought,
 The Achaians 'mongst their ships had fall'n in flight,
 Had not Odysseus called on Tydeus' Son :

“Tydides ! what this beating at our hearts
 Which rendereth us forgetful of our might?
 Come nearer, friend, and place thee by my side,
 To us the shame if Hector gain the ships.”

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :
 “Firm will I stand, and to the last endure ;
 But short shall be the gain, for not to us
 Zeus wills the triumph, but to Troy, this day.”

He spoke, and dash'd Thymbræus from his car,
 Through his left nipple piercing with sharp spear,
 Whose driver, brave Molion, Odysseus
 Struck likewise down. These left they where they lay,
 From battle stay'd, but onward through the throng
 Ranged furious ; as when two high-hearted boars
 Turn on the hounds that hunt them, so to bay
 They wheel'd, and slew the Trojans. But behind,
 The Achaians halted blithe, regathering breath,
 Saved from the sword of Hector. Next they reach'd
 A chariot, and two princes thereupon,
 First of their nation, sons of Merops, king
 In Percos ; he of all mankind most wise
 In divination, and forbade his sons
 From this fell leaguer, but they would not hear,
 Borne by their own black Destinies to death.

τοὺς μὲν Τυδεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Διομήδης
θυμοῦ καὶ ψυχῆς κεκαδὼν κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀπηύρα·
Ἴπποδάμου δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς καὶ Ὑπεύροχον ἐξενάριξεν.

Ἐνθα σφιν κατὰ ἴσα μάχην ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίων
ἐξ Ἰδης καθορῶν· τοὶ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον.
ἦτοι Τυδεὺς υἱὸς Ἀγαστρόφον οὐτάσε δουρὶ
Παιονίδην ἥρωα κατ' ἰσχύιον· οὐδέ οἱ ἦπποι
ἐγγυὺς ἔσαν προφυγεῖν, ἄσματο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.
τοὺς μὲν γὰρ θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχεν, αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, εἴως φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.
Ἐκτωρ δ' ὅξυ νόησε κατὰ στίχας, ὥρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτοὺς
κεκληγώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρώων εἶποντο φύλαγγες.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
αἶψα δ' Ὀδυσσεῖα προσέφωγεν ἐγγυὺς ἐόντα·

340

· “Νῶϊν δὴ τόδε πῆμα κυλίνδεται, ὄβριμος Ἐκτωρ·
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες.”

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, τιτυσκόμενος κεφαλῇφιν,
ἄκρην κὰκ κόρυθα· πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκόφι χαλκὸς,
οὐδ' ἔκετο χροῖα καλόν· ἐρύκακε γὰρ τρυφάλεια
τρίπτυχος αὐλῶπις, τήν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥκ' ἀπέλεθρον ἀνέδραμε, μίκτο δ' ὀμίλῳ,
στή δὲ γυνὴ ἔριπὼν καὶ ἐρείσατο χειρὶ παχείῃ
γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ ὅσσε κελαινὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν.
ὄφρα δὲ Τυδεΐδης μετὰ δούρατος ὥχετ' ἐρωήν
τῆλε διὰ προμάχων, ὅθι οἱ καταείσατο γαίης,
τόφρ' Ἐκτωρ ἄμπνυτο, καὶ ἅψ' ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας
ἔξέλασ' ἐς πληθύν, καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν.
δουρὶ δ' ἐπαΐσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

350

360

“Ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον· ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι
ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὖτέ σ' ἐρύσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὃ μέλλεις εὐχέσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.
ἦ θὴν σ' ἐξανύω γε καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας,

Whom now, of spirit and of life bereft,
Of their bright armour Diomed despoil'd ;
The while Odysseus at his side struck down
Hypeirochus and brave Hippodamus.

From Ida Zeus then stretch'd the tug of war
Even betwixt them, and each slaughter'd each.
Tydides pierced a hero, Pæon's son,
Agastrophus, with spear-point through the thigh :
Nigh whom his steeds were not to bear him safe :
Infatuate ! who had bidden his driver bide
Clear of the fray, whilst he on foot still ranged
The vanmost, till he lost his life thereby.
But Hector, with keen glance along his line,
Charged, shouting, and behind him came all Troy.
A shudder shot through dauntless Diomed
Beholding, and to Odysseus he cried ;

“ Like some huge wave of ruin, Hector rolls
Down on us two : yet steadfast stand, my friend,
Together bide the onset, and repel.”

He spoke, and whirl'd and threw his shadowing spear,
And struck, nor miss'd his mark, upon the head
Full on the helmet's summit : brass from brass,
The point glanced, nor could gain the tender skin,
Stay'd by the triple-plated crested helm,
Phœbus Apollo's gift to Priam's Son.
Then swift a rood ran Hector back, and gain'd
The throng, where, dropping on one knee, he knelt
Leaning on earth with one broad hand, his eyes
Bedimm'd in night : but whilst Tydides went
Far through the vanmost, following where his spear
Had fall'n to earth—he gather'd up his strength,
And leaping backward sprang upon his car,
Drove through the crowd apace, and shunn'd his fate :
Down on his spear Tydides swoop'd, and cried

“ Cur ! who again hast 'scaped thy death this while ;
Ill press'd thee hard : but Phœbus now once more
Hath saved thee, unto whom thou needs must make
Prayers endless ere thou ventur'st to the war.
Yet, let some god do battle on my side,

εἴ πού τις καὶ ἔμοιγε θεῶν ἐπιτάρρῳθός ἐστιν.
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὃν κε κιχέω.”

Ἡ καὶ Παιονίδην δουρικλυτὸν ἑξενάριξεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πῶσις ἠυκόμοιο,
Τυδείδῃ ἐπὶ τόξα τιταίνετο, ποιμένι λαῶν, 370
στήλῃ κεκλιμένος ἀνδροκμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Ἴλου Δαρδανίδαο, παλαιοῦ δημογέροντος.
ἦτοι ὁ μὲν θώρηκα Ἀγαστρόφου ἰφθίμιοιο
αἴνυτ' ἀπὸ στήθεσφι παναίολον ἀσπίδα τ' ὤμων
καὶ κόρυθα βριαρὴν· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἀνελκεν
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρὸς,
ταρσὸν δεξιτεροῦ ποδός· διὰ δ' ἀμπερὲς ἰὸς
ἐν γαίῃ κατέπηκτο. ὁ δὲ μάλα ἡδὺν γελάσσας
ἐκ λόχου ἀμπήθησε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠΐδα·

“Βέβληαι, οὐδ' ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγεν· ὥς ὄφελόν τοι 380
νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἐλέσθαι.
οὕτω κεν καὶ Τρῶες ἀνέπνευσαν κακότητος.
οὔτε σε πεφρίκασιν λείονθ' ὥς μηκάδες αἰγες.”

Τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
“τοξότα, λωβητὴρ, κέρα ἀγλαῆ, παρθενοπίπτα,
εἰ μὲν δὴ ἀντίβιον σὺν τεύχεσιν πειρηθείης,
οὐκ ἄν τοι χραίσμῃσι βιὸς καὶ ταρφέες ἰοί·
νῦν δέ μ' ἐπιγράψας ταρσὸν ποδὸς εὐχεαι αὐτως.
οὐκ ἀλέγω, ὥσεί με γυνὴ βάλοι ἢ παῖς ἄφρων·
κωφὸν γὰρ βέλος ἀνδρὸς ἀνάλκιδος οὐτιδανοῖο. 390
ἦ τ' ἄλλως ἵπ' ἐμεῖο, καὶ εἴ κ' ὀλίγον περ ἐπαύρη,
ὄξυ βέλος πέλεται, καὶ ἀκέρειον αἶψα τίθῃσιν·
τοῦ δὲ γυναικὸς μὲν τ' ἀμφίδρυφοὶ εἰσι παρειαι,
παῖδες δ' ὀρφανικοί· ὁ δέ θ' αἵματι γαῖαν ἐρεῦθων
πύθεται, οἶωνοι δὲ περὶ πλέες ἢ γυναικες.”

Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
ἔστη πρόσθ'· ὁ δ' ὀπισθε καθεζόμενος βέλος ὥκυν
ἐκ ποδὸς ἔλκ', ὀδύνη δὲ διὰ χροὸς ἦλθ' ἀλεγεινή.

Next when we meet I ween I end thee quite ;
Till then I turn me 'gainst whome'er I may."

He spoke, and turning straight 'gan strip the arms
Off Pæon's Son : but fairhair'd Helen's lord
Paris, from, where half-ambush'd he was couch'd,
Behind the column o'er a dead man's tomb
(Ilus the son of Dardanus, of old,
An elder of the city), drew his bow
Against the noble chief. Helm off the head,
Shield off the shoulder, corslet off the breast,
He now stoop'd stripping, when the other drew
His archèd bow, and struck, nor vain the shaft
Escaped his finger, on the right-foot sole ;
Sheer through the arrow nail'd it to the earth ;
Whereat from ambush forth with joyous laugh
Sprang Paris, and, loud vaunting, cried and said :

"Struck ! Nor in vain my shaft ; yet would to Heav'n
It had thee on the hip and took thy life !
So were they hearten'd, these poor cowards of Troy
Who shuddering, like a flock of bleating goats
Before a lion, shun to face thee now !"

To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :
"Slandrous ! And valiant by thy bow alone !
Curl'd minion of fond women ! Bowman mere !
Yet, wouldst thou meet me on fair field in arms,
Little thy bow and arrows then would serve.
Thou for this grazing of my foot art proud—
Blow as of woman or of feeble boy !
Dumb falls the weapon from a dastard's arm ;
But from my hand much otherwise the spear
Speeds, and, albeit it barely reach the foe,
Lifeless it makes him, and his children makes
Orphans, whose wife shall rend her cheeks for grief,
Whilst he lies rotting, reddening with his blood
The earth about ; and round him, in good sooth,
More birds of prey than loving women crowd !"

He spoke, to whom Odysseus quick drew nigh,
And stood before him, whilst he sate him down
Behind, and drēw from out his foot the shaft ;
Sharp through his frame the pang of anguish shot ;

ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν
 νηυσὶν ἐπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἤχθετο γὰρ κῆρ. 400

Οἰώθη δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς, οὐδέ τις αὐτῷ
 Ἀργείων παρέμεινεν, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας·
 ὁ γ' ἄρ' αὖτις εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

“ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακὸν, αἶ κε φέβωμαι
 πληθύν ταρβήσας· τὸ δὲ ῥίγιον, αἶ κεν ἁλώω
 μούνος· τοὺς δ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς ἐφόβησε Κρονίων
 ἄλλα τί μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
 οἶδα γὰρ ὅτι κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμοιο,
 ὃς δὲ κ' ἀριστεύησι μάχῃ ἐνι, τὸν δὲ μάλα χρεὼ
 ἐστάμεναι κρατερῶς, ἥτ' ἐβλητ' ἥτ' ἐβαλ' ἄλλον.” 410

Εἶος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
 τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχῃς ἤλυθον ἀσπιστάων,
 ἔλσαν δ' ἐν μέσσοισι, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε κάπριον ἀμφὶ κύνεσθ' ἀλαιοὶ τ' αἰζυροὶ
 σεύονται, ὁ δὲ τ' εἰσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο
 θήγων λευκὸν ἀδόντα μετὰ γναμπτήσιν γένυσσιν,
 ἀμφὶ δὲ τ' αἰσσοῦνται, ὑπαὶ δὲ τε κόμπος ὀδόντων
 γίγνεται, οἱ δὲ μένουσιν ἄφαρ, δεινὸν περ ἔοντα,
 ὥς ῥα τότε ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆϊ διίφιλον ἐσσεύοντο
 Τρῶες. ὁ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀμύμονα Δηϊόπῆτην • 420
 οὔτασεν ὦμον ὑπερθεὺς ἐπάλμενος ὀξείῳ δουρὶ,
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Θόωνα καὶ Ἐννομον ἐξενάριξεν.
 Χερσιδάμαντα δ' ἔπειτα, καθ' ἵππων αἰξάντα,
 δουρὶ κατὰ πρότμησιν ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης
 νύξεν· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἔλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῶ·
 τοὺς μὲν ἄσ', ὁ δ' ἄρ' Ἴππασίδην Χάροπ' οὔτασε δουρὶ,
 αὐτοκασίγνητον εὐηγενέος Σώκοιο.
 τῷ δ' ἐπαλεξήσων Σῶκος κίεν, ἰσίοθεος φῶς·
 στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“ὦ Ὀδυσσεῦ πολύαινε, δόλων ἄτ' ἤδὲ πόνοιο,
 σήμερον ἢ δοιοῖσιν ἐπεύξειαι Ἴππασιδῆσιν,
 τοιῷδ' ἄνδρ' κατακτείνεις καὶ τεύχε' ἀπούρας, 430

Stung to the core, he sprang upon his car,
 And bade his driver drive him to the fleet.
 Single Odysseus stood : for of the host
 None durst stand with him ; such the fear on all.
 Much troubled, to his own brave heart he spoke :

“ Ah me ! what strait is mine ! ’Twere foul to flee,
 Affrighting others ; yet to stand alone
 To certain death were worse, and lo, the host
 Is panic-driven all with fright from heaven.
 But why discourseth thus my mind to me ?
 Base men may flee, and cōwards so be saved ;
 But who boasts aught of prowess in the war
 He needs must stand—to victory or to death.”

Ev’n while such thought pass’d coursing through his
 brain,

Round him the shielded Trojan warriors came
 And in their midst enclosed their own worst scourge.
 For as when hounds and stalwart hunters press
 Hard on a boar, from out the deep thick brake
 He charges, whetting teeth that gleam forth white
 Twixt up-curved tusks ; about him to and fro
 They dart ; and loud the gnashing of his jaws,
 Yet in their fear’s despite they wait his rush ;
 So round Odysseus, chieftain Zeus-beloved,
 The Trojans came ; but he first sprang, and struck
 Deïopitēs through the shoulder-blade,
 A noble youth, with sharp-tipp’d spear ; anon
 Thoön he slew, and Ennomus ; and next
 Chersidamas, as from his car he sprang,
 ’Neath the boss’d buckler through the belly pierced,
 Dropp’d prone and bit the earth for agony.
 These leaving, on the son of Hippasus,
 Own brother to brave Socus, Charops named,
 He turned, and struck ; to whose quick rescue came
 Socus, his godlike brother, taking stand
 Near to his foe, and spake these wingèd words :

“ Strong in endurance, master of all wile,
 Renown’d Odysseus ! either thou shalt boast
 O’er both brave sons of Hippasus their fall
 This day before thee, and their arms thy spoil ;

ἥ κεν ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν οὕτησε κατ’ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ’ ἐίστην.
διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαίδαλου ἡρήρειστο,
πάντα δ’ ἀπὸ πλευρῶν χροά ἐργαθεν, οὐδέ τ’ ἔασεν
Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη μιχθῆμεναι ἔγκασι φωτός.
γινῶ δ’ Ὀδυσσεὺς ὅ οἱ οὔτι βέλوس κατὰ καίριον ἦλθεν,
ἄψ δ’ ἀναχωρήσας Σῶκον πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

440

“Ἄ δεῖλ’, ἡ μάλα δὴ σε κιχάνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
ἦτοι μὲν ῥ’ ἐμ’ ἔπαυσας ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·
σοὶ δ’ ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν
ἡματι τῷδ’ ἔσσεσθαι, ἐμῷ δ’ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα
εὖχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ’ Ἀῖδι κλυτοπόλῳ.”

Ἡ καὶ ὁ μὲν φύγαδ’ αὖτις ὑποστρέψας ἐβεβήκει,
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένω ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
ὤμων μεσσηγὺς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ’ ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·

“ὦ Σῶχ’, Ἰππᾶσου νιῆ δαΐφρονος, ἱπποδάμοιο,
φθῆ σε τέλος θανάτοιο κιχήμενον, οὐδ’ ὑπάλυσας
ἂ δεῖλ’, οὐ μὲν σοίγε πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ὅσσε καθαιρήσουσι θανόντι περ, ἀλλ’ οἶωνοὶ
ὠμησταὶ ἐρύουσι, περὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ βαλόντες.
αὐτὰρ ἐμ’, εἴ κε θάνω, κτεριουσί γε δῖοι Ἀχαιοί.”

450

“Ὡς εἰπὼν Σῶκοιο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἔξω τε χροὸς ἔλκε καὶ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης·
αἶμα δέ οἱ σπασθέντος ἀνέσσυτο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν.
Τρῶες δὲ μεγάλθυμοι ὅπως ἴδον αἶμ’ Ὀδυσῆος,
κεκλόμενοι καθ’ ὁμίλον ἐπ’ αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν.
αὐτὰρ ὄγ’ ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, αἶε δ’ ἐταίρους.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ’ ἤϋσεν, ὅσον κεφαλὴ χάδε φωτὸς,
τρὶς δ’ αἶεν ἰάχοντος ἀρηϊφίλος Μενέλαος.
αἶψα δ’ ἄρ’ Αἴαντα προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·

460

“Αἶαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
ἀμφὶ μ’ Ὀδυσσεὺς ταλασίφρονος ἵκετ’ αὐτῇ,
τῷ ἱκέλῃ ὥσεί ἐ βιβάτο μούνον ἐόντα
Τρῶες, ἀποτωήξαντες ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ.

Or thine own self shalt perish by my spear."

He spoke, and on the orbèd shield struck full ;
Through the bright buckler pass'd the stout good lance,
And through the enamell'd corslet making way,
Laid bare the ribs of flesh : Athene there
Stay'd it, nor suffer'd it to reach his heart.
Odysseus knew the wound no mortal hurt,
And, back recoiling, thus to Socus cried :

" Most wretched thou ! on whom thy fate now falls :
Me thou perchance preventest from this fray ;
But I on thee engage to hurry here
A black and bloody death ; who now subdued
Under my spear shalt render up thy ghost
To horse-famed Hades and renown to me."

He spoke, whose foe had turn'd him round to flight ;
But 'twixt the shoulders in the back he smote
And drove the spear right onward through the chest ;
He fell ; o'er whom Odysseus vaunting cried :

" Son of the noble knightly Hippasus !
Socus ! Thy fate hath caught thee ; thou hast fall'n ;
Unhappy ! No fond mother at thy death
Shall close thine eyes, but carrion crows may flap
Their wings about thee, and may rend thy flesh :
Me, when I die, Achaia's glorious chiefs
Shall tend with all my honours to the tomb."

He spoke, and from his buckler and his wound
Drew the stout lance of warlike Socus forth ;
The blood, upwelling as he drew, made faint
The heart within him ; but the Trojans near,
Seeing him bleed, raised loud the battle-cry
Throughout their throng, and down upon him bare ;
Backward he drew, and on his comrades call'd ;
Far as a voice may travel, thrice he cried,
And thrice brave Menelaüs heard the cry ;
Then thus to Ajax, haply standing near :

" Ajax ! Zeus-nurtured, son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people ! To my ears the voice
Of much-enduring Odysseus hath come,
And sounded, as the Trojans press'd him hard,
Cut from his comrades, single in the fray.

ἀλλ' ἴομεν καθ' ὅμιλον· ἀλεξέμεναι γὰρ ἄμεινον.
 δεῖδω μὴ τι πάθῃσιν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι μονωθεῖς,
 ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι γένηται.”

470

Ἦς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἔμ' ἔσπετο ἰσούθεος φῶς.
 εὖρυν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα διίφιλον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν
 Τρῶες ἔπονθ' ὥσπερ τε δαΐφεινοι θῶες ὄρεσφιν
 ἀμφ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν βεβλημένον, ὅντ' ἔβαλ' ἀνὴρ
 ἰὼ ἀπὸ νευρῆς· τὸν μὲν τ' ἤλυξε πόδεςσιν
 φεύγων, ὃφρ' αἶμα λιαρὸν καὶ γῆύνατ' ὀρώρη·
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειδ' ὅν γε δαμάσσεται ὠκύς οἰστὸς,
 ὠμοφάγοι μιν θῶες ἐν οὔρεσι δαρδάπτουσιν
 ἐν νέμεϊ σκιερῷ· ἐπὶ τε λῖν ἤγαγε δαίμων
 σίντην· θῶες μὲν τε διέτρεσαν, αὐτὰρ ὁ δάπτει·
 ὥς ῥα τότε ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα δαΐφρονα ποικιλομήτην
 Τρῶες ἔπον πολλοί τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι, αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἦρως
 αἴσσω ὧ ἔγχει ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.
 Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε, φέρων σάκος ἡύτε πύργον,
 στῆ δὲ παρέξ· Τρῶες δὲ διέτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.
 ἦτοι τὸν Μενέλαος Ἀρήϊός ἔξαγ' ὀμίλου
 - χειρὸς ἔχων, εἶως θεράπων σχεδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους.

480

Αἴας δὲ Τρῶεσσιν ἐπάλμενος εἴλε Δόρυκλον·
 Πριαμίδην, νόθον υἱόν, ἔπειτα δὲ Πάνδοκον οὐτα,
 οὐτα δὲ Λύσανδρον καὶ Πύρασον ἡδὲ Πυλάρτην.
 ὥς δ' ὁπότε πλήθων ποταμὸς πεδίονδε κάτεισιν
 χειμάρρους κατ' ὄρεσφιν, ὁπάζόμενος Διὸς ὀμβρῶ,
 πολλὰς δὲ δρυὺς ἀζαλέας, πολλὰς δέ τε πεύκας
 ἐσφέρειται, πολλὸν δέ τ' ἀφυσγετὸν εἰς ἄλλα βάλλει,
 ὥς ἔφεπε κλονέων πεδίον τότε φαίδιμος Αἴας,
 δαΐζων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας. οὐδέ πω Ἐκτωρ
 πεύθετ', ἐπεὶ ῥα μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ μάρνατο πάσης,
 ὄχθας παρ ποταμοῖο Σκαμάνδρου, τῇ ῥα μάλιστα
 ἀνδρῶν πίπτε κάρηνα, βοῇ δ' ἄσβεστος ἑρώρει
 Νέστορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ Ἀρῆϊον Ἴδομενῆα.

490

500

Quick let us to this rescue through this throng ;
I fear lest meantime by his gallant stand
He suffer hurt, alone amid the foe :
Great were that trouble to the Danaan host.”

He spoke, and led the way, and with him went
His godlike comrade, and they gained the chief,
Round whom now press'd the Trojans, like a troop
Of tawny jackals round an antler'd stag
Pierced by some hunter's arrow on a moor ;
Who yet escapes his hunter, whilst the blood
Is warm within him and his limbs are light ;
Soon shall the arrow quite subdue his strength ;
And in a gloomy forest on the hills
The carrion beasts devour him, till some chance
Brings a fierce lion upon them ; scatter'd flee
The jackals, and the lion hath the prey ;
So round that sage brave-hearted hero press'd
The Trojans, strong and many ; nathless, he
By ever-shifting onset, spear in hand,
Forefended still the death ; till Ajax came
With towerlike shield, and by his side took stand :
This way and that scatter'd the Trojans fled.
Then Menelaus took him by the hand
And led him from the throng, to where aloof
His followers held his steeds. But Ajax sprang
Fierce on the foe, and first slew Doriclus,
King Priam's bastard son ; Lysander then,
Pylartes, Pandocus, and Pyrasus ;
As when a river, rushing tow'rd the plain,
Hurried and swollen by the rains from Zeus,
Falls in a winter-torrent from the hills,
Many the bark'd oaks, many the pines,
Great the silt-flood, it whirleth to the sea ;
So noble Ajax ranging choked the field
With men and horses cleft beneath his sword.
Nor Hector knew their plight ; for still he fought
Far on the battle's left beside the banks
Of swift Scamander ; where the cry had wax'd
Round mighty Nestor and Idomeneus
Most quenchless, and the haughtiest crests were falling ;

Ἔκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν ὁμίλει, μέρμερα ῥέζων·
 ἔγχεϊ θ' ἵπποσύνη τε, νέων δ' ἀλάπαζε φάλαγγας·
 οὐδ' ἄν πω χάζοντο κελεύθου δίοι Ἀχαιοί,
 εἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠυκόμοιο,
 παῦσεν ἀριστεύοντα Μαχάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ἰφ' ἑτρίγλῳ χινι βαλὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον.
 τῷ ῥα περίδδειςαν μένεα πνεύοντες Ἀχαιοί,
 μή πως μιν πολέμοιο μετακλινθέντος ἔλοιεν.
 αὐτίκα δ' Ἴδομενεὺς προσεφώνεε Νέστορα δῖον·

510

“ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 ἄγρει, σὼν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, παρ δὲ Μαχάων
 βαινέτω, ἔς νῆας δὲ τάχιστ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους·
 ἱητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἄλλων
 [λοῦς τ' ἐκτάμνειν ἐπὶ τ' ἥπια φάρμακα πάσσειν].”

ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθασε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
 αὐτίκα δ' ὦν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσετο, παρ δὲ Μαχάων
 βαῖν', Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱὸς ἀμύμονος ἱητῆρος·
 μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ.

525

Κεβριόνης δὲ Τρῶας ὀρινομένους ἐνόησεν·
 “Ἐκτορι παρβεβαὼς, καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“Ἐκτορ, νῶϊ μὲν ἐνθάδ' ὁμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσιν,
 ἐσχατιῇ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
 Τρῶες ὀρίνονται ἐπιμῖξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ αὐτοί.
 Αἴας δὲ κλονέει Τελαμώνιος· εὖ δέ μιν ἔγνω·
 εὐρὺ γὰρ ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἔχει σάκος· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς
 κείσ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμ' ἰθύνομεν, ξυθα μάλιστα
 ἱππῆες πεζοί τε, κακὴν ἔριδα προβαλόντες,
 ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσι, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὄρωρεν.”

530

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
 μάστιγι λιγυρῇ· τοὶ δὲ πληγῆς αἶοντες·
 ῥίμφ' ἔφερον θοὸν ἄρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,
 στεῖβοντες νέκυάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ' ἄζων

With these had Hector mingled, working deeds
With chariot's guidance and with sleight of spear
Most wondrous, scattering wide their warriors' ranks.

Nor to this hour had yielded from their place
The brave Achaians, had not Helen's lord,
Paris, stay'd king Machaon from the fray,
With three-prong'd arrow piercing him far off
Through the right shoulder ; whose rage-breathing men
Fear'd for him much, lest haply in the tide
Of now inclinèd battle he should fall ;
And thus to Nestor spake Idomeneus :

“Sage Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !
Quick to thy car, and let Machaon mount
Beside thee : to the fleet so haste thy steeds ;
For, whoso hath the sage physician's art,
To cut forth arrows and to spread soft salves,
Is worth the lives of many a meaner man.”

Nor the Gerenian chieftain disobey'd,
But mounted to his car, and at his side
Machaon came, Asclepius' blameless son.
He thong'd the horses shipwards ; nothing loth
They flew along the path they loved to tread.

But where Cebriones by Hector sate
He look'd and saw the warrior-ranks of Troy
Broken by Ajax, and to Hector spake :

“Hector, whilst we amongst the Danaans stray
Here on the outskirts of the evil war,
All else confounded, man and horse embroil'd
I see our host ; whom Ajax puts to rout ;
Clear I descry him, knowing by the shield
Broad round his shoulders. Thither therefore turn
Our steeds and chariot, where, in evil strife
Commingled, each most fierce the other slays,
Footman and horse, and quenchless comes the cry.”

He spoke, and with shrill-sounding lash thong'd on
His glossy steeds, who heard the lash, and bare
Lightly the flying chariot 'twixt the hosts,
Trampling their path o'er bucklers and the dead ;

νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον,
 ἄς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἱππείων ὀπλέων ραθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον
 αἷ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων· ὁ δὲ ἔετο δύναι ὄμιλον
 ἀνδρόμεον ῥήξαί τε μετάλμενος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμὸν
 ἤκε κακὸν Δαναοῖσι, μίνυνθα δὲ χάζετο δουρός,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν 540
 ἔγχεϊ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοιςί τε χερμαδιοῖσιν,
 Αἴαντος δ' ἀλέεινε μάχην Τελαμωνιάδαο.
 [Ζεὺς γάρ οἱ νεμεσᾷθ', ὅτ' ἀμείνοι φωτὶ μάχοιτο.]

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Αἴανθ' ὑψίζυγος ἐν φόβον ὥρσεν·
 στῆ δὲ ταφῶν, ὅπιθεν δὲ σάκος βάλεν ἑπταβόειον,
 τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὀμίλου, θηρὶ ἔοικώς,
 ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων.
 ὥς δ' αἰθωνα λέοντα βοῶν ἀπὸ μεσσαιύλοιο
 ἐσσεύαντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροῖσιν,
 οὔτε μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πίαρ ἐλέσθαι 550
 πάννυχοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὁ δὲ κρείων ἐρατίζων
 ἰθύει, ἀλλ' οὔτι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκουντες
 ἀντίον αἰσσοῦσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χεῖρῶν,
 καϊόμεναί τε δεταλ, τάσ τε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·
 ἠῶθεν δ' ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τέτιηότι θυμῷ·
 ὥς Αἴας τότε ἀπὸ Τρώων τετιημένος ἦτορ
 ἦϊε, πόλλ' ἀέκων· περὶ γὰρ δῖε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρουραν ἰὼν ἐβιήσατο παῖδας
 νωθῆς, ᾧ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ρόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἐάγη,
 κείρει τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήιον· οἱ δέ τε παῖδες 560
 τύπτουσιν ῥοπάλοισι· βίη δέ τε νηπὶη αὐτῶν·
 σπουδῇ δ' ἐξήλασαν, ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς·
 ὥς τότε ἔπειτ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱὸν,
 Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι πολυηγερέες τ' ἐπίκουροι
 νύσσοντες ξυστοῖσι μέσον σάκος αἰὲν ἔποντο,
 Αἴας δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν μνησάσκετο θούριδος ἄλκῃς
 αὐτὶς ὑποστρεφθεὶς, καὶ ἐρητύσασκε φάλαγγας
 Τρώων ἱπποδάμων· ὅτε δὲ τρωπύσκετο φεύγειν.

With blood the axle and with blood the rails
Were spatter'd, plash'd from 'neath the whirling spokes
Or off his coursers' heels, as onward still
His spirit bare him, yearning to break through
Their gather'd legions, breathing on the foe
A panic-dread, nor resting from his spear ;
Nathless, whilst ranging through the other ranks
Slaughtering with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stones,
Shunning the Telamonian hero's arm.

Till Father Zeus from throne on high awoke
Spirit of fear in Ajax : first he stood
Astonied, and behind him flung the shield ;
And timorously about him o'er the throng
Looking, like some wild beast, hesitating
He turn'd, yet oft wheel'd back, and short the space
Twixt knee and knee bestrid'den. As when hounds
And peasant hunters from a cattlefold
Affright some tawny lion, nor allow
That he should pick his feast from out their herd ;
He, for the dainty hunger'd, paws the air,
But nothing doth ; for all night through they watch,
And thick the javelins and the flaring brands
From strong right arms so darted in his face,
That in his heart's despite he dreads their flame,
And sullenly at dawn perforce departs ;
So Ajax moved from off the Trojan host
Sullen and loth ; whose fears were for the fleet.
Like some slow-pac'd ass, that breaks a guard
Of children to a field of standing corn ;
Many their cudgels splinter'd on him fall ;
Nathless he enters grazing on the crop,
The children striking still, but weak their strength,
Scarce they expel him, when his gorge is fill'd ;
So Troy and all her brave Alliance press'd
On Ajax, the great son of Telamon,
Smiting his buckler vainly with their spears.
Anon would Ajax all his might recall,
Wheel round to face them, and make halt their ranks ;
Anon would turn again to more retreat ;

πάντας δὲ προέεργε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ὁδεύειν,
 αὐτὸς δὲ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν θῦνε μεσηγνύ
 ἰστάμενος· τὰ δ' ἐδοῦρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν 570
 ἄλλα μὲν ἐν σάκεϊ μεγάλῳ πάγεν ὄρμενα πρόσσω,
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγνύ, πάρος χροά λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,
 ἐν γαίῃ ἴσταντο, λιλαϊόμενα χροὸς ἄσαι.

Τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησ' Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς
 Εὐρύπυλος πυκινοῖσι βιαζόμενον βελέεσσιν,
 στή ῥα παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
 καὶ βάλε Φανσιάδην Ἀπισάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἴθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐπόρουσε καὶ αἶνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων. 580
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς
 τεύχε' ἀπαινύμενον Ἀπισάονος, αὐτίκα τόξον
 ἔλκετ' ἐπ' Εὐρυπύλῳ, καὶ μὲν βάλε μηρὸν οἰστώ
 δεξιόν· ἐκλάσθη δὲ δόναξ, ἐβόρυνε δὲ μηρόν.
 ἄψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·

“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,
 στήτ' ἐλελιχθέντες καὶ ἀμύνετε νηλεὲς ἡμάρ
 Αἴανθ', ὃς βελέεσσι βιάζεται· οὐδέ ἔφημι 590
 φεύξεσθ' ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηγέος. ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἄντην
 ἴστασθ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν.”

“ὦς ἔφατ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος· οἱ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν
 πλησίοι ἕστησαν, σάκε' ὥμοισι κλίναντες,
 δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι. τῶν δ' ἀντίος ἦλυθεν Αἴας,
 στή δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἐπεὶ ἴκετο ἔθνος ἐταίρων.
 ὥς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
 Νέστορα δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο φέρου Νηλήϊαι ἵπποι
 ἰδρῶσαι, ἦγον δὲ Μαχάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
 ἐστήκει γὰρ ἐπὶ πρύμνῃ μεγακῆτεϊ νηϊ,
 εἰσορόων πόνου· αἰπὺν ἰῶκά τε δακρυόεσσαν.
 αἶψα δ' ἐταίρων ἐὼν Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν,
 φθεγξάμενος παρὰ νηός· ὃ δὲ κλισίῃθην ἀκούσας

Yet stay'd them thus from charging on the ships ;
 For still 'twixt either host he midmost ranged
 Making sole stand ; whilst from their strong right-arms
 Their javelins in his towerlike shield were stay'd,
 Or, dropping ere they gain'd him, in the earth
 Stood quivering, longing for the taste of blood.

Whom thus o'erwhelm'd with darts, Eurypylus,
 Evemon's noble son, beheld, and came
 And, taking stand beside him, aim'd bright spear,
 And through the liver 'neath the midriff pierced
 A chieftain, Apisaon, Phausius' son,
 Loosing his limbs ; then on him sprang, to strip
 The armour off his shoulders,—whom, the while
 Down-stooping, godlike Alexander mark'd
 And struck with arrow through the dexter thigh ;
 Short snapt the shaft ; the stricken limb hung slack.
 Backward he drew him to his comrades' ranks,
 Shunning black fate, but on the Danaans cried :

“Turn, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host ;
 Turn ye and stand ; forefend the ruthless hour
 From Ajax, by the enemy so hard-press'd,
 I doubt his rescue from this evil day ;
 Stand ; save him : rescue Ajax ; save your chief !”

Thus cried the wounded hero : at whose side
 Forthwith stood many near, with serried shields
 And spears uplifted ; tow'rd them, face to face,
 Came Ajax, and commingled with their throng,
 Then faced about again to meet the foe.

Thus like a fiery furnace raged the fight.

Meantime the steeds of Nestor, sweating, drew
 Nestor from battle, with him to the camp
 Bearing Machaon, shepherd of the host.
 These, as they pass'd, the fleetfoot hero mark'd ;
 For standing from his galley's poop he watch'd
 Their headlong downfall and the piteous rout ;
 Therefore to brave Patroclus call'd he loud,
 Speaking from off the galley. From the tent

ἔκμολεν ἴσος Ἀρηϊ, κακοῦ δ' ἄρα οἱ πέλεν ἀρχή.
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·

“Τίπτε με κικλήσκεις, Ἀχιλεῦ; τί δέ σε χρεὼ ἐμεῖο;”
τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

“Δίε Μενoitιάδη, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένη θυμῷ,
νῦν δ'ὼ περὶ γούνατ' ἐμὰ στήσασθαι Ἀχαιοὺς
λισσομένους· χρεῖά γάρ ἐκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός. 610
ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Πάτροκλε διίφιλε, Νέστορ' ἔρειο
δυντινα τοῦτον ἄγει βεβλημένον ἐκ πολέμοιο.
ἦτοι μὲν τάγ' ὅπισθε Μαχάονι πάντα ἔοικεν
τῷ Ἀσκληπιάδῃ, ἅτὰρ οὐκ ἴδον ὄμματα φωτός·
ἵπποι γάρ με παρήϊξαν πρόσσω μεμανῦαι.”

Ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἑταίρῳ,
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Νηληιάδew ἀφίκοντο,
αὐτοὶ μὲν ῥ' ἀπέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβοτείρῃαν,
ἵππους δ' Εὐρυμέδων θεράπων λύε τοῖο γέροντος 620
ἐξ ὀχέων· τοὶ δ' ἰδρῷ ἀπεψύχοντο χιτώνων,
στάντε ποτὶ πνοιὴν παρὰ θιν' ἁλός· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἐς κλισίην ἔλθόντες ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθίζουσιν.
τοῖσι δὲ τεύχε κυκείῳ ἐνπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη,
τὴν ἄρετ' ἐκ Τενέδοιο γέρων, ὅτε πέρσεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
θυγατέρ' Ἀρσινόου μεγαλήτορος, ἣν οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἕξελον, οὐνεκα βουλῇ ἀριστεύεσκεν ἀπάντων.
ἦ σφῶιν πρῶτον μὲν ἐπιπροΐηλε τράπεζαν
καλὴν κυανόπεζαν ἑξοον, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῆς 630
χάλκειον κάνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ κρόμουν, ποτῷ ὄψον,
ἠδὲ μέλι χλωρὸν, παρὰ δ' ἀλφίτου ἱεροῦ ἀκτὴν,
πὰρ δὲ δέπας περικαλλές, ὃ οἴκοθεν ἦγ' ὁ γεραίς,
χρυσείοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον· οὐατα δ' αὐτοῦ
τέσσαρ' ἔσαν, δριαὶ δὲ πελειαῖδες ἀμφὶς ἕκαστον
χρύσειαι νεμέθοντο, δύω δ' ὑπὸ πυθμένες ἦσαν.
ἄλλος μὲν μογέων ἀποκινήσασκε τραπέζης

The other heard and issued forth, nor less
Than Ares seem'd—yet hence began his woe.
First spake Menœtius' gallant Son, and said :

“Why call'st thou me, Achilles? what thy need?”
To whom in answer then the Fleetfoot thus ;
“Friend of my soul ! Menœtius' noble Son !
I wot Achaia's sons about my knees
Shall soon stand suppliant : sore their trouble now.
But haste thee hence, Patroclus, Zeus-beloved,
And ask of Nestor, whom he brings from war
Sore-wounded : from behind I deem'd him like
Asclepius' son, Machaon ; but the face
I saw not ; eager by me flew the steeds.”

He spoke ; Patroclus heard his dear lord's hest,
And hasted running through the ships and tents.

The others gain'd the tent of Neleus' Son
And there dismounted to the fruitful earth ;
And whilst Eurymedon, his follower, loosed
The Elder's horses from the yoke, the two,
Standing together in the fresh sea-breeze,
Cool'd off the sweat that to their garments clung,
Then in the tent on couches sate them down :
To whom the fairhair'd maiden, Hecamede,
The daughter of the brave Arsinous,
Prize by the Elder won from Tenedos
What time fleetfoot Achilles sack'd the isle
(His special spoil reserved by Argos' host,
For that in council he excell'd them all),
Stood mingling draught delicious. First she set
A polish'd board before them, fair to view,
Steel-footed ; and thereon a dish of brass,
Wherein fresh honey, grain of sacred corn,
And garlic to provoke to thirst withal :
And, these beside, a splendid goblet, brought
By the old chieftain thither from his home,
With golden studs emboss'd ; four handles served
To lift it ; and round each two doves in gold
Stood feeding ; two the cups beneath them wrought.
Full from the board to lift this were a task •

πλεῖον ἐόν, Νέστωρ δ' ὁ γέρων ἄμογητὶ ἄειρεν
 ἐν τῷ ῥά σφι κύκησε γυνὴ εἰκυῖα θεῆσιν
 οἶνω Πραμνεῖω, ἐπὶ δ' αἴγειον κνή τυρὸν
 κνήστει χαλκείῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλφιτα λευκὰ πάλυνεν,
 πινέμεναι δ' ἐκέλευσεν, ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὥπλισσε κυκείω.
 τὼ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πίνοντ' ἀφέτην πολυκαγκέα δίψαν,
 μύθοισιν τέρποντο πρὸς ἑλληλους ἐνέποντες,
 Πάτροκλος δὲ θύρησιν ἐφίστατο, ἰσόθιος φῶς.
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὁ γεραίος ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο φαεινοῦ,
 ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλὼν, κατὰ δ' ἐδρίασθαι ἄνωγεν.
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀναίνετό εἰπέ τε μῦθον·

640

“ Οὐχ ἔδος ἐστὶ, γεραιὲ διοτρεφεῖς, οὐδέ με πείσεις·
 αἰδοῖς νεμεσητὸς ὃ με προέηκε πυθέσθαι
 ὄντινα τοῦτον ἄγεις βεβλημένον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
 γιγνώσκω, ὁρώ δὲ Μαχάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
 νῦν δὲ ἔπος ἑρέων πάλιν ἄγγελος εἴμ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ.
 εἴ δὲ σὺ οἶσθα, γεραιὲ διοτρεφεῖς, οἷος ἐκείνος
 δεινὸς ἀνὴρ· τάχα κεν καὶ ἀναίτιον αἰτιώφω.”

650

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γεῆνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ·
 “ τίπτε τ' ἄρ' ὧδ' Ἀχιλεὺς ὀλοφύρεται νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
 ὅσσοι δὴ βέλεσιν βεβλήηται; οὐδέ τι οἶδεν,
 πένθεος ὅσσον ὄρωρε κατὰ στρατόν· οἱ γὰρ ἄριστοι
 ἐν νηυσὶν κέεται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.
 βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδείδης, κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
 οὐτασται δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἥδ' Ἀγαμέμνων·
 [βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν οἰστώ·]
 τοῦτον δ' ἄλλον ἐγὼ νέον ἤγαγον ἐκ πολέμοιο
 ἰὼ ἀπὸ νευρῆς βεβλημένον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
 ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν Δαναῶν οὐ κήδεται οὐδ' ἐλεαίρει.
 ἥ μένει εἰσόκε δὴ νῆες θοαὶ ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
 Ἀργεῖων ἀέκητι, πυρὸς δηΐοιο θέρωνται,
 αὐτοὶ τε κτεινόμεθ' ἐπισχερώ;—οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴ ἴς
 ἔσθ' οἷη πάρος ἔσκειν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν.
 εἴθ' ὥς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη,
 ὥς ὁπότε Ἥλειόισι καὶ ἡμῖν νείκος ἐτύχθῃ
 ἀμφὶ βοηλαστέῃ, ὅτ' ἐγὼ κτάνον Ἴτυμονῆα,

660

670

To others, but to aged Nestor none.
 In this the maid, a goddess in her grace,
 Mingled a draught with wine of Pramnian grape,
 And cheese of goat's milk grated fine thereon
 Through brazen grater, and white meal bestrewn ;
 Then gracious of her mingling bade them drink :
 And, whilst they drank and banish'd parching thirst,
 Each with the other pleasant converse held.

Anon Patroclus in the doorway stood ;
 The Elder saw and, from his glittering couch
 Uprising, took him by the hand and brought
 Within the tent, and bade him to a seat ;
 But he, denying, thus replied and said :
 " Bid me not, noble Elder, seat me here :
 Worthy of reverence, worthy of all dread, ^o
 He who hath sent me hither to inquire
 Whom thou bring'st wounded home ; myself now see
 And know Machaon, shepherd of the host.
 Straight to Achilles I must needs return ;
 How dread his humour thou thyself well know'st ;
 Where no blame is, perchance he yet might blame."

To whom Gerenè's chief made answer thus :
 " Sorrows Achilles for the scathe of these,
 These few Achaians wounded ? knows he nought
 Of the destruction falling on the host ?
 By shaft or sword the noblest all lie smit :
 A dart hath maim'd the might of Tydeus' Son ;
 Odysseus, Agamemnon, wounded lie ;
 Eurypylus hath arrow through the hip ;
 And yet one more, this hero, from the war,
 Pierced with an arrow, latest I have brought :
 And, though with power to save, Achilles sits
 Unpitying still ! Oh, tarryes he till fire
 Hath swallow'd up our galleys on the shore,
 Maugre our arms opposing, and ourselves
 One after one fall vanquish'd at their sterns ?
 For not, as once, was mine, in nimble limbs,
 Is now my strength : would such my youth, and such
 The force within me, as when feud broke forth

ἔσθλὸν Ὑπείροχίδην, ὃς ἐν Ἥλιδι ναιετάσκειν,
 ῥύσι' ἐλαυνόμενος. ὁ δ' ἀμύνων ῥῖσι βρόεσσιν
 ἐβλητ' ἐν πρῶτοισιν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι,
 καὶ δ' ἔπασεν, λαοὶ δὲ περίτρεσαν ἀγροιώται.
 ληϊδα δ' ἐκ πεδίου συνελάσσαμεν ἤλιθα πολλήν,
 πεντήκοντα βοῶν ἀγέλας, τόσα πῶεα οἴων,
 τόσσα συνὼν συβόσεια, τόσ' αἰπόλῳ πλάτ' αἰγῶν,
 ἵππους δὲ ξανθὰς ἑκατὸν καὶ πεντήκοντα,

680

πάσας θηλείας, πολλῇσι δὲ πῶλοι ὑπήσαν.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἤλασάμεσθα Πύλον Νηληϊὸν εἶσω
 ἐννύχιοι προτὶ ἄστν· γεγῆθει δὲ φρένα Νηλεὺς,
 οὔνεκά μοι τύχε πολλὰ νέφ' πόλεμόνδε κίοντι
 κήρυκες δ' ἐλίγαινον ἄμ' ἡοῦ φαινομένηφιν
 τοὺς ἔμεν οἷσι χρεῖος ὀφείλες' ἐν Ἥλιδι δίη·
 οἱ δὲ συναγρόμενοι Πυλίων ἡγήτορες ἄνδρες
 daίτρενον· πολέσιν γὰρ Ἑπειοὶ χρεῖος ὀφείλον,
 ὥς ἡμεῖς παῦροί κεκακωμένοι ἐν Πύλῳ ἦμεν.—

ἔλθων γὰρ ῥ' ἐκάκωσε βίη Ἑρακλήϊη
 τῶν προτέρων ἐτέων, κατὰ δ' ἔκταθεν ὅσσοι ἄριστοι.

690

δώδεκα γὰρ Νηληϊὸς ἀμύμονος νιέες ἦμεν·
 τῶν οἶος λιπόμην, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ὄλοντο.—
 ταῦθ' ὑπερηφανέοντες Ἑπειοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες,
 ἡμέας ὑβρίζοντες, ἀτάσθαλα μηχανώοντο.—
 ἐκ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀγέλην τε βοῶν καὶ πῶν μέγ' οἴων
 εἴλετο, κρινάμενος τριηκόσι' ἡδὲ νομῆας.

καὶ γὰρ τῷ χρεῖος μέγ' ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἥλιδι δίη,
 τέσσαρες ἀθλοφόροι ἵπποι αὐτοῖσιν ὄχεσφιν,
 ἐλθόντες μετ' ἄεθλα. περὶ τρίποδος γὰρ ἔμελλον
 θεύσεσθαι· τοὺς δ' αὖθις ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγυείας
 κίσχεθε, τὸν δ' ἐλατῆρ' ἀφίει ἀκαχήμενον ἵππων.
 τῶν ὁ γέρων ἐπέων κεχολωμένος ἡδὲ καὶ ἔργων

700

Between the Eleian clansmen and ourselves
For raid of oxen ! Single then I slew
Itymenes of Elis, gallant son
Of great Hypeirochus : whose herds I sought
To drive away for vengeance of their thefts :
For them he gave me battle, till he fell,
Smit 'mongst the first by javelin from my arm,
And all his churlish followers fled appall'd.
Rich booty from the plain we drave that day ;
Of oxen fifty herds, and fifty flocks
Of sheep, of swine as many, and of goats ;
Further, of chestnut steeds seven score and ten,
Mares all, and many were the colts they foal'd.
These into Pylos, Neleus' town, we drave,
Entering by night the castle ; and great joy
Had Neleus, that such fortune had befall'n
Me in the first encounter of my youth.
With break of dawn the ordered heralds made
Their shrill proclaim, that whoso'er could ask
In sacred Elis compensation just
Should now receive it : and the Pylian chiefs
Collecting parted all ; for large the debt
To many due from Elis ; men were few
And much distress'd in Pylos. There of late
The might of Hercules had done much hurt,
And slaughter'd all our noblest : twelve were we,
The sons of blameless Neleus ; I alone
Was left alive ; the others perish'd all
Wherefore the arm'd Epeians waxing proud
Oft would wreak outrage on us and affront.
But of my spoil the aged Elder took
A herd of oxen and a flock of sheep,
Three hundred with their shepherds set apart.
For large the debt from Elis due to him,
Four racing horses with their chariot stol'n,
Sent to contest a tripod at the games
Of Elis : but Augæas, king of men,
Withheld them there, and emptyhanded home
Sent back their driver. Anger'd for whose words
And deeds alike the Elder chose out now

ἔξελετ' ἄσπετα πολλά· τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔς δῆμον ἔδωκεν
[δαιτρεύειν, μή τις οἱ ἀτεμβόμενος κίοι ἴσῃς].

ἡμῖς ρεὺν τὰ ἕκαστα διείπομεν, ἀμφὶ τε ἄστυ
ἔρδομεν ἱρὰ θεοῖς· οἱ δὲ τρίτῳ ἤματι πάντες
ἡλθον ὁμῶς αὐτοῖ τε πολεῖς καὶ μώνυχες ἵππῃδι,
πανσυσδίῃ· μετὰ δέ σφι Μολίονε θωρήσσοντο
παῖδ' ἔτ' ἐόντ', οὐπω μάλα εἰδότε θούριδος ἀλκῆς.

710

ἔστι δέ τις Θρυόεσσα πόλις, αἰτρεῖα κολώνη,
τηλοῦ ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ, νεάτη Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος·
τὴν ἀμφεστρατόωντο διαβρῶσαι μεμαῶτες.

ἀλλ' ὅτε πᾶν πεδίου μετεκίαθον, ἄμμι δ' Ἀθήνη
ἄγγελος ἦλθε θεουσ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι
ἔκνυχος, οὐδ' ἀέκοντα Πύλον κάτα λαὸν ἄγειρεν,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐσσυμένους πολεμίζειν. οὐδέ με Νηλεὺς
εἶα θωρήσσεσθαι, ἀπέκρυσεν δέ μοι ἵππους·
οὐ γάρ πώ τί μ' ἔφη ἴδμεν πολεμήϊα ἔργα.

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἱππεῦσι μετέπρεπον ἡμετέροισιν,

720

καὶ πεζός περ ἐὼν, ἐπεὶ ὧς ἄγε νεῖκος Ἀθήνη.
ἔστι δέ τις ποταμὸς Μινυήϊος εἰς ἅλα βάλλων
ἐγγύθεν Ἀρήνης, ὅθι μείναμεν Ἡῶ διαν
ἱππῆες Πυλίων, τὰ δ' ἐπέρρεεν ἔθνεα πεζῶν.

ἔνθεν πανσυσδίῃ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
ἔνδιοι ἰκόμεσθ' ἱερὸν ρόον Ἀλφειοῖο.

ἔνθα Διὶ ῥέξαντες ὑπερμενεῖ ἱερὰ καλὰ,

ταῦρον δ' Ἀλφειῷ, ταῦρον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι,
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι βοῦν ἀγελαίην,

δόρπον ἔπειθ' ἐλόμεσθα κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν

730

καὶ κατεκοιμήθημεν ἐν ἔντεσιν οἷσιν ἕκαστος
ἀμφὶ ροὰς ποταμοῖο. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ
ἀμφιστάντο δὴ ἄστυ διαπραθῆναι μεμαῶτες.

Large recompense, but to his people gave
 The rest to part amongst them, that of all
 None should go home unportion'd of his share.
 Sifting each claim we therefore bode, and made
 About the streets our offerings to the gods ;
 The third day after, they with all their host,
 Horses and men in multitude as sand,
 Against us came, and with them the two sons
 Twin-born of Molionè girt their arms
 For the first time, mere children yet to war.

“ Like some steep pillar on Alpheus' banks,
 Far on the skirt of sandy Pylos, stands
 The town of Thryoessa ; round its walls
 Camping, they strove to lay it to the ground.
 And they had scour'd our plains, when Pallas came
 Down from Olympus messenger by night
 To bid us arm ; nor loth the men she bade
 In Pylos, but most eager to the fray :
 Yet me my father from my arms forbade,
 Yea, hid the chariot safe from out my sight,
 Saying I knew not yet the works of war.
 Not less Athene guided so the fight,
 Albeit on foot, I shone amongst the horse.

“ There is a river running to the sea
 Mineius, near Arene : there the horse
 Halted to sacred morning, till the bands
 Of foot came pouring on our rear : then on,
 All under arms, empanoplied, we gain'd
 With our full host Alpheus' sacred stream.
 There to most mighty Zeus we offer'd up
 Our costly offerings, to Poseidon gave
 A bull, another to Alpheus' stream,
 But to Athene heifer from our herds ;
 So in array of battle made repast :
 And, after, laid us down upon the bank
 And slept, still under arms. Meantime, about
 The city's walls the brave Epeians press'd
 Their leaguer, fain for victory : but next day

ἀλλὰ σφι προπάρειθε φάνη μέγα ἔργον Ἄρηος·
 εὖτε γὰρ ἡέλιος φαέθων ὑπερέσχεθε γαίης;
 συμφερόμεσθ' ἅ μάχῃ, Διί τ' εὐχόμενοι καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πυλίων καὶ Ἑπειῶν ἔπλετο νείκος,
 πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἔλον ἄνδρα, κόμισσα δὲ μώνυχας ἵππους,
 Μούλιον αἰχμητὴν· γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Αὐγείαιο,
 πρεσβυτάτην δὲ θύγατρ' εἶχε ξανθὴν Ἀγαμέδην, 740
 ἥ τόσα φάρμακα ἤδη ὅσα τρέφει εὐρεῖα χθών.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προσιόντα βάλον χαλκήρεϊ δουρὶ,
 ἥριπτε δ' ἐν κονίῃσιν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας
 στήν ῥα μετὰ προμάχοισιν. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἑπείοι
 ἔτρεσαν ἄλλυδες ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἄνδρα πεσόντα
 ἡγεμόν' ἱππήων, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπόρουσα κελαῖνῇ λαίλαπι ἴσος,
 πεντήκοντα δ' ἔλον δίφρους, δύο δ' ἀμφὶς ἕκαστον
 φῶτες ὁδὰξ ἔλον οὐδας, ἐμῶ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
 καὶ νύ κεν Ἀκτορίωνε Μόλιονε παῖδ' ἀλάπαξα, 750
 εἰ μὴ σφωε πατὴρ εὐρυκρείων ἐνοσίχθων
 ἐκ πολέμου ἐσάωσε, καλύψας ἥερι πολλῇ.
 ἔνθα Ζεὺς Πυλίοισι μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν·
 τόφρα γὰρ οὖν ἐπόμεσθα διὰ σπιδέος πεδίοιο,
 κτείνοντές τ' αὐτοὺς ἀνὰ τ' ἔντεα καλὰ λέγοντες,
 ὄφρ' ἐπὶ Βουπρασίου πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ἵππους
 πέτρης τ' Ὀλενίης, καὶ Ἀλεισίου ἔνθα κολώνη
 κέκληται· ὅθεν αὖτις ἀπέτραπε λαὸν Ἀθήνη.
 ἔνθ' ἄνδρα κτείνας πύματον λίπον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἀψ' ἀπο Βουπρασίοιο Πύλονδ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους, 760
 πάντες δ' εὐχετόωντο θεῶν Διὶ Νέστορί τ' ἀνδρῶν.
 ὥς ἔον, εἴποτ' ἔον γε μετ' ἀνδράσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
 οἷος τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπουνήσεται· ἥ τέ μιν οἶω
 πολλὰ μετακλαύσεσθαι, ἐπεὶ κ' ἀπὸ λαὸς ὀληται.

Long bloody work before them first they saw.
For when the sun's bright light o'erspread the earth,
After prayers made to Pallas and to Zeus,
We join'd in fight : and scarce had either hôst
Engaged, when I show'd first, and slew their prince
Mulius, and carried off his hoovèd steeds ;
Mulius, Augæas' son, who had to wife
The daughter to Augæas eldest-born,
Fair Agamedè of the auburn locks,
Skilled in what healing herbs and roots soe'er
On the broad bosom of this earth are bred.
Him, as he charged, I struck with brass-tipp'd spear ;
Into the dust he dropp'd ; and on his car
Springing, amongst the champions of the front
I stood conspicuous, whilst the Epeians fled
This way and that scatter'd, beholding fall'n
Their chariots' leader and their best in war.
On whom with some black whirlwind's force I sprang ;
And fifty chariots gain'd, and, dash'd from each,
Two warriors bit the dust beneath my spear.
Yea, Molionè's children, feign'd the sons
Of Actor, then had been my spoil, but them
Their father, vast Poseidon, in thick mist
Enwrapp'd and bare from battle home secure.
Great was the victory so by Zeus vouchsafed
To Pylos ; hotly through the spacious plain
Slaying, and gathering precious spoil of arms,
We press'd them, till our cars pursuing reach'd
The cornfields of Buprasium, nigh the rock
Of Olen, and Aleisium, named of old
The Pillar : there Athene bade us home.
The last man slain I slew, and left him there ;
And from Buprasium back Achaia's host
Held straight their way to Pylos. Prayer was then
Of men to Nestor, as to Zeus of gods.
Such show'd I, mingling with my kind : but, lo,
Achilles, thus withdrawn, wastes all the fruit
Of his own excellence on his own self !
I wot, most bitterly will he repent,
When all the host hath perish'd by his pride.

ὦ πέπον, ἣ μὲν σοίγε Μενοίτιος ὦδ' ἐπέτελλεν
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπειν.
 νῶι δέ τ' ἔνδοσ' ἐόντες, ἐγὼ καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
 πάντα μάλ' ἐν μεγάροις ἠκούομεν ὡς ἐπέτελλεν.

Πηλῆος δ' ἰκόμεσθα δόμους εὐναιετάοντας
 λαὸν ἀγείροντες· κατ' Ἀχαιῖδα πουλυβότειραν.

770

ἔνθα δ' ἔπειθ' ἥρωα Μενοίτιον εὔρομεν ἔνδον
 ἠδὲ σέ, παρ δ' Ἀχιλῆα. γέρων δ' ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς
 πλὺνα μηρί' ἔκαιε βοὸς Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ
 αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτῳ· ἔχε δὲ χρύσειον ἄλεισον,
 σπένδων αἶθοπα οἶνον ἐπ' αἰθομένοισι ἱεροῖσιν.
 σφῶι μὲν ἀμφὶ βοὸς ἔπετον κρέα, νῶι δ' ἔπειτα
 στῆμεν ἐνὶ προθύροισι· ταφὼν δ' ἀνύρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
 ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλὼν, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάσθαι ἄνωγεν,
 ξεινιά τ' εὖ παρέθηκεν, ἃ τε· ξείνοισι θέμις ἐστίν.

780

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπημεν ἐδητύος ῥῆδ' ἐποτήτος,
 ἦρχον ἐγὼ μύθοιο, κελεύων ὕμν' ἅμ' ἔπεςθαί·
 σφῶ δὲ μάλ' ἠθέλετον, τῷ δ' ἅμφω πόλλ' ἐπέτελλον.

Πηλεὺς μὲν ᾧ παιδί γέρων ἐπέτελλ' Ἀχιλῆϊ
 αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείρῃχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων·
 σοὶ δ' αὖθ' ὦδ' ἐπέτελλε Μενοίτιος, Ἀκτορὸς υἱός.

ἔτεκνον ἔμδον, γενεῇ μὲν ὑπέρτερός ἐστιν Ἀχιλλεύς,
 πρεσβύτερος δὲ σύ ἐσσι· βίῃ δ' ὅγε πολλὸν ἀμείνων.
 ἀλλ' εὖ οἱ φάσθαι πυκινὸν ἔπος ἦδ' ὑποθέσθαι
 καὶ οἱ σημαίνειν· ὁ δὲ πείσεται εἰς ἀγαθὸν περ·

ὥς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεται. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 ταῦτ' εἵποις Ἀχιλῆϊ δαΐφρονι, αἳ κε πίθηται.

790

τίς δ' οἶδ' εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίναις
 παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου.
 εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶν ᾗσι θεοπροπῆην ἀλεείνει
 καὶ τινὰ οἱ παρ' Ἰδην ἐπέφραδε πότνια μῆτηρ,
 ἀλλὰ σέ περ· προέτω, ἅμα δ' ἄλλος λαὸς ἐπέσθω

And thou, my friend—Menœtius, on the day
He sent thee forth from Phthia to the host
Of Agamemnon, oft-times charged thee thus :
We were within, myself and Odysseus,
And heard all charge he gave thee in those halls ;
To Peleus' peopled palaces we came
Gathering our army through Achaia's tribes ;
Menœtius there within we found, and thee,
And by thy side Achilles : in the court
Outside the palace Peleus stood the while
And made upon the altar of great Zeus
Burnt-offering of the fat thighs of a bull,
Holding a golden goblet, pouring thence
Bright wine upon the flaming sacrifice.
Whom ye were helping, busied o'er the bull,
Till we stood in the doorway. First perceived
Achilles, and astonished started up,
Took by the hand, and bade us to a seat,
And set before us hospitable fare.
When we had had delights of meat and drink,
I told our tale, and bade you follow us ;
Most blithe were ye ; but ere ye went, to both
Much admonition either father gave :
To his dear son Achilles, Peleus charged
Still to outshine all others, and excel ;
Whilst Actor's son Menœtius thus to thee :
*' My child ! Achilles by his royal birth
' Excels thee, and his strength is more than thine ;
' But thou in years art elder ; be thou prompt
' With prudent counsel, and to guide the way
' That he should go ; he followeth that is good.'*
Ev'n this thy father's counsel thou forgett'st.
But go, and to the brave Achilles tell
These things again, if he may so be won :
Who knows if, by the sufferance of heaven,
Thou wilt not with persuasion turn his heart ?
Good is persuasion from a true friend's mouth.
But if, through evil presage from the gods,
Or message by his mother borne from Zeus,
He now abstain from battle, let him send

Μυρμιδόνων, αἶ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένηαι·
καὶ τοι τεύχεα καλὰ δότω πόλεμόνδε φέρεσθαι,
αἶ κέ σε τῷ ἴσκωντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' Ἀρήϊοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν·
800
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.
[ῥέφα δέ κ' ἀκμήτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας αὐτῇ
ὥσαισθε προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἀπο καὶ κλισιάων.]”

ὦς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν,
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ νῆας ἐπ' Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλλῆα.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κατὰ νῆας Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο
ἴξε θέων Πάτροκλος, ἵνα σφ' ἀγορή τε θέμις τε
ἦην, τῇ δὴ καὶ σφι θεῶν ἐτετεύχατο βωμοί,
ἔνθα οἱ Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος ἀντεβόλησεν,
810
διογενὴς Εὐαϊμονίδης, κατὰ μηρὸν ἰοστώ,
σκάζων ἐκ πολέμου· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἰδρῶς
ὦμων καὶ κεφαλῆς, ἀπὸ δ' ἔλκεος ἀργαλείοιο
αἷμα μέλαν κελάρυζε· νόος γε μὲν ἔμπεδος ἦεν.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾠκτεῖρε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς,
καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ἄ δειλοὶ, Δαναῶν ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ὥς ἄρ' ἐμέλλετε, τῇλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἵης,
ἄσειν ἐν Τροίῃ ταχέας κύνας ἀργέτι δημῷ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ, διοτρεφεῖς Εὐρύπυλ' ἦρως,
820
ἢ ῥ' ἔτι που σχήσουσι πελώριον Ἑκτορ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἢ ἤδη φθίσονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμέντες.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος ἀντίον ἤῤα·
“οὐκέτι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις, ἄλκαρ Ἀχαιῶν
ἔσσεται, ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέονται.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,
ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε
χερσὶν ὑπο Τρώων· τῶν δὲ σθένος ὀρνῦνται αἰεὶ.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ σάωσον ἄγων ἐπὶ νῆα μέλαιναν,
μηροῦ δ' ἔκταμ' ὀϊστὸν, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἷμα κελαινὸν
νίξ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δ' ἥπια φάρμακα πάσσε,
830

Thee, and with thee his Myrmidonians, forth ;
So may some light upon the Danaans dawn.
• And let him clothe thee in his own bright mail :
That so the Trojans shall behold in thee
His image, and withdraw them back awhile,
And so th' Achaïans gain some breathing-space—
Short though it be, some respite from the war.
They are all spent, and ye unworn and fresh ;
Your very battle-cry shall drive their host
Back routed from our galleys to their town.”

He spoke ; and deeply stirr'd Patroclus' heart ;
Who hasted passing by the line of ships
Back to his chief Æacides ; but when
He gain'd divine Odysseus' fleet, that stood
Midmost (and there the market-place, the seats
Of justice, and their altars to the gods),
Eurypylus, Evemon's Zeus-sprung son,
There cross'd him, arrow-smitten through the thigh,
Scarce halting from the battle ; moist the sweat
Stream'd down his shoulder ; from the baleful wound
Black gush'd the blood ; but still his heart was firm.
Whom seeing, on Menœtius' gallant Son
Fell pity, and he thus lamenting cried :

“ Oh chiefs most wretched ! Captains of the host !
Was it to fatten on your dainty flesh,
Far from our country and from all we love,
The dogs of Troy, that we set sail from home ?
But tell me true, divine Eurypylus !
Will the Achaïans hold vast Hector back,
Or will they perish whelm'd beneath his spear ? ”

To whom the wounded chieftain thus replied :
“ No help, divine Patroclus, now remains :
Back on their fleet th' Achaïans needs must fall ;
For all who erst were bravest in their ships
Lie cabin'd now, with wound of shaft or sword
At Trojan hand ; and still the Trojan strength
Is waxing ever. But, I pray thee, help
Me to my ship, and save me ; cut the shaft
Clear of my thigh, and with fresh water cleanse
The black blood off ; then spread soft soothing salves

ἔσθλα, τά σε προτί φασιν Ἀχιλλῆος δεδιδάχθαι,
 ὃν Χείρων ἐδίδαξε, δικαιοτάτος Κενταύρων.
 ἱητροὶ μὲν γάρ, Ποδαλείριος ἡδὲ Μαχάων,
 τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὀλομαι ἔλκος ἔχοντα,
 χρητίζοντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμύμονος ἱητῆρος,
 κείνῃθαι· ὁ δ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένει ὄξυν Ἀργα."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Μεινοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·
 "πῶς τ' ἄρ' εἰσι τάδε ἔργα; τί ῥέξομεν, Εὐρύπυλ' ἥρως;
 ἔρχομαι, ὄφρ' Ἀχιλλῇ δαΐφροني μῦθον ἐνίσπω,
 ὃν Νέστωρ ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν·
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς περ σείῳ μεθήσω τειρομένοιο."

840

Ἡ καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοιο λαβὼν ἄγε ποιμένα λαῶν."
 ἐς κλισίην· θερπίπων δὲ ἰδὼν ὑπέχευε βοείας.
 ἔνθα μιν ἐκτανύσας ἐκ μηροῦ τάμνε μαχαίρῃ
 ὄξυν βέλος περιπευκὲς, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἶμα κελαινὸν
 νίζ' ὕδατι λιαρῶ, ἐπὶ δὲ ῥίζαν βάλε πικρὴν
 χερσὶ διατρίψας, ὀδυνήφατος ἢ οἱ ἀπάσας,
 ἔσχ' ὀδύνας· τὸ μὲν ἔλκος ἐτέρσετο, παύσατο δ' αἶμα.

Such as they say that from Achilles' mouth
Thou hast been taught ; but him did Cheiron teach,
Centaurs most righteous of the Centaur race.
For of the leeches of Achaia, one,
Machaon, lies methinks within the tents
Wounded, and of his own art lacking help ;
The other, Podaleirius, on the field
Still bears his part, and bides the chance of war."

To whom Menoetius' gallant Son replied :
" How may this end ? Oh what shall be our fate,
Divine Eurypylus ? I make my way,
Bearing to brave Achilles the wise rede
Of Nestor, sage guardian of the host ;
Not ev'n for this can I neglect thy wound."

He spoke, and, half-supporting 'neath the chest,
Led to his tent the hero ; where within
Th' attendant, seeing, leathern hides outspread ;
Thereon Patroclus stretch'd him at full length,
Cut the sharp, painful arrow from his thigh
Clear with a knife, and with fresh water cleansed
The black blood off ; then powder'd bitter roots
'Twixt his own palms, and laid them to assuage
The pains ; the wound was stanch'd, and stay'd the blood

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Μ'

Τειχομαχία.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐν κλισίῃσι Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς
 ἰᾶτ' Εὐρύπυλον βεβλημένον· οἱ δ' ἐμάχοντο
 Ἀργεῖοι καὶ Τρῶες ὀμιλαδόν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐμελλεν
 τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπερθεῖν
 εὐρὺν, τὸ ποιήσαντο νεῶν ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον
 ἤλασαν· οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτὰς ἑκατόμβας,
 ὄφρα σφιν νῆάς τε θαῶς καὶ λῆϊδα πολλήν
 ἐντὸς ἔχον ῥύοιτο· θεῶν δ' ἀέκητι τέτυκτο
 ἀθανάτων· τὸ καὶ οὔτι πολλὸν χρόνον ἐμπεδον ἦεν.
 ὄφρα μὲν Ἐκτώρ ζῶδς ἔην καὶ μήνι' Ἀχιλλεὺς
 καὶ Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος, ἀπόρθητος πόλις ἔπλεν,
 τόφρα δὲ καὶ μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν ἐμπεδον ἦεν.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μὲν Τρώων θάνον ὅσσοι ἄριστοι,
 πολλοὶ δ' Ἀργείων οἱ μὲν δάμεν, οἱ δ' ἐλίποντο,
 πέρθετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ,
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδ' ἐβησαν,
 δὴ τότε μητιόωντο Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων
 τεῖχος ἀμαλδύναι, ποταμῶν μένος εἰσαγαγόντες,
 ὅσσοι ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἄλαδε προρέουσιν,
 Ῥησὸς θ' Ἐπτάπορος τε Κάρησός τε Ῥοδῖος τε
 Γρήνικός τε καὶ Αἴσηπος δῖός τε Σκάμανδρος
 καὶ Σιμόεις, ὅθι πολλὰ βοάγρια καὶ τρεφάλειαι
 κάππεσον ἐν κούρῃσι καὶ ἡμιθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν·
 τῶν πάντων ὁμόσε στόματ' ἔτραπε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
 ἐννήμαρ δ' ἐς τεῖχος ἵει ῥόον· ὕε δ' ἄρα Ζεὺς

10

20

I L I A D XII.

THUS in the camp Menœtius' gallant Son
Unto Eurypylus his wounded friend
Gave tendance ; whilst the Argives fought pellmell
Commingled with their foes. Nor now the trench,
Nor the broad bulwark rear'd along the trench,
To be their galleys' fence, to hold the fleet
And their rich booty in its bounds secure, ^c
Could longer stay the Trojans. Who had built,
Had, when they laid the deep foundations wide,
Fail'd of a sacred hecatombⁿ to heaven ;
Therefore it rose without the grace vouchsafed
Of Gods, predestin'd to an early fall.
So long as Hector lived, and Peleus' Son,
Raged in the war, and still stood undespoil'd
The palaces of Priam—for so long
That rampart vast remain'd upon the shore ;
But when the noblest men of Troy had fallen, [.]
And many an Argive likewise (but of these
Was left a remnant), and high Ilion's towers
Had perish'd by the tenth year's leaguer thrown,
And when that remnant had departed home—
Then with Apollo Poseidaion leagued
To crumble it to sand. What stream soe'er
Bursts from the hills of Ida to the sea,
Rhesus, Heptaporus, and Rhodius,
Granicus, and Scamander's heaven-sprung flood,
Æsepus, and the brook of Simois—
The brook amongst whose sands so many shields
And helms and heroes half-divine were strewn—
These all Apollo turn'd with open'd founts
Upon it, and nine days so plied their force,

συνεχῆς, ὄφρα κε θᾶσσον ἀλίπλοα τείχεα θείη.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἔχων χεῖρεςσι τρίβινα
 ἡγεῖτ', ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντα θεμέλια κύμασι πέμπεν
 φιλτρῶν καὶ λάων, τὰ θέσαν μογέοντες Ἀχαιῖδι,
 λεία δ' ἐποίησεν παρ' ἀγάρρῳον· Ἐλλήσποντον,
 αὖτις δ' ἡϊόνα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι κάλυψεν,
 τείχος ἀμαλδύνας· ποταμοὺς δ' ἔτρεψε νέεσθαι
 καὶ ῥόον, ἧπερ πρόσθεν ἔεν καλλιῤῥοον ὕδωρ.

30

Ὡς ἄρ' ἐμελλον ὀπισθε Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων
 θησέμεναι· τότε δ' ἀμφὶ μάχῃ ἐνοπή τε δεδήει
 τείχος ἐϋδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα πύργων
 βαλλόμεν· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ Διὸς μᾶστιγι δαμέντες
 νηυσὶν ἐπι γλαφυρήσιν ἐελμένοι ἰσχανόωντο,
 Ἐκτορα δειδιότες, κρατερόν μῆστωρα φόβοιο·
 αὐτὰρ ὄγ', ὥς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐμύρινατο ἴσος ἀέλλη.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐν τε κύνεσσι καὶ ψυδράσι θηρευτῆσιν
 κάπριος ἢ ἐλέων στρέφεται σθένει βλεμεαῖνων·
 οἱ δὲ τε πυργηδὼν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες
 ἀντίοι ἴστανται καὶ ἀκοντίζουσι θαμειαῖς
 αἰχμᾶς ἐκ χειρῶν· τοῦ δ' οὔποτε κυδάλιμον κῆρ
 ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἀγνηορή δέ μιν ἔκτα·
 ταρφέα τε στρέφεται στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητίζων·
 ὅππη τ' ἰθύσῃ, τῇτ' εἴκουσι στίχες ἀνδρῶν·
 ὥς Ἐκτωρ ἂν ὄμιλον ἰὼν ἐλλίσσεθ' ἐταίρους,
 τάφρον ἐποτρύνων διαβαινέμεν. οὐδέ οἱ ἵπποι
 τόλμων ὠκύποδες, μάλα δὲ χρεμέτιζον ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
 χεῖλει ἐφεσταότες· ἀπὸ γὰρ δειδίσσετο τάφρος
 εὐρεῖ, οὔτ' ἄρ' ὑπερθορέειν σχεδὸν οὔτε περῆσαι
 ῥῆιδίη· κρημνοὶ γὰρ ἐπηρεφέες περὶ πᾶσαν
 ἕστασαν ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ὑπερθεν δὲ σκολόπεσσιν
 ὀξέσιν ἡρήρει, τοὺς ἕστασαν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 πυκνοὺς καὶ μεγάλους, δητῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν,
 ἐνθ' οὐ κεν ῥέα ἵππος ἐϋτροχον ἄρμα τιτάνων
 ἐσβαίη, πεζοὶ δὲ μενοίνεον εἰ τελέουσιν.

40

50

The while rain fell unceasing from high Zeus
 To haste its dissolution to the deep ;
 And the dread Ruler of the billows' might
 Himself, his trident in his hand, led on
 Their task and threw the deep foundations, laid
 Of stones and rocks by labour of a host,
 Waif to the waves, and made all smooth, betwixt
 The land and the brimm'd bed of Hellespont ;
 But, when the wall had vanish'd, wrapp'd the coast
 Again in sands, and turned the rivers back
 To the pure courses of their olden beds.

Such was the ruin to be wrought thereon
 Hereafter by the gods ; but now the cry
 Of battle ran along its strong-built heights
 Flamelike, and smitten rang its beamy towers.
 Gradual the Argives by the scourge of Zeus
 Straiten'd against their galleys 'gan retire
 Subdued ; for Hector breathed a fear upon them,
 And, as his wont, fought with a whirlwind's force.
 As when, by hounds and huntsmen brought to bay,
 Some boar or lion in his fury turns,
 They draw their band, most like a tower, compact,
 Erect against him, darting from their hands
 Their shower of javelins ; nathless his brave heart
 Fears not at all, but of his spirit doom'd
 He chargeth oft, and oft their phalanx tries,
 And where he chargeth, there their phalanx gives ;
 Thus Hector through the throng roam'd to and fro,
 And cheer'd them to the passage o'er the trench.
 But neighing loudly on its lip, the steeds
 Durst not attempt it ; for the breadth of gap
 Forbade them, though upon its edge, to leap ;
 Nor easier other passage ; where the banks,
 Rose bluff on either side, with jutting brinks,
 And topp'd by pointed stakes, huge and close driven
 By Argos' host, a fence against their foes.
 Impervious to a steed with wheel'd car
 Were such descent ; but leaping to the ground
 Many stood gazing, if it might be done ;

δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἑκτορα εἶπε παραστάς· 60

“Ἑκτορ τ’ ἡδ’ ἄλλοι Τρώων ἀγροὶ ἡδ’ ἐπικούρων,
ἀφραδέως διὰ τάφρον ἐλαύνομεν ὠκέας ἵππους.
ἢ δὲ μάλ’ ἀργαλέη περὶ αὖν· σκύλοπες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ
ὀξέες ἐστᾶσιν, ποτὶ δ’ αὐτοὺς τείχεος Ἀχαιῶν.
ἐνθ’ οὐπὼς ἔστιν καταβήμεναι οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι·
ἵππεύσι· στεῖνος γὰρ, ὅθι τρώσεσθαι οἶω.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ τοὺς πάγχυ κακὰ φρονέων ἀλαπάξει
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ ἔστ’ ἀρήγειν,
ἢ τ’ ἂν ἐγωγ’ ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτίκῃ τοῦτο γενέσθαι,
νωγνύμους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ’ Ἀργεος ἐνθάδ’ Ἀχαιοὺς· 70
εἰ δὲ χ’ ὑποστρέψωσι, παλῖωξις δὲ γένηται
ἐκ νηῶν καὶ τάφρῳ ἐνιπλήξωμεν ὀρυκτῇ,
οὐκέτ’ ἔπειτ’ οἶω οὐδ’ ἄγγελον ἀπονέεσθαι
ἄφ’ ὀρβρον προτὶ ἄστρῳ ἐλιχθέντων ὑπ’ Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ’ ἄγεθ’, ὥς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
ἵππους μὲν θεράποντες ἐρυκέντων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλέες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
Ἑκτορι πάντες ἐπώμεθ’ ἀολλέες· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
οὐ μενέουσ’, εἰ δὴ σφιν ὀλέθρου πείρατ’ ἐφήπται.”

Ὡς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἅδε δ’ Ἑκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων, 80
αὐτίκα δ’ ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε.
οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλοι Τρώες ἐφ’ ἵππων ἡγερέθοντο,
ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἐπεὶ ἶδον Ἑκτορα διδού.
ἡνιόχῳ μὲν ἔπειτα ἐὼ ἐπέτελλεν ἕκαστος
ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὖθ’ ἐπὶ τάφρῳ·
οἱ δὲ διαστάντες, σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,
πένταχα κοσμηθέντες ἅμ’ ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἔποντο.

Οἱ μὲν ἅμ’ Ἑκτορ’ ἔσαν καὶ ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι,
οἱ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν, μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα
τείχεος ῥήξάμενοι κοίλης ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχεσθαι. 90
καὶ σφιν Κερβριόνης τρίτος εἶπετο· παρ δ’ ἄρ’ ὄχεσφιν
ἄλλον Κεβριόναο χερείονα κάλλιπεν Ἑκτωρ.
τῶν δ’ ἐτέρων Πάρις ἦρχε καὶ Ἀλκάθοος καὶ Ἀγήνωρ,
τῶν δὲ τρίτων Ἑλένος καὶ Διήφοβος θεοεῖδής,
υἱε δὴ Πριάμοιο· τρίτος δ’ ἦν Ἀσσιος ἥρως,
Ἀσσιος Τρῆακίδης, ὃν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι

Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :

“ Chieftains of Troy, and ye, O Troy’s allies,
And Hector, thou ! witless we fain would drive
Our steeds across this trench : most hard the pass ;
For pointed stakes are in it, and a wall
Beyond the stakes ; impervious quite the slope,
Nor yields a field for chariots, but the space
Is narrow, where belike we shall be harm’d.
If of a surety Zeus most high had will’d
Their utter ruin, and to us his aid,
No need for counsel. Yea, I would to Heaven
’Twere so forthwith—from Argos all expunged
They and their name had perish’d off the earth !
But if they turn anon and smite us down
Pursuing in this pit, no man will live
Against such rally to bear home the tale. ~
Hear therefore, and obey as I advise ;
Let our men hold our chariots on the brink
Whilst we in arms complete and close array
Move, side by side, round Hector ; nor the foe
Will stand against us, if their hour be come.”

He spoke ; whose rede, of evil issue clear,
Pleased Hector, and he leap’d full-arm’d to earth.
And when the other Trojans saw, they ceased
Thronging their chariots and leap’d likewise off :
And each then bade his driver on the brink ~
Rein up his steeds in orderly array ;
Whilst they, quick parted, stood in rapid line,
Five legions, and each legion with its chief.

The first, by number most, and best in arms,
Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,
Polydamas and blameless Hector led ;
With them the charioteer Cebriones ;
Since for attendance to the abandon’d car
Hector then call’d some man of less renown.
Paris, Agenor, and Alcathous
Headed the second ; Helenus the third,
With fair Deiphobus his brother, sons
Of Dardan Priam ; and associate came
Asius, the hero son of Hyrtacus,

αἴθωνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἄπ' ὧ Σαῶλ' ἔεντος.
 τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρχεν ἐὺς πάϊς Ἀγχιόσας,
 Αἰνεΐας, ἅμα τῷγε δῶα Ἀντήνορος υἱέ,
 Ἀρχέλοχος τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης. 100
 Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἠγήσατ' ἀγακλειτῶν ἐπικούρων,
 πρὸς δ' ἔλετο Γλαῦκον καὶ Ἀρήϊον Ἀστερόπαϊον
 οἱ γάρ οἱ εἴσαντο διακριδὸν εἶναι ἄριστοι
 τῶν ἄλλων μετὰ γ' αὐτὸν· ὁ δ' ἔπρεπε καὶ διὰ πάντων.
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀλλήλους ἄραρον τυκτῆσι βίεσσιν,
 βάν ῥ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λεληθμένοι, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο
 σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι.

Ἐνθ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες τηλεκλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι
 βουλῇ Πουλυδάμαντος ἀμωμήτοιο πίθοντο·
 ἀπλ' οὐχ Ὑρτακίδης ἔθελ' Ἄσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, 110
 αὐθι λιπεῖν ἵππους τε καὶ ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
 ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖσιν πέλασεν νήεσσι θοῇσιν,
 νήπιος, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλε, κακὰς ὑπὸ κῆρας ἀλύξας,
 ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν ἀγαλλόμενος παρὰ νηῶν
 ἀψ' ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν·
 πρόσθεν γάρ μιν μοῖρα δυσώνυμος ἀμφεκάλυψεν
 ἔγχεϊ Ἰδομενῆος, ἀγαυοῦ Δευκαλίδας.
 εἴσατο γὰρ νηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ, τῇπερ Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἐκ πεδίου νίσσοντο σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·
 τῇ ῥ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμα διήλασεν, οὐδὲ πύλῃσιν 120
 εὖρ' ἐπικεκλιμένας σανίδας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχηα,
 ἀλλ' ἀναπεπταμένας ἔχον ἀνέρες, εἴ τιν' ἐταίρων
 ἐκ πολέμου φεύγοντα σαώσειαν μετὰ νῆας.
 τῇ ῥ' ἰθὺς φρονέων ἵππους ἔχε, τοὶ δ' αἶμ' ἔποντο
 ὀξέα κεκλήγοντες· ἔφαντο γὰρ οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοὺς
 σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι,
 νήπιοι, ἐν δὲ πύλῃσι δὴ ἀνέρας εὖρον ἀρίστους,

Who from Arisbe and from Selles' streams
 With fiery chestnut steeds had sought the war.
 Follow'd the fourth Anchises' noble son
 Æneas, and with him Antenor's sons,
 Archelochus and Acamas, expert
 In battle both. Sarpedon led the fifth,
 The famèd Allies, and chose to lead with him
 Glaucus and Ast'ropæus, best in arms
 Next after him, but he excell'd by far.
 So, side by side they mov'd, with tough bull-hide
 Serried above their shoulders ; so in rank
 March'd ardent on the Danaans, flush'd with hope
 To drive them headlong on their fleet distraught.

So all the Alliance and the host of Troy
 Hearken'd the counsel of their blameless prince
 Polydamas ; one only of their chiefs,
 Asius the son of Hyrtacus, brook'd not
 To leave his steeds and driver there behind,
 But swift upon the galleys drave his car.
 Ah, fool insensate ! destined nevermore
 To enter windswept Ilion with the show
 Of steeds and chariot thou wast proud withal,
 Nor to escape the evil of thy doom ;
 Fate by the spear of great Idomeneus,
 Disastrous Fate, shall fold thee first in death !
 Straight to the galleys' left—the path whereby
 The chariots of the Achaians from the plain
 Were flocking fast—he turn'd and thither drave
 Uncheck'd his steeds ; nor found against the gates
 The long bolt barr'd nor panels yet uprear'd ;
 But still the watchmen held them at full spread
 To harbour who fled 'scaping toward the fleet.
 Along this path he drave, and set his heart
 To fiercest onset, whilst behind him press'd
 His legions shouting triumph ; for they said
 To their own hearts that now Achaia's sons
 Must yield and fall upon their ships repell'd.
 Fools ! For two noble heroes in that gate
 Standing they found, the valiant sons of men

νίας ὑπερθύμους Λαπιθίων αἰχμητῶν,
 τὸν μὲν Πειριθόου νία, κρατερὸν Πολυποίτην,
 τὸν δὲ Ἀεοντήϊ, βροτολοιγῷ ἴσον Ἄρην. 130
 τὼ μὲν ἄρα προπάροιθε πυλάων ὑψηλῶν
 ἕστῃσαν ὥς ὅτε τε δρῦες οὔρεσιν ὑψικάρηνιοι,
 αἴτ' ἄνεμον μίμνουσι καὶ ὑετὸν ἤματα πάντα,
 ῥίξῃσιν μεγάλῃσι διηνεκέεσσ' ἀραρυῖαι·
 ὥς ἄρα τὼ χεῖρεσσι πεποιθότες ἤδ' ἐβίηφιν
 μίμνον ἐπερχόμενον μέγαν Ἄσιον οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.
 οἱ δ' ἰθὺς πρὸς τείχος ἐϋδμητον, βύας αὔας
 ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενοι, ἔκιον μέγαλ' ἀλαλητῷ
 Ἄσιον ἀμφὶ ἀνακτα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
 Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα Θωῶνά τε Οἰνόμαόν τε. 140
 οἱ δ' ἦτοι εἴως μὲν ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
 ὠρνυον ἔνδον ἐόντες ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ νηῶν·
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τείχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησαν
 Τρῶας, αὐτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο ἰαχὴ τε φόβος τε,
 ἐκ δὲ τὼ ἀΐξαντε πυλάων πρόσθε μαχέσθην,
 ἀγροτέροισι σύεσσιν ἐοικότε, τώτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
 ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν δέχεται κολοσυρτὸν ἰόντα,
 δοχμῷ τ' αἰσσοῦντε περὶ σφίσιν ἄγνυτον ὕλην,
 πρυμνὴν ἐκτάμνοντες, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος ὀδόντων
 γίγνεται, εἰσόκε τίς τε βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔληται· 150
 ὥς τῶν κόμπει χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσσι φαεινὸς
 ἄντην βαλλομένων· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἐμάχοντο,
 λαοῖσιν καθύπερθε πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν.
 οἱ δ' ἄρα χερμαδίοισιν ἐϋδμήτων ἀπὸ πύργων
 βάλλον, ἀμυνόμενοι σφῶν τ' αὐτῶν καὶ κλισιάων
 νηῶν τ' ὠκυπόρων. νιφάδες δ' ὥς πίπτουσ' ἔραζε,
 ἄστ' ἄνεμος ζαῆς, νέφεα σκιάοντα δονήσας,
 ταρφείας κατέχευεν ἐπὶ ἔθρονι πολυβοτείρῃ·

As valiant, of the race of Lapithæ,
Huge Polypætes to Pirithous born,
• And great Læontes, Ares-like in arms.

•

These two in front of those uplifted gates
Stood, even as on mountains stand high-crested oaks,
Abiding rain and tempest every day,
By huge wide-branching roots in earth fast fix'd ;
Such, nor less trustful in their strength, those two
Abode the charge of Asius, unappall'd.

Meantime direct upon the strong-built wall
The foe advanced, with bucklers o'er their heads
Close-serried, and in uproar circling round
Their chieftains, Asius and Iamenus,
Thoön, Orestes, and CEnomæus,
And Adamas, of Asius the brave son.
Then for a while behind the sheltering wall
The two return'd and cheer'd their mailèd men
To battle for their ships ; but, when they saw
The Trojans to the rampart near advanced
(But panic held the Danaans), back they sprang
Alone to battle and beyond the gates.
Like two wild boars that on a hill withstand
Bravely a cloud of hunters and of hounds ;
With tusks oblique in onset to and fro
They crack the wood about them, root and branch
Uptearing ; clear the clatter of their teeth
Rings, till the hunter's dart hath ta'en their lives ;
Clatter'd about them so the shining mail
Smit by the darts that met them on their breasts ;
For brave they fought, well weening of the strength
Of their own arms, and of the stones, which hail'd
Above them from the rampart : thence their troop
Hurl'd ever a ceaseless shower, fain to save
Their lives, and tents, and galleys. Even as snow
Slants to the ground when some sharp-blowing wind
Hath caught the gloomy clouds and showers the flakes
Thick o'er the fruitful fields ; so stream'd the darts

ὡς τῶν ἐκ χειρῶν βέλεα ῥέον, ἡμὲν Ἀχαιῶν ·
 ἠδὲ καὶ ἐκ Τρώων· κόρυθες δ' ἄμφ' αὖθρ' ἀΐτευν 160
 βαλλόμεναι μυλᾶκεσσι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.
 δὴ ῥα τότ' ὤμωξέν τε καὶ ὦ πεπλήγετο μηρῷ
 Ἄσχιος Ἑρτακίδης, καὶ ἀλαστήσας ἔπος ἠΐδα·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά νύ καὶ σὺ φιλοψευδὴς ἔτετυξο
 πάγχυ μάλ'· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην ἥρως Ἀχαιοὺς
 σχήσειν ἡμέτερόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους.
 οἱ δ', ὥστε σφήκες μέσον αἰόλοι ἦν μέλισσαι
 οὐκία ποιήσονται ὁδῷ ἔπι παιπαλοέσση,
 οὐδ' ἀπολείπουσιν κοῖλον δόμον, ἀλλὰ μένοντες 170
 ἄνδρας θηρητῆρας ἀμύνονται περὶ τέκνων,
 ὡς οἴγ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι πυλάων καὶ δῦ' ἐόντε
 χάσσεσθαι, πρὶν γ' ἢ κατακτάμεν ἢ ἐάλῳναι.”

ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ Διὸς πείθε' φρένα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύων,
 Ἑκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κύδος ὀρέξαι·

[Ἄλλοι δ' ἄμφ' ἄλλησι μάχην ἐμάχοντο πύλῃσιν.
 ἀργαλέον δέ με ταῦτα θεῶν ὥς πάντ' ἀγορεύσαι.
 πάντη γὰρ περὶ τείχος ὀρώρει θεσπιδάεσ πῦρ
 λαῖνον· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ, ἀνάγκη
 νηῶν ἡμύνοντο· θεοὶ δ' ἀκαχέιατο θυμὸν
 πάντες, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἐπιτάρροθοι ἦσαν. 180
 σὺν δ' ἔβαλον Λαπίθαι πόλεμον καὶ δηϊότητα.]

Ἐνθ' αὖ Πειριθόου υἱός, κρατερὸς Πολυποίτης,
 δουρὶ βάλεν Δάμασον κυνέης διὰ χάλκοπαρήου·
 οὐδ' ἄρα χαλκείῃ κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ διαπρὸ
 αἰχμῇ χαλκείῃ ῥῆξ' ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
 ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Πύλωνα καὶ Ὀρμενον ἐξενάριξεν.
 υἱὸν δ' Ἀντιμάχριον Λεοντεὺς, ὄζος Ἀρηος,
 Ἰππόμαχον βάλε δουρὶ, κατὰ ζωστήρα τυγχήσας.
 αὐτίς δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο ἐρυσσάμενος ἔξίφει ἥξ' 190

Alike from Trojan and Achaian hands ;
Dry clash'd the bucklers smitten and the helms.

Then Asius groan'd, and smote his thighs, and cried
In wrath, as one beguiled : " O Father Zeus !
Hast thou even all inclined thee to a lie ?
For strong the voice within me, that of all
Achaia's heroes none might now withstand
Our onset and invulnerable arms :
Yet lo, as when some limber wasps or bees
In crevice of rough road have built their cells,
Nor flee their hollow nest, but, biding firm
The hunter of their honey, to the death
Fight for their brood ; so, though they be but two,
Yet, ere they slaughter or fall slaughter'd, ne'er
Will these recoil from guard of yonder gates."

He spoke, yet might not turn the heart of Zeus,
Who will'd to none save Hector this renown.

At every gate like battle fierce they waged.
Vain hope, though I were gifted like a God,
To sing you all the deeds of prowess done !
For all along the rampart ran the fire
Of stones in furious shower, and, of the shame
Indignant, yet perforce the Argives strove
Only to save their galleys from the foe ;
Whilst whosoe'er of Powers Immortal loved
The Danaan cause, sate chafing at the sight.

Yet hear the prowess of the Lapithæ !
Huge Polypætes, to Pirithous born,
Pierced through the brass-cheek'd vizor with his spear
Brave Damasus ; nor held the helm ; but on
The steely point pass'd straight, and brake the bone,
And crashing through the skull laid prone his pride.
Then Pylon, and then Ormenus, he slew.
The while the flower of war, Leontes, struck
Full on the belt Hippomachus the son
Of strong Antimachus, and loosed his limbs ;
Then from the scabbard drew a sharp bright sword,

Ἄντιφάτῃν μὲν, πρῶτον, ἐπαίξας δι' ὀμίλου,
 πλῆξ' αὐτοσχεδίνην· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὕπτιος οὔδε ἐρείσθη·
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Μένωνα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
 πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

Ὅφρ' οἱ τοὺς ἐνὰριζον ἀπ' ἔντεα μαρμαίροντα,
 τόφρ' οἱ Πουλυδάμαντι καὶ Ἑκτορι κοῦροι ἔποντο,
 οὐ πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν, μέμῃασαν δὲ μάλιστα
 τείχεός τε ῥήξειεν καὶ ἐνιπρήσειεν πυρὶ νῆας,
 οἱ ῥ' ἔτι μερμήριζον ἐφεσταότες παρὰ τάφρῳ.
 ὄρνις γάρ σφιν ἐπήλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν, 200
 αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἑέργων,
 φοινήμεντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνυχέσσι πέλωρον
 ζῶον, ἔτ' ἀσπαίροντα· καὶ οὐπω λήθετο χάρμης.
 κόψε γὰρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα κατὰ ὕτῃθος παρὰ δειρὴν
 ἰδνωθεὶς ὀπίσω· ὁ δ' ἀπὸ ἔθεν ἦκε χαμᾶζε
 ἀλγήσας ὀδύνησι, μέσῳ δ' ἐνὶ κάββαλ' ὀμίλῳ,
 αὐτὸς δὲ κλάγξας πρέτετο πνοῆς ἀνέμοιο.
 Τρῶες δ' ἐρρήγησαν ὅπως ἴδον αἰόλον ὄφιν
 κείμενον ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.
 δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἑκτορα εἶπε παραστάς· 210

“Ἑκτορ, αἰὲ μὲν πῶς μοι ἐπιπλήσσεις ἀγορήσιν
 ἐσθλὰ φραζομένῳ, ἔπει οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
 δῆμον ἔοντα παρ᾽ ἐξ ἀγορευέμεν, οὔτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ
 οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ, σὸν δὲ κράτος αἰὲν ἀέξειν·
 νῦν δ' αὐτ' ἐξερέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
 μὴ ἵομεν Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.
 ὧδε γὰρ ἐκτελέεσθαι οἶομαι, εἰ ἔτεόν γε
 Τρῶσιν ὅδ' ὄρνις ἦλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,
 αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἑέργων,
 φοινήμεντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνυχέσσι πέλωρον
 ζῶον· ἄφαρ δ' ἀφέηκε, πάρος φίλα οἰκί' ἰκέσθαι,
 οὐδ' ἐτέλεσσε φέρων δόμεναι τεκέεσσιν ἐοῖσιν.
 ὥς ἡμεῖς, εἴπερ τε πύλας καὶ τείχεος Ἀχαιῶν

And springing through the mellay hand to hand,
 First smote Antiphates and left him fall'n,
 Then levell'd to the fruitful earth in turn
 Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus.

And these were busied stripping off the slain
 The shining arms ; the while the neighbouring troop,
 The most in number and the best in arms,
 Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,
 Under Polydamas and Hector led—
 These yet had pass'd not, but above the trench
 Hung lingering ; for, whilst now at point to pass,
 On their left hand appear'd athwart their host
 A soaring eagle, bearing in his claws
 A dragon speck'd with blood, and wounded sore,
 But living still, and breathing hard, nor yet
 Forgetful of the struggle ; for it stung
 With neck bent back, its captor on the breast ;
 Wrung by the smart, the eagle tore it clear,
 Flung it amidst the multitude to earth,
 And with a clang along the wind pass'd on.
 Such sign made halt the Trojans ; and appall'd
 They stood, and rapt upon the portent gazed,
 Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :

“Ever in council, Hector, some pretext
 Is thine to chide me, though my rede be good.
 Thou lik'st not, or in council or in war,
 Any to rise against thee, or to speak,
 Save only to the glory of thy name.
 Yet will I utter freely as I think.
 Refrain from fighting onward to their ships.
 For, if with aught of import o'er our host,
 Ere we could pass the trench, this eagle flew,
 The end shall happen as I now foretell.
 On our left hand appear'd athwart the host
 This soaring eagle, bearing in his claws
 The serpent, wounded sore, but not to death ;
 Yet hath he flung it on the sudden off,
 Nor gain'd his eyrie nor fulfill'd his hope
 Parting it to his eaglets ; so, albeit
 This day we pierce the bulwark and the gates

ῥηξόμεθα σθένει μεγάλῳ, εἴξωσι δ' Ἀχαιοί, ἡ
οὐ κόσμῳ παρὰ ναῦφιν ἐλευσόμεθ' αὐτὰ κέλευθι·
πολλοὺς γὰρ Τρώων καταλείψομεν, οὓς κεν Ἀχαιοὶ
χαλκῷ δῆλώσοισιν, ἀμυνόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.
ὥδ' ἔχ' ὑποκρίναιτο θεοπρόπος, ὃς σάφα θυμῷ
εἶδεκέ τεράων καὶ οἱ πειθοίατο λαοί."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ· 230
"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·
οἴσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.
εἰ δ' ἔτεδον δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις,
ἔξ ἄρα δὴ τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὤλεσαν αὐτοί,
ὃς κέλει Ζηνὸς μὲν ἐρυγδούποιο λαθέσθαι
βουλέων, ἅσπε μοι αὐτὸς ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν·
τὴν γ' οἶωνοῖσι τανυπτερύγεσσι κελεύεις
πείθεσθαι, τῶν ὅτι μετατρέπομ' οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω,
εἴτ' ἐπὶ δεξι' ἴωσι πρὸς ἧν τ' ἡέλιόν τε,
εἴτ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοίγε ποτὶ ξίφον ἡερόεντα. 240
ἡμεῖς δὲ μεγάλοιο Διὸς πειθόμεθα βουλῇ,
ὃς πᾶσι θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσει.
εἰς οἶωνος ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.
τίπτε σὺ δειδοικας πόλεμόν καὶ δηϊότητα;
εἴπερ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε περὶ κτεινόμεθα πάντες
νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων, σοὶ δ' οὐ δέος ἔστ' ὑπολέσθαι·
οὐ γάρ τοι κραδίη μενεδήιος οὐδὲ μαχήμων.
εἰ δὲ σὺ δηϊότητος ἀφέξαι, ἥέ τιν' ἄλλον
παρφάμενος ἐπέεσσιν ὑποτρέψῃς πολέμοιο,
αὐτίκ' ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσεις." 250

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο, τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἔποντο
ἡχῇ θεσπεσίῃ· ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς τερπικέραunos
ὤρσεν ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἀνέμοιο θύελλαν,
ἥ ῥ' ἰθὺς νηῶν κούρην φέρειν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιῶν
θέλγε νόον, Τρῶσιν δὲ καὶ Ἔκτορι κῦδος ᾄπαζεν.
τοῦπερ δὴ τεράεσσι πεποιθότες ἡδὲ βίηφιν
ῥήγνυσθαι μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν πειρήτιζον.
κρόσσας μὲν πύργων ἐρυον, καὶ ἔρειπον ἐπαλάξεις,
στήλας τε προβλήτας ἐμόχλεον, ἃς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
πρώτας ἐν γαίῃ θέσαν ἔμμεναι ἔχματα πύργων.

(Our strength resistless, and the foe give way),
 Yet in no seemly rout before the eve
 'The selfsame path returning shall we tread,'
 Leaving behind us many a valiant wight
 Slain by the Argives in their ships' defence.
 So would a seer, a reader of such signs,
 Explain thee this, and so the folk believe."

To whom bright-helmèd Hector frowning stern :
 "Thou sayest it ; this thy wisdom likes me not.
 Other and better utterance is in thee ;
 Or if this comes from out thy very heart,
 Surely the Gods have reft thee of thy mind ;
 Who bidd'st abandon the commands of Zeus,
 His word, and pledge, and nod, as things forgotten.
 To follow the behests of feather'd fowls !
 For whom I swerve not from my course oûe jot,
 Whether their flight be tow'rd the gates of Dawn,
 Or westward to the cradle of the mist.
 For us great Zeus sufficeth, Zeus our guide,
 Of mortal and immortal King supreme :
 Best of all omens is a country's cause.
 And what hast thou to fear in battle-bruist ?
 Though we were slaughter'd all amongst the ships
 Thou need'st not fear to perish ; hearts like thine
 Are made not of the stuff that lasts to death.
 Only beware lest I behold thee shrink
 Or others by that guiling tongue entice ;
 That moment shouldst thou perish by my spear."

He spoke, and led the way, and with him went
 In more than mortal clamour all his host ;
 O'er whom the Lord of Thunder blew a blast
 From Ida's hills to bear the cloudfing dust
 Right i' the face o' the fleet and charm'd away
 Achaia's olden valour ; but to Troy
 And Hector gave companionship of fame.
 Therefore, on signs reliant and the strength
 Of their own arms, they strove to breach the wall,
 Rending the parapets off the towers above,
 Shaking the battlements, or wrenching up
 The huge forestanding blocks, which first in earth

τὰς οἷγ' αὐέρυον, ἔλποντο δὲ τείχος Ἀχαιῶν.
 ῥήξειν. οὐδέ νῦν πω Δαναοὶ χάζοντο κελεύθου,
 ἀλλ' οὔγε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν φράξαντες ἐπάλλξεις
 βάλλον ἀπ' αὐτῶν δηῖους ὑπὸ τείχος ἰόνταῖς.

7

Ἀμφοτέρω δ' Αἴαντε κελευτιόωντ' ἐπὶ πύργων
 πάντοσε φοιτήτην, μένος ὀτρύνοντες Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἄλλον μείλιχίους, ἄλλον στερεοῖς ἐπέεσσιν
 νείκεον, ὅντινα πάγχυ μάχης μεθιέντα ἴδοιεν.

“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ὅς τ' ἔξοχος ὅς τε μεσῆεις
 ὅς τε χειριότερος, ἐπεὶ οὐπω πάντες ὁμοῖοι
 ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν ἔπλετο ἔργον ἅπασιν.
 καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ τόδῃ που γιγνώσκετε. μή τις ὀπίσσω
 τετράφθω προτὶ νῆας ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας,
 ἀλλὰ πρόσσω ἴεσθε καὶ ἄλλοιλοισι κέλεσθε,
 αἳ κε Ζεὺς δώῃσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἄστεροπητῆς
 νείκος ἀπωσαμένους δηῖους προτὶ ἄστυ δέεσθαι.”

270

ὣς τώγε προβοῶντε μάχην ὤτρυνον Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἵτων δ', ὥστε νιφάδες χιόνος πίπτωσι θαμειαὶ
 ἥματι χειμερίῳ, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς.
 νιφέμεν, ἀνθρώποισι πιφασκόμενος τὰ ἂ κῆλα.
 κοιμήσας δ' ἀνέμους χέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα καλύψῃ
 ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς καὶ πρόονας ἄκρους
 καὶ πεδία λωτεῦντα καὶ ἀνδρῶν πίονα ἔργα,
 καὶ τ' ἐφ' ἄλῃς πολιῆς κέχυται λιμέσιν τε καὶ ἀκταῖς,
 κῦμα δέ μιν προσπλάζον ἐρύκεται. ἄλλα τε πάντα
 εἰλύεται καθύπερθ', ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος.
 ὥς τῶν ἀμφοτέρωσε λίθοι πωτῶντο θαμειαὶ,
 αἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐς Τρῶας, αἱ δ' ἐκ Τρώων ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς,
 βαλλομένων. τὰ δὲ τείχος ὑπερ πᾶν δοῦπος ὀρώρει.

280

Οὐδ' ἂν πω τότε γε Τρῶες καὶ φαίδιμος Ἴκτωρ

290

Were laid to bear the burthen of the towers :
These they uptore, and hoped the breach now made.

Nathless the Danaans gave not way, nor flinch'd,
But forth across the parapet thrust a fence
Of bucklers, whence they pour'd upon their heads
Under the wall a storm of darts and stones.
And everywhere conspicuous on the towers
Strode either Ajax cheering them amain,
Kindling their spirits, now with suasive speech,
And now exhorting with a stern rebuke
Whomever yielding from his post they saw :

“ Friends, be ye strong, or but as other men,
Or weaker—(all in strength are not alike)—
Yet now hath every man his task before him.
Full well without the bidding wot ye this.
Let none then hearken to his fellow's cry
To turn him to the ships ; but press ye still
Forward, and each with voice encourage each ;
So haply may the lightning's Lord most high
Grant we repel and chase them to their town.”

Thus to the war those chieftains cheer'd their men.

As falls a snow-shower all a winter's day,
When Zeus in his high purpose hath ordain'd
Snow-fall on man, and speeds his feathery shafts ;
He lulls the winds to slumber, and sheds down
Snow upon snow, enfolding every peak,
Mountain and headland, hill and dale alike,
Meadows of lotos, and the fruitful works
Of man, the shore, and harbours to the brink
Of hoary ocean, where the washing wave
Gives it the limit which it shall not pass ;
But else the face of all the world is wrapp'd
Within that heavy mantle from above ;
Such and so ceaseless flew the hail of stone,
Alike from Trojan and Achaian hand,
And with the hurtle all the rampart rang.

Nor to this hour had Hector or all Troy

τείχεος ἐρρήξαντο πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχηα,
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' υἷον ἔδν Σαρπηδόνα μητιέτα Ζεὺς
 ὠρσεν ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι, λέονθ' ὥς βουσὶν ἔλιξιν.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθ' ἔσχετο πάντοσ' εἰσην.
 καλὴν χαλκείην ἐξήλατον, ἣν ἄρα χαλκεὺς
 ἤλασεν, ἔντοσθεν δὲ βοείας ῥάψε θαμειὰς.
 χρυσεῖης ῥάβδοις διηνεκέσιν περὶ κύκλον.
 τὴν ἄρ' ὅγε πρόσθε σχόμενος, δύο δοῦρε τινάσσων,
 βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν, ὥστε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ὅστ' ἐπιδευὴς
 δηρὸν ἔη κρειῶν, κέλεται δέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 μῆλων πειρήσοντα καὶ ἐς πυκινὸν δόμον ἐλθεῖν.
 εἴπερ γάρ χ' εὖρησι παρ' αὐτόφι βώτορας ἄνδρας
 σὺν κυσὶ καὶ δούρεσσι φυλάσσοντας περὶ μῆλα,
 οὐ ῥά τ' ἀπείρητος μέμονε σταθμοῖο δῖεσθαι,
 ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' ἡ ἥρπαξε μετ' ἄλμενος, ἥ καὶ αὐτὸς
 ἔβλητ' ἐν πρῶτοισι τοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκουτι.
 ὥς ῥα τότε ἄνιθέον Σαρπηδόνα θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν
 τεύχεος ἐπαῖξαι διὰ τε ῥήξασθαι ἐπάλξεις.
 αὐτίκα δὲ Γλαῦκον προσέφη, παῖδ' Ἴππολόχοιο·

300

“Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα
 ἔδρη τε κρέασιν τ' ἠδὲ πλείοις δεπάεσσιν
 ἐν Λυκίῃ, πάντες δὲ θεοὺς ὥς εἰσορώωσιν;
 καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθαδ',
 καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ὑρούρης πυροφόροιο.
 τῷ νῦν χρὴ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρῶτοις ἐόντας
 ἐστάμεν ἠδὲ μάχης καυστείρης ἀντιβολῆσαι,
 ὅφρα τις ᾧδ' εἴπη Λυκίων πύκα θωρηκτάων
 ‘οὐ μὰν ἀκληεῖς Λυκίην κῆρα κοιρανέουσιν
 ἡμέτεροι βασιλῆες, ἔδουσί τε πίονα μῆλα
 οἶνόν τ' ἔξαιτον μελιηδέα ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ἴς
 ἐσθλῇ, ἐπεὶ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρῶτοις μάχονται.
 ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντες
 αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγῆρω τ' ἀθανάτῳ τε
 ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κε αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρῶτοις μαχοίμην
 οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν·
 νῦν δ'—ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεστῶσιν θανάτοιο

310

320

Broken the gate's long bar, or burst the wall,
 Had not Sarpèdon, Zeus' own child, by Zeus
 Been kindled, like some lion upon a herd.
 Forth at arm's length he thrust his gleaming shield,
 Full-orb'd, with brazen rim by craftsman framed
 About it ; but, within, the bullhides lapp'd
 One over 'other, and their round was boss'd
 With golden nails. With this in hand outstretch'd,
 And brandishing two spears, he strode afront
 Strong as a lion cradled on the hills
 And long ahunger'd, by his own high heart
 Driven (though thereby into perilous haunts)
 To try a flock ; albeit beside the flock
 He finds the herdsmen and their dogs and spears,
 He brooks not from the fatten'd fold retreat,
 Ere he hath made his venture and hath sprung
 Amongst them, and borne clear his prey, or fallen
 Pierced by a javelin from a stalwart arm :
 Not less divine Sarpèdon's noble spirit
 Drave him to burst those bastions and the wall,
 And thus to Glaucus his desire he cried :

“ Say, Glaucus ; why to us in Lycia most
 Is honour by choice meats, full cups, and thrones
 Bestow'd, and men look up to us as Gods ?
 Wherefore those rich demesnes on Xanthus' streams
 Bounteous of vineyards and of waving corn ?
 For what save that, in moments like to this,
 Foremost amongst the foremost we may stand
 And meet the burning battle face to face ?
 That Lycia's men-at-arms may see, and say ;
 ‘ No nameless sluggards are our Lycia's lords,
 ‘ Eating fat sheep and drinking royal wines ;
 ‘ But strength is likewise theirs, and noble heart,
 ‘ To battle 'mongst the foremost of their rule.’
 O mine own friend ! If haply, by escape
 From this one field, thenceforward we might live
 Immortal and unaging, nor myself
 Would risk me thus, nor bid thee with me seek
 The glory that such onset brings a man.
 But, since ten thousand deadly dooms beset

μυρίαι, ἅς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι—
 ἵομεν, ἢ ἐτ' εὖχος ὀρέξομεν, ἢ ἐτις ἡμῖν.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ Γλαῦκος ἀπετράπετ' οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν.
 τὼ δ' ἰθὺς βήτην Λυκίων μέγα ἔθνος ἄγοντε.

330

Τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησ' υἱὸς Πετρώω Μενεσθεύς·
 τοῦ· γὰρ δὴ πρὸς πύργον ἴσαν κακότητα φέροντες.
 πᾶπτηνεν δ' ἀνὰ πύργου· Ἀχαιῶν, εἴ τι ν' ἰδοῖτο
 ἡγεμόνων, ὅστις οἱ ἀρὴν ἐτάροισιν ἀμύναι·
 ἐς δ' ἐνόησ' Αἴαντε δύω, πολέμου ἀκορήτω,
 ἱσταότας, Τεῦκρόν τε, νέον κλισίῃθην ἰόντα,
 ἐγγύθεν· ἀλλ' οὐ πως οἱ ξην βώσαντι γεγωνεῖν·
 τόσσος γὰρ κτύπος ἦεν, αὐτὴ δ' οὐρανὸν ἔκυν,
 βαλλομένων σακέων τε καὶ ἵπποκόμων τρυφαλειῶν
 καὶ πυλέων· πᾶσαι γὰρ ἐπώχατο, τοὶ δὲ κατ' αὐτὰς
 ἱστάμενοι πειρώοντο βίῃ ῥήξαντες ἐσελθεῖν.
 αἰψὰ δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντα προίει κῆρυκα Θωώτην·

340

“Ἐρχεο, δῖε Θωῶτα, θέων Αἴαντα κάλεσσον,
 ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὃ γὰρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ὑπάντων
 εἶη, ἐπεὶ τάχα τῇδε τετεύχεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
 ὦδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοῖ, οἷ τὸ πάρος περ
 ζαχρηεῖς τελέθοῃσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμινας.
 εἰ δέ σφιν καὶ κείθι πόνος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,
 ἅλλα περ οἷος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
 καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμ' ἐσπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς.”

350

“Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κῆρυξ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούδας,
 βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
 στῆ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι κιὼν, εἴθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·

“Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτώνων,
 ἡνώγει Πετρώω διοτρεφέος φίλος υἱὸς
 κεῖσ' ἵμεν, ὅφρα πόνοιο μίνυνθά περ ἀντιάσῃτον,
 ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὃ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ὑπάντων
 εἶη, ἐπεὶ τάχα κείθι τετεύχεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·
 ὦδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοῖ, οἷ τὸ πάρος περ
 ζαχρηεῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμινας.
 εἰ δὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε περ πόλεμος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,
 ἅλλα περ οἷος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
 καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμ' ἐσπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς.”

360

“Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας.
 αὐτικ' Ὀϊλιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

Our lives, and vain the hope to shun them all,
Follow—to conquer, or to yield, renown !”

- He spoke ; nor Glaucus disobey'd, nor shrank ;
Onward together Lycia's might they led :

Whom Peteus' son, Menestheus (on whose guard
They bore immediate ruin), saw, and fear'd,
And glanced along the rampart, if perchance
Might be some hero to the rescue near.

Either brave Ajax in their strength he saw,
And Teucer, hardly issuing from his tent,
Standing not far, yet not within his cry,
So loud the uproar, and the hurtle rose
Of plum'd morions smitten and of shields
And batter'd gates ; for at the gates the foe
Already stood, and strove to burst them through.
Therefore in haste he sent a herald forth,
Thoötes, with this hest to Ajax' side :

“Haste thee, divine Thoötes, haste thee quick
To Ajax ; call him hither ; yea, call both ;
’Twere best ; for ruin threats to enter here.
So fierce come Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst,
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show.
But if on their side likewise sore the need,
Bid Telamonian Ajax come alone,
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit.”

He spoke ; the herald heard, nor disobey'd,
But ran along the rampart, and approach'd
Those heroes two, and spake his hest, and said :

- “Chief leaders of Achaia's mail-frock'd host !
The son of heav'n-sprung Peteus bids you move
Yonder to him, for there this moment lies
The battle's brunt ; together bids you come ;
’Twere best ; for ruin threats to enter there.
So fierce charge Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst,
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show,
But if on your side likewise sore the need,
Let Telamonian Ajax come alone,
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit.”

He ceased ; the giant son of Telamon
Heard, and address'd Oileus' son, and said ;

“Αἴαν, σφῶϊ μὲν αὖθι, σὺ καὶ κρατερὸς Δυκομήδης,
 • ἐσταότες Δαναοὺς ὀτρύνετον ἱφί μάχεσθαι.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κείσθ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολέμοιο.
 αἰψὰ δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὐτίς, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπαμύνω.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπ᾽ ἔβη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
 καὶ οἱ Τεύκρος ἅμ' ἦε κασίγνητος καὶ ὄπατρος·
 τοῖς δ' ἅμα Πανδίων Τεύκρου φέρε' καμπύλα τόξα.
 εὖτε Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πύργῳ ἵκοντο
 τείχεος ἐντὸς ἰόντες—ἐπειγομένοισι δ' ἵκοντο—
 οἱ δ' ἐπ' ἐπάλξεις βαῖνον ἐρεμνὴ λαίλαπι ἴσοι,
 ἵφθιμοι Δυκίων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες·
 σὺν δ' ἐβάλλοντο μάχεσθαι ἐναντίον, ὦρτο δ' αὐτή.

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Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
 Σαρπηδόντος ἑταῖρον, Ἐπικλῆα μεγάλθυμον,
 μαρμάρῳ ὀκριόεντι βαλὼν, ὃ ῥα τείχεος ἐντὸς
 • κείμετο μέγας παρ' ἐπαλξιν ὑπέρτατος· οὐδέ κέ μιν ῥέα
 χεῖρες σ' ἀμφοτέρῃς ἔχουι ἀνὴρ, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἡβῶν,
 οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὑψόθεν ἔμβαλ' ἀείρας,
 • θλάσσε δὲ τετράφαλον κυμένῃ, σὺν δ' ὅστέ' ἄρα ξεν
 πάντ' ἄμυδις κεφαλῆς· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἀρνευτήρι ἐρικῶς
 κάππεσ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ πύργου, λίπε δ' ὅστέα θυμὸς.
 Τεύκρος δὲ Γλαῦκον, κρατερὸν παῖδ' Ἴππολόχοιο,
 ἰὼ ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,
 ἦ ῥ' ἴδε γυμνωθέντα βραχίονα, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης.
 ἀψ' δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἄλτο λαθὼν, ἵνα μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν
 • βλήμενον ἀθρήσειε καὶ εὐχετόφωτ' ἐπέεσσιν.
 Σαρπηδόντι δ' ἄχος γένετο Γλαύκου ἀπιόντος,
 αὐτίκ' ἐπεί τ' ἐνόησεν· ὅμως δ' οὐ λήθετο χάρμης,
 ἀλλ' ὅγε Θεστορίδην Ἀλκμάονα δουρὶ τυχήσας
 νύξ', ἐκ δ' ἔσπασεν ἔγχος· ὁ δ' ἐσπόμενος πέσε δουρὶ·
 πρηνῆς, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.
 Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἄρ' ἐπαλξιν ἐλὼν χερσὶ σταβάρῃσιν
 ἔλχ', ἦ δ' ἔσπετο πᾶσα διαμπερὲς, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθευ
 τείχος ἐγυμνώθη, πολέεσσι δὲ θῆκε κέλευθον.

380

390

“Stay, Ajax, thou ; with Lycomedes stand
Steadfast, and cheer the Danaans to the war.
• But I will thither, and will meet the brunt,
And after rescue of their tower return.”

Thus Ajax spoke, and thither turn'd, with whom
His brother (Telamon was sire to both)
Teucer went likewise ; and Pandion bare
The bended bow of Teucer nigh at hand.

Moving along the rampart when they gain'd
The tower whereon the Lycian captains pour'd
Strong with their host, and press'd Menestheus hard,
Climbing the bastions with a tempest's whirl—
Against them with loud cry they threw themselves.
And Ajax first to earth smote Epicles,
A follower of Sarpedon, with a stone
Jagg'd and immense, that lay inside the wall
Haply upon the parapet's topmost edge.
No mortal (though in blooming manhood's flower)
Of mortal generations now on earth
Could lift it in both hands without a strain ;
But this he poised aloft, and brake therewith
The four-coned helm, and crush'd his skull, who fell
Prone, like a diver, lifeless off the tower.
Whilst Teucer sent an arrow forth, and pierced
Glaucus, the son of great Hippolochus,
Through the bared arm, and stay'd him in mid-charge.
Back off the wall sprang Glaucus, yet disguised
The hurt, lest haply some Achaian see
His peril, and above him vent his vaunt.
Sarpedon knew anon his comrade gone,
And sorrow'd, nathless slacken'd not thereat,
But struck Alcmaeon, Thestor's son, and drew
The spear-point back ; who follow'd as he drew
The spear, and prone upon it fell ; and loud
The enamell'd armour clash'd about his limbs.
Upon the battlemented parapet
He next laid sinewy grasp, and pluck'd and pull'd,
Till, broken sheer, all follow'd in his hands ;
So that the wall show'd bare along its ridge,

Τὸν δ' Αἴας καὶ Τεῦκρος ὁμαρτήσανθ' ὁ μὲν ἰὼ
 βεβλήκει τελαμῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι φαεινὸν
 ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς κήρας ἄμυνεν
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ, μὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρύμνησι δαμείη·
 Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπάλμευρς, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ
 ἡλύθην ἐγχείη, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα·
 χώρησεν δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἐπάλξιος· οὐδ' ὄγε πῖμπαν
 χάζετ', ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἐέλπετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
 κέκλετο, δ' ἀντιθέοισιν ἐλιξάμενος Λυκίοισιν·

400

“ὦ Λύκιοι, τί τ' ἄρ' ὧδε μεθίετε θούριδος ἰλκῆς;
 ἀργαλέον δέ μοι ἔστι, καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἔοντι,
 μούνη ῥηξαμένῳ θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον·
 ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτε· πλεόνων δέ τοι ἔργον ἄμεινον.”

410

“ὦς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἀνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλην
 μᾶλλον ἐπέβρισαν βουληφόρον ἀμφὶ ἀνακτα·
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας
 τείχεος ἔντοσθεν, μέγα δέ σφισι φαίνεται ἔργον·
 οὔτε γὰρ ἰφθιμοὶ Λύκιοι Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο
 τεῖχος ῥηξάμενοι θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον,
 οὔτε ποτ' αἰχμηταὶ Δαναῶν Λυκίους ἐδύναντο
 τείχεος ἄψ' ὥσασθαι, ἐπεὶ τὰ πρῶτα πέλασθεν·
 ἀλλ' ὥστ' ἀμφ' οὔροισι δὺ ἀνέρε δηριάσθον,
 μέτρ' ἐν χερσὶν ἔχουτες, ἐπιξύνῳ ἐν ἀρούρη,
 ὥτ' ὀλίγῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ ἐρίζητον περὶ ἵσης,
 ὥς ἄρα τοὺς διέεργον ἐπάλξεις· οἱ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτέων
 δῆρουν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοείας,
 ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λακτήϊά τε πτερόεντα.
 πολλοὶ δ' οὐτάζοντο κατὰ χροά νηλεὶ χαλκῷ,
 ἡμὲν ὅτεφ στρεφθέντι μετὰφρενα γυμνωθείη
 μαρναμένων, πολλοὶ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἀσπίδος αὐτῆς.
 πάντῃ δὴ πύργοι καὶ ἐπάλξεις αἵματι φωτῶν
 ἐρράδατ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀπὸ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἐδύναντο φόβον ποιῆσαι Ἀχαιῶν,
 ἰλλ' ἔχον ὥστε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνήτης ἀληθῆς,
 ἥττε σταθμὸν ἔχουσα καὶ εἴριον εἰμφὶς ἀνέλκει

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430

An open path to many. Ajax saw,
 And Teucer, and together turn'd them there :
 And Teucer's arrow struck the scarlet strap
 That braced the sheltering shield about his breast ;
 And he had fallen so slain before the ships
 Had not Zeus stay'd the Fates from off his son ;
 Whilst Ajax springing on him smote his shield
 Full, and, albeit the spear-point pass'd not through,
 It dash'd him ev'n in hottest onset back.
 Some little space he fell, but not distress'd,
 Whose heart still hoped the glory of the day ;
 And rallying on the Lycians thus he cried :

“ Ho, Lycians ! Slack ye thus your olden might ?
 Hopeless for me, how strong soe'er I show,
 Singly to burst a path into their fleet :
 On, then, and help ; in numbers lies our strength ! ”

He spoke ; they quail'd beneath their King's rebuke,
 And closer round their captain fighting press'd ;
 But adverse drew the foe their phalanx strong
 Behind the wall, and hard the tug of war :
 For nor could Lycia's gallant troop avail
 To burst the breach or pass into the fleet ;
 Nor could the Danaan armèd guard repel
 Their onset, when they once had touch'd the wall.
 Therefore as, when within their meeting-field
 Two peasants wrangle o'er their boundaries,
 Both stand, their gauges in their hands, short space
 Dividing, and for equal rights contend ;
 So, parted only by the battlement,
 Stood those two hosts, across it striking fierce
 Each on the other's orbèd shields of hide
 Or light-plied targes ; and their warriors dropp'd,
 Struck with the spears that ruthless through the shields
 Made way, or haply pierced a barèd back.
 The parapets and the turrets ran with blood.

Nathless no fear had fallen on Argos' sons ;
 But firm they held ; as when a drudge, who lives
 By labour of her hands, with careful eye
 Stretches a balance, and on either side

ἰσάζουσ', ἵνα παισὶν ἀεικέα μισθὸν ἄρῃται·
ὥς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ Ἴσα μάχῃ τέτατο πτόλῃμός τε,
πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὑπέρτερον Ἔκτορι δῶκεν
Πριαμίδῃ, ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τείχος Ἀχαιῶν.
ἦϊσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Τρώεσσι γέγωνώς·

“Ὀρυσσθ', ἱππόδαμοι Τρῶες, ῥήγνυσθε δὲ τείχος 440
Ἀργείων καὶ νηυσὶν ἐνέετε θεσπιδαῖς πῦρ.”

Ὡς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἳ δ' οὐάσι πάντες ἄκουον,
ἴθυσαν δ' ἐπὶ τείχος ἀσλλέες. οἳ μὲν ἔπειτα
κροσσάων ἐπέβαινον ἀκαχμένα δούρατ' ἔχοντες,
Ἐκτωρ δ' ἀρπάξας λᾶαν φέρειν, ὃς ῥα πυλάων
ἐστήκει πρόσθε, πυρμνὸς παχὺς, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθευ
ὀξύς ἔην· τὸν δ' οὐ κε δύ' ἀνέρε δήμου ἀριστω
ῥηιδίως ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἀπ' οὐδοῖο ὀχλίσσειαν,
οἶοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.
[τὸν οἱ ἐλαφρὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω.] 450
ὥς δ' ὅτε ποιμὴν ῥεῖα φέρει πόκον ἄρσενος οἷος
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐτέρῃ, ὀλίγον δέ μιν ἄχθος ἐπεΐγει,
ὥς Ἐκτωρ ἰθὺς σανίδων φέρε λᾶαν ἀείρας,
οἷ ῥα πύλας εἵρυντο πύκα στιβαρῶς ἀραρυίας,
διεκλίδας ὑψηλὰς· δοιοὶ δ' ἐντοσθεν ὀχῆες·
εἶχον ἐπημοιβοί, μία δὲ κληῖς ἐπαρήρει.
στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἐρεισάμενος βάλε μεσσας,
εὖ διαβὰς, ἵνα μή οἱ ἀφαιρότερον βέλος εἴη,
ῥήξε δ' ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρους θαιρούς· πέσσε δὲ λίθος εἰσω
βριθοσύνη, μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ πύλαι μύκον, οὐδ' ἄρ' ὀχῆες 460
ἐσχεθέτην, σανίδες θὲ διέτμαγεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλη
λᾶος ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔσθορε φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ
νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀτάλαντος ὑπώπια· λάμπει δὲ χαλκῷ
σμερδαλέῳ, τὸν ἔεστο περὶ χροῖ, δοιά δ' ἔχερσιν
δοῦρ' ἔχεν. οὐ κέν τις μιν ἐρυκάκοι ἀντιβολήσας
νόσφι θεῶν, ὅτ' ἐσᾶλτο πύλας· πυρὶ δ' ὅσσε δεδήει.
κέκλετο δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐλιξάμενος καθ' ὅμιλον·

Lays even in the scales her wool and weights,
 Earning a daily pittance for her child ;
 Thus even sway'd the balance of the war :
 Till Zeus to Priameian Hector gave
 The glory first to leap within the wall ;
 Who thus with voice uplifted cried on Troy :

“ Once more into the breach ! Up, Troy, and burst
 Their bulwark, and with fire consume their ships ! ”

He spoke, and cheer'd ; to whom they lent their ears,
 Full charging on the rampart ; and the ridge
 Of their spear-points ran up the parapet :
 Whilst Hector seized a stone that chanced to lie
 Before the gates, broadbased, but to a point
 Ascending ; this not mightiest two of men
 (Such men as now are mighty on the earth)
 Could heave without a lever to a cart ;
 But he there poised it effortless, to whom
 Supreme Kroneion made the burden light.
 With ease, as when a shepherd bears a fleece
 In single hand nor knows of burden borne,
 So Hector lifted high and bare that stone
 Direct upon the panell'd portals strong :
 Within them 'thwart each other lay two bars
 Lifted to socket home by single key.
 Near them he stood, and on them hurl'd the stone,
 Straining his strength and striding wide, to lend
 All that he had of vigour to the cast.
 Both hinges sheer he broke ; with ponderous fall
 The rock rush'd inward far, and loud the crack
 And crash of shatter'd panel, nor the bars
 Held in their sockets, and the timbers flew
 In fragments, rent and riven by the shock.
 Leap'd then the glorious Hero through the breach,
 Like dreadful Night in aspect, but his form
 One blaze of fiery armour, and a spear
 In either hand : no might, save Gods' alone,
 Could stay him : and his eyeballs flash'd with fire.
 Such show'd he leaping through the gates, and turn'd
 And waved, and call'd aloud to all his host

τείχος ὑπερβαίνειν· τοὶ δ' ὀτρύνονται πίθοντο·
- αὐτίκα δ' οἱ μὲν τείχος ὑπέρβασαν, οἱ δὲ κατ' αὐτὰς
ποιητὰς ἐσέχυντο πύλας. Δαναοὶ δ' ἐφόβηθεν
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφύρας, ὅμαδος δ' ἀλίσστος ἐτύχθη. 470

To scale the breach ; and all obey'd the call,
Some climbing o'er the rampart, streaming some
Betwixt the broken portals ; but the foe
Amongst their hollow galleys fled appall'd,
And inextinguishable tumult rose.

NOTES TO VOL. I.

BOOK I. 53.—*Nine days the shafts divine beset the camp.*

THE action of the *Iliad* occupies altogether fifty-one days, the distribution of which will show the argument of the poem. The plague rages nine days ; on the tenth take place the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, and the appeal of the latter to his mother, Thetis. The return of Zeus is expected on the twelfth day from that date ; on the twenty-first day, therefore, he gives the promise to honour Achilles by the defeat of the Greeks, upon which the further action of the poem hinges. On the morning of the twenty-second, after the agitation caused by the dream of Agamemnon, commences the *first* battle, which, with the single combat between Paris and Menelaus, and that between Hector and Ajax, carries on the poem as far as Book vii. 440. On the next morning a truce is made ; and the burial of the dead, and the construction, on the Greek side, of a fortification in front of their camp, occupy that and the following day. On the twenty-fifth, therefore, Zeus holds the council in which he prohibits divine help from the war altogether ; and the *second* battle is begun, and ended at night with the defeat of the Greeks. The night is then taken up by an embassy to Achilles, and by a raid on the Trojan camp, in both of which measures Odysseus bears a principal part. The twenty-sixth is the day of the *third* battle, which commences evenly, but is continued by the storming of the Greek rampart (Book xii.), the attack on the fleet (Books xiii.—xv.), its rescue by Patroclus (Book xvi.), the struggle over that hero's body (Book xvii.), and the final retreat of Troy before the unarmed Achilles (Book xviii.). On the twenty-seventh day Achilles receives his armour, and is reconciled to Agamemnon ; and, before the evening, has completed his revenge with the death of Hector, in the *fourth* battle of the poem. The next two days are occupied in the preparation of the pyre of Patroclus, in the burning of his body, and in the games held in his honour. For eleven days more Achilles continues his insults to the body of Hector ; so that it is not till the evening of the fortieth day that Priam comes to the camp for its recovery. On the morning of the forty-first he returns with the corpse, and with the promise of a twelve days' truce. Nine days are then occupied in laments and preparations. On the tenth the pyre of Hector is built and burned ; and on the eleventh, or fifty-first of the whole action, his bones are interred and the mound above them heaped. The night of that day is spent in the funeral-feast ; and the war is expected to recommence on the next morning.

BOOK I. 170.—

*Thus by thee
Dishonour'd, I will earn thee wealth no more.*
οὐδέ σ' ἔλω
ἐνθάδ' ἄτιμος ἐὼν ἄρεος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν.

I have followed Heyne in considering σ' to be an elision for σολ. Similar elisions may be found in iv. 341, vi. 165, and x. 544, and elsewhere. If σ' is taken for σε and made the subject of ἀφύξειν, the middle voice ἀφύξεσθαι would be expected, and the position of ἄτιμος, ἐὼν becomes awkward. Nor is the sense thus taken so fitting a climax to the previous portion of the speech. Heyne is also supported by Liddell and Scott. The dishonour cannot be referred to Agamemnon (as Lord Derby and others have rendered the passage) without an alteration of ἄτιμος ἐὼν into ἄτιμον ἐόντ', for which there is no apparent necessity.

BOOK I. 177.—*Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.*

Queen Elizabeth addresses this line to Dorset in 'King Richard III.' Act IV. sc. 1. I have not hesitated to adopt single lines or phrases in this manner from Shakspeare, or other well-known poets, where they have appeared to me, as here, to be real, though undesigned, translations of my original. The discovery and employment of such coincidences is not only permitted, but sought for, in all translations into a dead language from the English, and the practice seems to possess the same justifications when the translation is from a dead into a living tongue.

BOOK II. 244.—*But Odysseus came near.*

As with the gods, so with the heroes, I have allowed myself to vary the names as Homer has varied them. Diomed is Tydides, Odysseus is Odysseus, or Achilles is Pelides or Peleion, indifferently. In the same way the Greek host is termed Achaian, Argive, or Danaan, according to the requirements of the line. The term "Greek" is not used as an appellation by Homer.

BOOK IV. 105.—*Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn
Of that wild bounding ibex, &c.*

This is undoubtedly the *agagrus*, or wild goat, found nowhere along the Mediterranean except in Crete. The following extract (taken from De Quincey) will show the minute accuracy of Homer's description:—"They often carry off a ball, and, unless they fall immediately on being struck, are mostly lost to the sportsman." And again:—"The *doron* has been ascertained to be the Homeric expression for the *palm*, or one-sixth of a Grecian foot. The extent of the horns, therefore, in the specimen which Pandarus shot would be two feet eight inches. Now the casual specimens sent to Cambridge by Mr. Pashley (not likely to be so exceptional as those which formed the personal weapon of a chief) were all *two feet seven and a half* inches on the outer margin, two feet one and a half on the inner."

BOOK VI. 402.—*But all the people call'd Astyanax, Prince of the city.*

I fear that this is open to the charge of being a translation within a translation.

tion ; yet no English ear would understand the reason for the change of name without it.

BOOK VII. 427.—*Priam forbade the Trojans from lament.*

Mr. Gladstone has noted that the Greeks needed no such injunction, "on account of their spontaneous self-command," and compares the similar contrast between the two hosts in advancing to battle, exhibited in iii. 1—10. Lessing, on the other hand, infers from the absence of any such injunction to the Greeks that they could safely indulge in such lamentation, because there was no fear of their being unmanned by it, or being unable to recover their tone afterwards. It is certain that, as a general rule, Homer did not conceive the indulgence of grief, however violently shown, to be unheroic.

BOOK VIII. 1.—It is difficult to compress the subject within the limits of a note, but Mr. Grote's theory regarding the Iliad has been so widely accepted, and affects the estimate which a general reader will take regarding the course of the poem so nearly, that I may perhaps be permitted to state as concisely as I can the grounds on which a judgment may be formed respecting it.

The Iliad is, according to this view, composed of at least two separate poems—an Achilleis, and a smaller Iliad ; the former consisting of Books i. viii. and xi.—xxii. ; the latter, of Books ii. to vii. (the former has also received subsequent and other additions in the shape of Books ix. x. xxiii. and xxiv. ; but the question, as regards these, is distinct from that of the broader division, and may be more conveniently treated elsewhere). It is urged that the wrath of Achilles, which has been declared in Book i. to be the subject of the poem, passes entirely out of sight in Books ii. to vii. So far are the Greeks from being made to feel the loss of that hero, that they are uninterruptedly successful without him. For although they construct a rampart and ditch at the close of Book vii., there is no adequate reason for any such measure. The Zeus of Book i. is quite incongruous with the Zeus of Books i. and viii., for "he discusses nothing but the question of the continuance or termination of the war." But when in Book viii. and Book xi. we re-enter upon the Achilleis, we at once "recover a series of events all conducing to the result promised in Book i." This sequence is "rapid, unbroken, and intimately knit together ;" whereas Books ii. to vii. are desultory in themselves, besides being retardations of the main action. If such a conglutination as is contended for were the fact, it would be expected that hitches in the action would show themselves just at the points where the two poems were pieced together. And such is the case ; for at the opening of Book ii. we find the meaningless intervention of the dream ; at the close of Book vii., the causeless and improbable fortification of the camp.

As a criticism upon the artistic development of the poem, there is much in this position the truth of which is quite undeniable. But other considerations exist which may perhaps cause a doubt whether the incoherency (such as it is) is not rather a blemish in the structure of the original Iliad, than a proof of subsequent aggregation of separate poems. Mr. Gladstone has forcibly argued that the problem before the national poet must have been that of reconciling Greek disaster with Greek honour—a point to which the Books in question

most materially contribute. Mr. J. S. Mill has remarked that it is owing to the portion of the poem which Mr. Grote would elide, that we become acquainted with, and interested in, most of the main personages of the epic. Our knowledge of Paris, Helen, and Andromache, and, above all, the personal and warm sympathy which every reader entertains for Hector, are mainly grounded on these books, and would perish with them. And, against the minuter side of the criticism, Professor Blackie has pointed out (1) that the effect of the absence of Achilles is not entirely lost sight of, but is directly alluded to in ii. 377, 694, 771, iv. 512, vii. 229; (2) that the proposal made by Zeus in Book iv. is part of a bantering provocation of his wife, and is therefore no real incongruity; (3) that the best reason that can be urged for the prohibition of the gods from battle (Book viii.) is, that Zeus has found their intervention an interference with his plan. Athene's assistance to Diomed has compensated for Achilles' absence, and has defeated the object of the dream, which had been sent to tempt the Greeks to an unequal fight.

These statements of counsel will assist every reader to form his own conclusion. The Iliad may be conceded to be an expansion of the smaller subject set forth in Book i.; yet this enlargement may have been a natural growth in the mind of the original poet, or may have formed part of the conception of the poet who threw his materials into their present shape, and may not have been the result of any subsequent or artificial conglutinations. And it is to this judgment that the arguments on either side conduct myself.

BOOK VIII. 325.—*Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck
Is parted by the collar from the chest.*

Yet this same hero is active again on the afternoon of the next day (xii. 426). Three other similar inconsistencies occur in the Iliad, and, I think, three only. The spear of Tlepolemus passes through Sarpedon's thigh in the fifth Book; yet on the fourth day afterwards he storms the fortification in the twelfth Book. Pylæmenes is one of the victims to Diomed in the fifth Book, yet follows the funeral of his son, Ilarpalion, in xiii. 782. Odysseus and Diomed are both wounded in Book xi. yet bear their parts in the funeral games held over Patroclus in Book xxiii. In judging of such inaccuracies three points especially must be borne in mind: (1) The poem must have been written with an eye to detached recitation of its parts as more frequent than its recitation as a whole. (2) Regarding every prominent hero various legends were current, and more than one of these may have been adopted by the poet without due care. (3) These mistakes are not those which a compiler, living in later days when writing was in vogue, and of a skill presupposed to be sufficient to put an epic together, could possibly have admitted into his composition.

BOOK IX.—This Book is concerned throughout with Achilles, and if it is to be excluded from the canon of the Iliad, its exclusion depends on grounds quite distinct from those relating to Books ii. to vii. Mr. Grote would so exclude it (1) because the complete restitution and compensation offered in it to Achilles leaves him no further pretext for the continuance of his wrath; he has no *locus standi* remaining, and his persistence carries his implacability

beyond all permissible limits. (2) Because such atonement is irreconcilable with the words of Achilles in xi. 609, and xvi. 55-85. (3) Because there is an entire absence of any allusion to it in scenes where such allusion would appear to have been inevitable, if it had been present to the mind of the poet at all : e.g. in the conversation between Nestor and Patroclus (xi. 647-803) ; in the appeals of Patroclus (xvi. 21-45, 270-275) ; or in subsequent speeches of Achilles (xviii. 107). Where allusions do occur, as in xviii. 448, xix. 140-145, 172, 190, 240-250, they must be regarded as interpolations.

I believe this represents the whole case, though the space of a note does not allow me to draw it out in detail. On the other side, Professor Blackie has urged, with some fairness, that the argument involves a rather fast and loose play with the theory of interpolation. Not a few lines, but the whole scene of the reconciliation (Book xix.) is affected by it. Mr. Mill has noted that a very characteristic passage (xvi. 61) —

“ Yet my word
Stands, that I will not change, or e'er I hear
The cry of battle round my own fair ships ” —

refers to what is said nowhere else, except in the reply to Ajax in Book ix. Mr. Gladstone urges that throughout Book ix. no acknowledgment of any offence on Agamemnon's part is conveyed to Achilles. The offer is a simple bribe ; whereas the public confession of the wrong is placed at the head and front of the reconciliation in Book xix. I might add that Patroclus and Nestor both show their wisdom in refraining from enlisting the hero's obstinacy, or his pride in his own consistency, against themselves. It is not only the subsidence of his anger that finally induces Achilles to rejoin the war, but the death of Patroclus mainly — a motive which was wanting when the first offer was rejected. The fierceness of the refusal is only characteristic of the man, and consentaneous with the passion displayed in the later books ; nor would it give rise in the Greek mind to any feeling of an outraged Nemesis, for that feeling was a growth of later date than the Homeric age. In every Book something occurs, to which subsequent allusions would be naturally expected. And the absence of such allusions (for they are frequently absent) is to be explained by the fact that the poem was written for recitation in parts more commonly than for consecutive delivery as a whole.

Such arguments might easily be multiplied, and seem to myself to outweigh those adduced by Mr. Grote ; yet they tell with very varying force according to the predisposition of the mind to receive them. To me Mr. Gladstone appears to have gone farther into the root of the matter when he urges that there is a stronger presumption against a “ Multiplication of Homers ” than against any other supposition. That “ ideality ” of the character of Achilles, on which Wordsworth also built his belief in the unity of the *Iliad*, is brought out in no Book so strongly as in Book ix. In none are his peculiarities, whether of speech, of manner, or of thought, so dramatically set before us. Many new points are added, but not one that opposes, not one that does not serve to heighten and intensify, the conception that would be drawn of him from the later Books. Unsafe as it is to argue from the circumstances of a literary age to those of one so unlike as the Homeric ; surprising as was the degree to which the special training of the Homerids must have developed certain faculties now dwindled, such as the memory, and a facility

of improvised composition ; yet the success attributed to them by Mr. Grote seems to me to be just as impossible as it would have been for any other Elizabethan dramatist but Shakspeare to have added to the stature of Hamlet. Either supposition involves a power of creative sympathy unknown to the human mind.

BOOK IX. 219.—This is the second supper of which Odysseus has partaken on this night. It is not unfairly urged by the disbelievers in the unity of the poem that he eats a third before sunrise, at the close of Book x. Compare Note on viii. 325.

BOOK X.—“This Book” (the Doloneia) “was considered by some of the ancient Scholiasts, and has been confidently set forth by the modern Wolfian critics, as originally a separate poem inserted by Pisistratus into the Iliad. How it can ever have been a separate poem I do not understand. It is framed with great speciality for the antecedent circumstances under which it occurs, and would suit for no other place, though capable of being separately recited. But, while distinctly presupposing and resting upon the incidents in Book viii. and in Book ix. 100—110, it has not the slightest bearing upon the events of the eleventh or following books. It goes to make up the general picture of the Trojan war, but lies quite away from the Achilleis. And this is one mark of a portion subsequently inserted—that, though fitted on to the parts that precede, it has no influence on those which follow.” These are Mr. Grote’s words ; and he condemns the book also because it is pitched in a tone of “lower ethical sentiment” than prevails generally in the Iliad. Neither of these criticisms carries any degree of certainty with it. As regards the latter, the gallantry of the adventure is unquestioned, and the cruelty displayed in it can easily be paralleled ; whilst the former would seem to exclude episodes from an epic altogether. Other critics have remarked that some success was necessary to convert the despondency shown in Book ix. into the high spirit with which the battle is recommenced in Book xi. And, if the poem be looked upon as a natural expansion of an Achilleis into an Iliad, so important an element as a night attack could not be omitted by a poet whose object it had become to depict all phases of the war. An allusion to the wrath of Achilles will be found at line 106 which must, on Mr. Grote’s theory, be pronounced to be an interpolation.

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